Desperate Straits 55

March 18, 1978. U.S. $1.10c/Canada 60c 18p

NME NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

DEVO

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CENTRE SPREAD

Nick
LOWE
THE RAFFLES OF ROCK

P. 7 & 8

LONDON GUIDE

PART THREE OF NME'S 32 PAGE PULL-OUT ON ROCK'S CAPITAL CITY

WITH ADDED ATTRACTION

P. 47

Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES

SPOT-ON SOUND

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FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending March 17, 1973

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	CUM ON FEEL THE NOIZE	Slade (Polydor)
6	2	20th CENTURY BOY	T Rex (T Rex)
18	3	THE TWELFTH OF NEVER	Donny Osmond (MGM)
7	4	HELLO HURRAY	Alice Cooper (Warner Brothers)
4	5	FEEL THE NEED IN ME	Detroit Emeralds (Janus)
9	6	KILLING ME SOFTLY WITH HIS SONG	Roberta Flack (Atlanitc)
2	7	CINDY INCIDENTALLY	Faces (Warner Brothers)
13	8	GONNA MAKE YOU AN OFFER YOU CAN'T REFUSE	Jimmy Helms (Cube)
11	9	BABY I LOVE YOU	Dave Edmunds (Rockfield)
3	10	PART OF THE UNION	Strawbs (A & M)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending March 13, 1968

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	CINDERELLA ROCKERFELLA	Ester & Abi Ofarim (Philips)
2	2	LEGEND OF XANADU	Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich (Fontana)
5	3	ROSIE	Don Partridge (Columbia)
10	4	DELILAH	Tom Jones (Decca)
3	5	FIRE BRIGADE	Move (Regal-Zonophone)
7	6	JENIFER JUNIPER	Donovan (Pye)
15	7	DOCK OF THE BAY	Otis Redding (Stax)
4	8	MIGHTY QUINN	Manfred Mann (Fontana)
6	6	SHE WEARS MY RING	Solomon King (Columbia)
9	10	GREEN TAMBOURINE	Lemon Pipers (Pye Int)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending March 15th 1963

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	SUMMER HOLIDAY	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
2	2	PLEASE PLEASE ME	Beatles (Parlophone)
5	3	LIKE I'VE NEVER BEEN GONE	Billy Fury (Decca)
11	4	FOOT TAPPER	Shadows (Columbia)
3	5	THAT'S WHAT LOVE WILL DO	Joe Brown (Piccadilly)
4	6	THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES	Bobby Vee (Liberty)
6	7	THE WAYWIND WIND	Frank Ifield (Columbia)
8	8	ONE BROKEN HEART FOR SALE	Elvis Presley (RCA)
9	9	ISLAND OF DREAMS	Springfields (Philips)
13	10	CHARMAINE	Bachelors (Decca)

CHARTS

SINGLES

This Week	Last Week	Week ending March 18, 1978	Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	**WUTHERING HEIGHTS** Kate Bush (EMI)	5	1
2	(4)	**DENIS** Blondie (Chrysalis)	4	2
3	(6)	**COME BACK MY LOVE** Darts (Magnet)	7	2
4	(10)	**BAKER STREET** Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)	4	4
5	(3)	**TAKE A CHANCE ON ME** Abba (Epic)	7	1
6	(2)	**WISHING ON A STAR** Rose Royce (Warner Bros)	7	2
7	(5)	**STAYIN' ALIVE** Bee Gees (RSO)	6	5
8	(12)	**I CAN'T STAND THE RAIN** Eruption (Atlantic)	4	8
9	(11)	**IS THIS LOVE** Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	4	9
10	(7)	**MR BLUE SKY** Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	8	5
11	(8)	**ALRIGHT NOW (EP)** Free (Island)	5	8
12	(9)	**JUST ONE MORE NIGHT** Yellow Dog (Virgin)	6	7
13	(14)	**EMOTIONS** Samantha Sang (Private Stock)	6	13
14	(16)	**FANTASY** Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	5	14
15	(—)	**MATCHSTALK MEN & MATCHSTALK CATS & DOGS** Brian & Michael (Pye)	1	15
16	(—)	**I LOVE THE SOUND OF BREAKING GLASS** Nick Lowe (Radar)	1	16
17	(23)	**LILAC WINE** Elkie Brooks (A & M)	2	17
18	(25)	**EVERY ONES A WINNER** Hot Chocolate (RAK)	2	18
19	(—)	**I DON'T WANT TO GO TO CHELSEA** Elvis Costello (Radar)	1	19
20	(—)	**FOLLOW YOU, FOLLOW ME** Genesis (Charisma)	1	20
21	(15)	**FIGARO** Brotherhood Of Man (Pye)	9	2
22	(—)	**ALLY'S TARTAN ARMY** Andy Cameron (Klub)	1	22
23	(24)	**RUMOUR HAS IT** Donna Summer (Casablanca)	3	23
24	(—)	**NEWS OF THE WORLD** Jam (Polydor)	1	24
25	(17)	**RISING FREE (EP)** Tom Robinson Band (EMI)	4	17
26	(20)	**5 MINUTES** Stranglers (United (Artists)	6	12
27	(—)	**WE'VE GOT THE WHOLE WORLD** Nottm Forest & Paper Lace (WB)	1	27
28	(28)	**WHENEVER YOU WANT MY LOVE** Real Thing (Pye)	2	28
29	(30)	**WALK IN LOVE** Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)	3	29
30	(—)	**RHIANNON** Fleetwood Mac (Reprise)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER . . .
SINGIN' IN THE RAIN — Sheila B. Devotion (EMI); BABY COME BACK — Player (RSO); WHAT'S YOUR NAME, WHAT'S YOUR NUMBER — Andrea True Connection (Buddah); STAY WITH ME BABY — David Essex (CBS).

ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week	Week ending March 18, 1978	Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	**ABBA THE ALBUM** Abba (Epic)	8	1
2	(6)	**20 GOLDEN GREATS** Buddy Holly & The Crickets (MCA)	3	2
3	(5)	**REFLECTIONS** Andy Williams (CBS)	7	3
4	(11)	**THE KICK INSIDE** Kate Bush (EMI)	3	4
5	(2)	**RUMOURS** Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	55	1
6	(3)	**VARIATIONS** Andrew Lloyd Webber (MCA)	7	3
7	(4)	**OUT OF THE BLUE** Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	19	3
8	(9)	**DARTS** Darts (Magnet)	3	8
9	(13)	**25 THUMPING GREAT HITS** Dave Clark Five (Polydor)	2	9
10	(7)	**FOOTLOOSE & FANCY FREE** Rod Stewart (Riva)	18	2
11	(15)	**SOUND OF BREAD** Bread (WEA)	19	1
12	(19)	**ALL 'N' ALL** Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	9	12
13	(14)	**CITY TO CITY** Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)	3	13
14	(8)	**NEW BOOTS & PANTIES** Ian Dury (Stiff)	7	7
15	(—)	**FONZIE'S FAVOURITES** Various (Warwick)	1	15
16	(12)	**GREATEST HITS** Donna Summer (GTO)	10	3
17	(24)	**PLASTIC LETTERS** Blondie (Chrysalis)	3	17
18	(10)	**DISCO STARS** Various (K-Tel)	6	10
19	(17)	**ARRIVAL** Abba (Epic)	59	1
20	(22)	**IN FULL BLOOM** Rose Royce (Warner Brothers)	4	20
21	(20)	**ABBA'S GREATEST HITS** Abba (Epic)	89	1
21	(30)	**PASTICHE** Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)	3	20
23	(—)	**SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER** Various (RSO)	1	23
24	(16)	**BOOGIE NIGHTS** Various (Ronco)	2	16
25	(27)	**JESUS OF COOL** Nick Lowe (Radar)	2	25
26	(18)	**EXODUS** Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	29	5
27	(—)	**NEVER MIND THE BOLLOCKS** Sex Pistols (Virgin)	18	2
28	(21)	**MUPPET SHOW 2** Muppets (Pye)	5	21
29	(23)	**THE BEATLES LOVE SONGS** Beatles (Parlophone)	8	12
30	(29)	**BEST FRIENDS** Cleo Laine & John Williams (RCA)	5	25

BUBBLING UNDER . . .
TELL US THE TRUTH — Sham 69 (Polydor); STIFFS LIVE STIFFS — Various (Stiff); WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM LIVE — Tubes (A&M); IT BEGINS AGAIN — Dusty Springfield (Mercury).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending March 18, 1978

This Week	Last Week		
1	(4)	**NIGHT FEVER**	Bee Gees
2	(1)	**EMOTION**	Samantha Sang
3	(2)	**(LOVE IS) THICKER THAN WATER**	Andy Gibb
4	(3)	**STAYIN' ALIVE**	Bee Gees
5	(6)	**LAY DOWN SALLY**	Eric Clapton
6	(5)	**SOMETIMES WHEN WE TOUCH**	Dan Hill
7	(11)	**CAN'T SMILE WITHOUT YOU**	Barry Manilow
8	(10)	**I GO CRAZY**	Paul Davis
9	(7)	**WHAT'S YOUR NAME**	Lynyrd Skynyrd
10	(14)	**THUNDER ISLAND**	Jay Ferguson
11	(12)	**FALLING**	LeBlanc & Carr
12	(17)	**JACK AND JILL**	Raydio
13	(21)	**DUST IN THE WIND**	Kansas
14	(26)	**IF I CAN'T HAVE YOU**	Yvonne Elliman
15	(16)	**WONDERFUL WORLD**	Art Garfunkel with James Taylor and Paul Simon
16	(8)	**PEG**	Steely Dan
17	(20)	**ALWAYS AND FOREVER**	Heatwave
18	(19)	**THE WAY YOU DO THE THINGS YOU DO**	Rita Coolidge
19	(23)	**GOODBYE GIRL**	David Gader
20	(25)	**EBONY EYES**	Bob Welch
21	(24)	**OUR LOVE**	Natalie Cole
22	(22)	**HAPPY ANNIVERSARY**	Little River Band
23	(—)	**RUNNING ON EMPTY**	Jackson Browne
24	(9)	**JUST THE WAY YOU ARE**	Billy Joel
25	(29)	**BEFORE MY HEART FINDS OUT**	Gene Cotton
26	(27)	**POOR, POOR PITIFUL ME**	Linda Ronstadt
27	(30)	**WHICH WAY IS UP**	Stargard
28	(—)	**LADY LOVE**	Lou Rawls
29	(—)	**FLASHLIGHT**	Parliament
30	(—)	**THANK YOU FOR BEING A FRIEND**	Andrew Gold

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

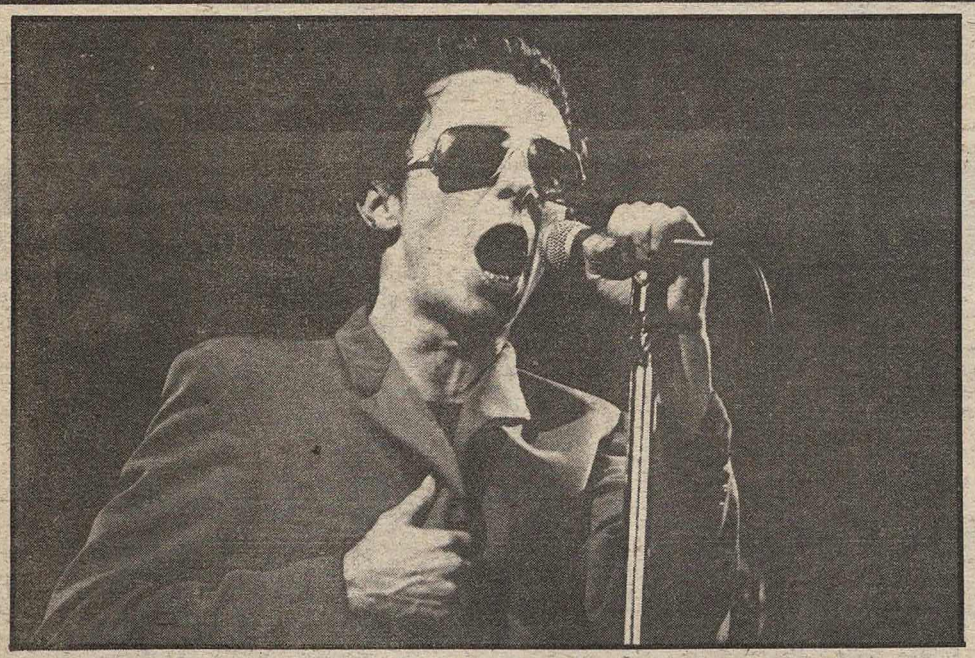
U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending March 18, 1978

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	**SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER**	Bee Gees & Various Artists
2	(2)	**THE STRANGER**	Billy Joel
3	(6)	**SLOWHAND**	Eric Clapton
4	(4)	**RUNNING ON EMPTY**	Jackson Browne
5	(5)	**AJA**	Steely Dan
6	(3)	**NEWS OF THE WORLD**	Queen
7	(15)	**EVEN NOW**	Barry Manilow
8	(8)	**POINT OF KNOW RETURN**	Kansas
9	(7)	**THE GRAND ILLUSION**	Styx
10	(10)	**DOUBLE LIVE GONZO**	Ted Nugent
11	(13)	**WEEKEND IN L.A.**	George Benson
12	(11)	**WATERMARK**	Art Garfunkel
13	(9)	**RUMOURS**	Fleetwood Mac
14	(12)	**FOOTLOOSE & FANCY FREE**	Rod Stewart
15	(14)	**ALL 'N' ALL**	Earth Wind & Fire
16	(16)	**SIMPLE DREAMS**	Linda Ronstadt
17	(18)	**STREET SURVIVORS**	Lynyrd Skynyrd
18	(23)	**BLUE LIGHTS IN THE BASEMENT**	Roberta Flack
19	(20)	**WAYLON & WILLIE**	Waylon Jennings & Willie Nelson
20	(17)	**LONGER FUSE**	Dan Hill
21	(22)	**FRENCH KISS**	Bob Welch
22	(19)	**OUT OF THE BLUE**	Electric Light Orchestra
23	(28)	**STREET PLAYER**	Rufus and Chaka Khan
24	(21)	**FUNKENTELECHY VS. THE PLACEBO SYNDROME**	Parliament
25	(26)	**ENDLESS WIRE**	Gordon Lightfoot
26	(24)	**LIVE AT THE BIJOU**	Grover Washington Jr.
27	(—)	**HERE AT LAST . . . BEE GEES . . . LIVE**	
28	(29)	**THANKFUL**	Natalie Cole
29	(—)	**GOLDEN TIME OF DAY**	Maze Featuring Frankie Beverly
30	(25)	**CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND**	Soundtrack

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

NEWS Edited: Derek Johnson DESK



TWO BIG LONDON CONCERTS

Parker & Rumour set spring dates

GRAHAM PARKER and the Rumour are set for a major British and European tour during the spring, and their itinerary takes in 14 dates in the U.K. — including two big London shows over May Bank Holiday weekend. The band will be augmented by a brass section on all gigs, which are preceded by the March 23 release by Phonogram of their new single "Hey Lord, Don't Ask Me Questions".

They kick off in Eire at Cork (March 30), Limerick (31), and Galway (April 1), then play Belfast Whitla Hall (2).

These are followed by the first leg of the European tour, comprising four dates in Holland, one in Belgium and four in Germany.

The British tour proper opens on April 20 at Dundee University, then visits Glasgow Strathclyde University (21), Newcastle Polytechnic (22), Leeds University (23), Portsmouth Locarno (25), Leicester University (26), Hull University (27), Sheffield Univeristy (28), London Chalk Farm Roundhouse (30 and May 1), Bath University (3), Reading University (4) and Cardiff University (5).

Tickets for the Roundhouse gigs are on sale now, all at the one price of £2.60. Parker and the Rumour subsequently complete their European commitments with four days in Yugoslavia (may 9-12), and appearance in Holland's Pink Pop Festival (15) and two French gigs (17-18).

● Parker and the Rumour are featured in a BBC2 "Old Grey Whistle Test" in-concert special next Tuesday (21).

STYX DUE IN MAY

STYX, the American five-piece band who've steadily been building up a large foll-doing in this country, pay their first visit to Britain in May as part of a full European tour. They'll be headlining at least five major concerts here, though only three have so far been confirmed — at Manchester Ardwick Apollo (May 11), Birmingham Hippodrome (12) and London Hammersmith Odeon (15).

The British gigs are the first leg of the European tour which takes in Scandinavia, France, Germany, Holland and Switzerland between May 18 and June 3. Tickets all at venues are priced £2.50, £2 and £1.50, and they are on sale now at the three venues announced. Promoter is Ed Bicknell of the Nems Agency.

The band's seventh album "The Grand Illusion" is currently a smash hit in the States, where it has sold over three million copies, and it's also figuring in the German charts. It's currently available in Britain on the A & M label, who release a new single by the band this weekend, titled "Fooling Yourself".

Styx were founded in Chicago in 1970 by singer Dennis de Young, along with twins Chuck and John Panozzo (bass and drums respectively) and guitarist James "J.Y." Young. In their eight-year history, they've had only one personnel change, with guitarist Tommy Shaw coming into the line-up in 1975.

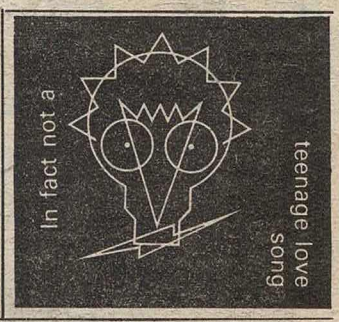
● Our picture shows the band's CHUCK PANOZZO (left) and DENNIS DE YOUNG.

SUTHERLANDS QUIVERLESS!

THE SUTHERLAND BROTHERS AND QUIVER are now down to duo size. Last remaining Quiver member, drummer Willie Wilson, has left the band which is now reduced to the nucleus of just Iain and Gavin Sutherland — and this means they are now back to being just The Sutherland Brothers, which is how they'll be known in future.

Iain and Gavin say that at present a working band isn't a viable proposition, but they have every intention of going back on the road to promote their next album — and they'll probably get together a bunch of session musicians to back them when that time comes. Meanwhile, their new single "One More Night" — recorded in Los Angeles two months ago — is released by the CBS label on March 31.

The brothers, now based on the Isle of Man, have just signed a new publishing deal with ATV Music — so ending a seven-year association with Island Music. For his part, Willie Wilson is now recording with Dave Gilmour for his upcoming solo album.



NME TOLD YOU FIRST, AND NOW . . .

Bread due here soon

BREAD are last case for producer Stewart

From last week's NME

ELO for Wembley?

From NME dated January 21, 1978

DATES CONFIRMED

DATES AND VENUES for the British concert tour in June by David Gates and Bread, plans for which were exclusively revealed by NME last week, have now been confirmed. They headline 11 major gigs in this country, including three in London — two at the Albert Hall and one at Hammersmith Odeon. And there's a possibility of one or two more dates being added.

The itinerary comprises Birmingham Odeon (June 2 and 3), Southampton Gaumont (4), Brighton Conference Centre (5), London Royal Albert Hall (6 and 7), Glasgow Apollo (9), Newcastle City Hall (10), Manchester Ardwick Apollo (12 and 13) and London Hammersmith Odeon (14).

Ticket prices are £5.50, £5, £4, £3, £2.50 and £2 (Albert Hall); £5 and £4 (Hammersmith); £3.50, £3 and £2.50 (Glasgow); and £4.50, £3.50 and £2.50 (all other venues). Box-office opening dates vary from one venue to another, and readers should contact the respective theatres for information regarding ticket availability.

Although the group flew into London briefly last month to film a TV special (screeened by BBC-2 last Friday), this will be their first British tour since they re-formed 18 months ago.

ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA's concerts at Wembley Empire Pool, forecast exclusviely in NME seven weeks ago, have now been confirmed. It's now been officially announced that the gigs at the giant 10,000-seater venue will take place on June 9, 10 and 11, just as we indicated in January. And they'll be preceded by a special charity show on June 2 on behalf of the Invalid Children's Aid Association.

Tickets for all the shows, including the benefit, are priced £4.25, £3.50 and £2.75. They go on sale at the box-office and usual booking agencies next Monday (20), but mail orders are being accepted immediately. Postal bookings should be sent to Empire Pool Box-office, Wembley, Middlesex (enclose s.a.e.), and cheques and POs should be made payable to "Wembley Stadium Ltd."

It's understood that further ELO dates at Wembley have been pencilled in, and are likely to be confirmed shortly. Reports indicate that there could be as many as four more dates — on June 12, 14, 15 and 16.

A special stage set is at present being built in America for the Wembley gigs, and it will subsequently be used for the band's summer U.S. tour. British audiences will also be seeing ELO's full laser show for the first time in this country.

Lizzy for Rainbow

PLANS HAVE now been crystalised for Thin Lizzy's special London gig later this month, plans for which were reported last week — it's at the Rainbow Theatre on Wednesday, March 29. It's been arranged specially so that it can be filmed for a TV show, to be screened later in the year, so there will be no support act. The band, whose next album "Live and Dangerous" is scheduled for May release, are limiting ticket prices to just £1.50 and £1. These will be available only at the Rainbow box-office from tomorrow (Friday) at 10 am.

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Benson, McLean U.K. tours

GEORGE BENSON and his band are to headline their first major concert tour of this country in May.

The American singer-guitarist has previously only appeared in London, the last occasion being a sell-out midnight show at Drury Lane Theatre Royal in January. Benson will be promoting his live double album "Weekend In L.A." and single "On Broadway", both recently released by Warner Brothers.

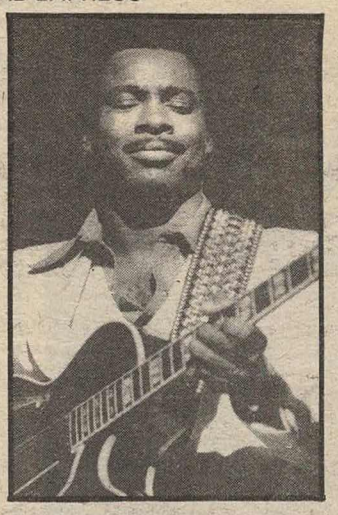
The tour takes in Coventry Theatre (May 21), London Royal Albert Hall (22), Bristol Hippodrome (25), Oxford New Theatre (26), Birmingham Hippodrome (27), Manchester Ardwick Apollo (28) and Edinburgh Odeon (30). It's unlikely that one or two more dates will be added.

There will be two performances on both the London (6.15 and 9.15 pm) and Manchester (6 and 9 pm) dates. Ticket prices at the Albert Hall are £5, £4.50, £4, £3.50, £3, £2.50 and £2. At all other venues they are £3.25, £2.75, £2.25 and £1.75. Readers should contact the respective box-offices for information regarding ticket availability.

DON McLEAN fulfils his promise — made in the autumn, when he flew in briefly to headline a pair of London Palladium concerts — to play a full British tour in the spring, when he sets out on a 15-venue itinerary at the beginning of May.

London Royal Albert Hall (May 1), Ipswich Gaumont (3), Leicester De Montfort Hall (4), Oxford New Theatre (5), Brighton Dome (6), Southampton Gaumont (7), Coventry Theatre (8), Birmingham Odeon (9), Sheffield City Hall (10), Preston Guildhall (12), Glasgow Apollo (13), Edinburgh Usher Hall (14), Newcastle City Hall (15), Manchester Free Trade Hall (16) and Bristol Colston Hall (17).

Tickets for the Albert Hall are priced £3.75, £3.25, £2.75, £2.25 and £1.75.



GEORGE BENSON

SLADE HIT THE ROAD

SLADE undertake one of their rare British tours, starting this weekend and running to mid-April. The tour, which aids promotion of their newly-released Barn single "Give Us A Goal", is an unusual mixture of major concerts, cabaret dates and back-to-the-roots club gigs — and it climaxes with a big London show at the Hammersmith Odeon.

Confirmed dates are Andover Country Bumpkin (tomorrow, Friday), Buckley Tivoli (Saturday), Birmingham Town Hall (March 21), Purley Tiffany's (22), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (23), Bury St Edmunds Focus Cinema (25), Sheffield Fiesta (26), Crawley Sports Centre (27), Wigan Casino (April 1), Bedford Nite Spot (2), London Southgate Royalty (4), Chesterfield Aquarius (5), Weston-super-Mare Webbington Country Club (6), Port Talbot Troubadour (7), Stroud Leisure Centre (8), Farnworth Blighty's (9), Bristol Colston Hall (10) and London Hammersmith Odeon (15).

McPhee's comeback

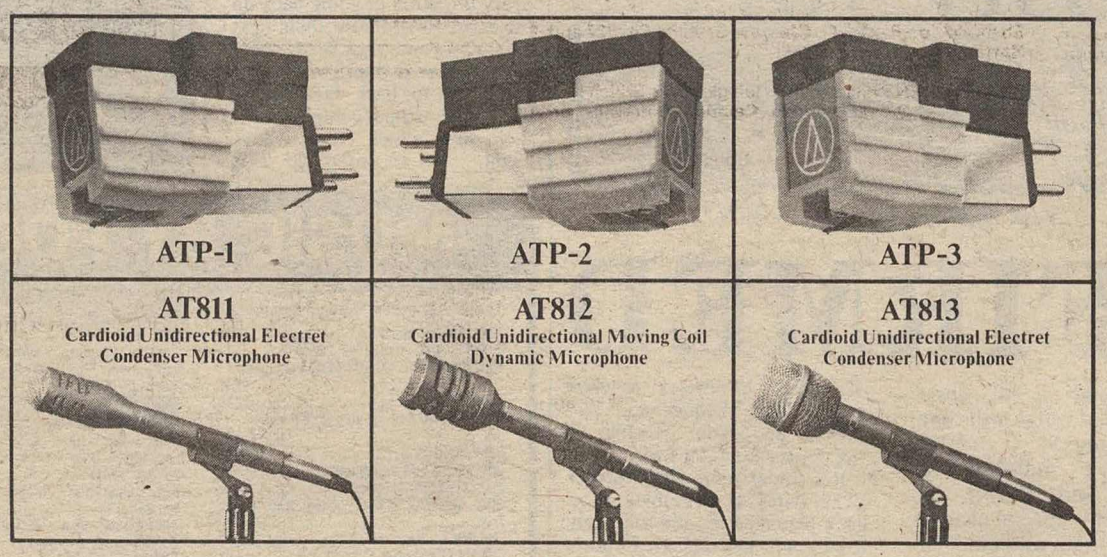
TONY McPHEE, former Groundhogs leader, begins a major British tour in late June with his new band Terraplane — and this will coincide with the release of his first album for two years. McPhee has been keeping a low profile for the last 18 months, since the break-up of the second version of the Groundhogs, only playing occasional gigs with Terraplane.

But now he intends going back on the road full-time with the band who comprise McPhee (guitar and vocals), Alan Fish (bass) and Harry Ricks (drums). During the coming weeks they'll be playing a few selected dates to wear in their new material, the first of these being at Darlington Polytechnic (March 25) and Bognor Ocean Bars (April 7).

Dana Gillespie dates

DANA GILLESPIE goes back on the road next month after a two-year absence from the gig circuit. She's got together a new band comprising John Hawkins (keyboards), John Knightsbridge (guitar), Barbara Spitz (rhythm guitar), Neil Korner (bass), John Barber (drums) and Tony Hall (sax). Initial gigs will be confined to the London area, and the first four to be confirmed are at Kensington Nashville (April 1), Islington Hope & Anchor (5), Covent Rock Garden (7) and Fulham Golden Lion (8).

AUDIO TECHNICA KEEPS IT HAPPENING.



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RECORD NEWS

Wings single, album

WINGS' follow-up to their phenomenally successful single "Mull Of Kintyre" is released by EMI on March 23. Titled "With A Little Luck", it was written and produced by Paul McCartney, and recorded in a mobile studio set up on board a motor yacht off the Virgin Islands in the West Indies. The single, which is taken from the band's upcoming album "London Town" (for spring release), features two new McCartney songs on the flip side — "Backwards Traveller" and "Cuff Link".

● Chiswick Records have acquired British rights to America's Ace catalogue, which includes material by **Huey Piano Smith, Joe Tex, Dr John, Bobby Charles, Lightning Hopkins, Elmore James** and **Sonny Boy Williamson,** among others. First release is the **Frankie Ford** single "Sea Cruise", out this weekend.

● Johnny Moped's guitarist Slimey Toad releases his own single next week on his own Toadstool Records label, under the name of **Slime** — tracks are "Controversial" and "Looney". And **Moped's** album "Cycledelic" is issued by Chiswick on March 23.

● **Frankie Miller's** new album "Double Trouble" is released by Chrysalis on April 1. Recorded in New York, it was produced by Jack Douglas, whose recent successes include Patti Smith and Aerosmith. Besides Miller's regular band, the LP also features Aerosmith's Stephen Tyler on harmonica and backing vocals. A single from the album is due shortly.

● **Van Halen,** a four-piece U.S. rock outfit recently signed by Warner Brothers, have their debut album "Van Halen" issued on May 5. They band make their first visit to this country to support Black Sabbath on their upcoming tour.

● Osibisa vocalist **Del Richardson** — who was featured on several of their hits including "Sunshine Day", "Dance The Body Music" and "Coffee Song" — has left the band to concentrate on a solo career. His first single "Soul On Fire" is issued by the Gull label on March 31.

● **Paul Simon** has signed an exclusive long-term deal with Warner Brothers. He still has one album owing to CBS, and will begin recording for Warners on its completion.

● **The Gorillas'** much-delayed single "It's My Life" was finally released by Raw Records this week, and their debut album "Message To The World" is due on April 7. They will be touring Britain next month to promote it.

● **Mud's** new single "Cut Across Shorty" is released by RCA tomorrow (Friday). It will be followed a little later by solo singles from lead singer **Les Gray** and drummer **Dave Mount.** Mud's first album for RCA is scheduled for June 1.

● **The Kinks** are currently finishing off their new album, titled "Permanent Waves". It's planned for late April or early May release by Arista.

● Out this weekend is a revival of The Who classic "The Kids Are Alright" by **Pleasers.** It's on the Arista label and ties in with the Band's current 18-date tour.

● Punk commedian **Johnny Rubbish** has been signed by United Artists, and his debut single for the label will be issued shortly.

● **Barry White's** new single "Oh What A Night For Dancing", culled from his latest album, is released by 20th Century on March 23rd.

● **Country Joe McDonald's** self-penned single "Coyote" comes out on Fantasy on March 23, and the same day Motown issue **High Inergy's US hit "Love Is All You Need."**

● **Otis Waygood Band,** currentiy on tour supporting Tavares, have a **Decca single rush released titled** "Everything I Am".

● **Richard Myhill may be a relatively unknown name, but he** achieves a world first with the release of his single "It Takes Two To Tango" — because it's believed to the the first-ever SQUARE record! It's pressed as a seven-inch square, but you don't need a special player — the grooves are still circular! It's Utopia Records' first release under their production and distribution deal with Phonogram's Mercury label. Price is 90p.

● **Polydor singles due on March 23** include "Slippin' Away" by **Max Merritt,** "Whenever I'm Away" by **John Travolta,** "Sons Of Survival" by **Doctors of Madness,** "Whatcha Gonna Do" by **The Jolt** and "Long Live Rock'n'Roll" by **Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow.**

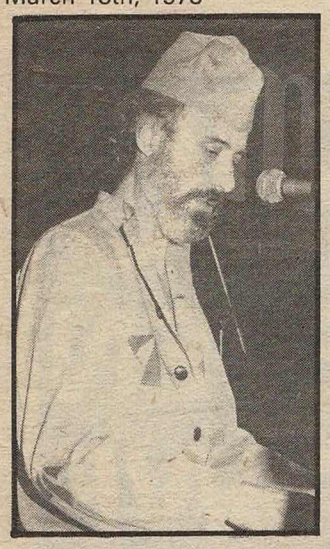
● Liverpool new-wave band **The Mutants** have a three-track single issued at the end of the month on the local Rox label. Titles are "Hard Time", "School Teacher" and "Lady".

● **The Dyaks have a single called** "Gutter Kids" out this week on the independent Bonaparte label. It's obtainable from trendy record shops (75p) or direct from Bonaparte at 101 George Street, Croydon, Surrey (postage extra).

● Coinciding with the release of his live album, announced last week, a **Professor Longhair** single titled "Mess Around" is issued by Harvest on March 23.

Warners sign Devo

DEVO — the highly-rated U.S. five-piece band who played their British debut gigs last weekend, and who are featured on NME's centre spread this week — have signed a long-term recording deal with Warner Brothers, made in conjunction with David Bowie's production company. They've just completed their debut album in Germany, co-produced by Eno and Bowie, although a release date has still to be set. Devo's debut single "Jocko Homo" is currently available on the Stiff label, and Stiff will be scheduling two more singles — "Satisfaction" and "Be Stiff" — before the Warners album comes out.



Marquee raided!

THE MARQUEE, London's premier long-running rock club, was raided for the first time in it's 20-year history last Thursday. Police burst into the venue in the middle of Meal Ticket's set and started searching for drugs. After frisking the band on stage, they hauled keyboards player Rick Jones off to the nick. The other members then did their best to finish their act, encouraged by a sympathetic audience. Jones was released, pending analysis of "certain substances", in time for Meal Ticket's second Marquee gig on Friday.

● *Our picture shows Rick Jones, suitable attired in prison garb, in action during Friday's gig.*

B. Rats: Easter tour

BOOMTOWN RATS are playing a series of eight special gigs over the Easter period, tied in with the release of their new single "She's So Modern"/"Lying Again", released by the Ensign label on March 31. They're billed under the general heading of "The Rats' Danceband Dates", and the itinerary takes in:

Bristol Yate Stars and Stripes Leisure Centre (March 22), London Strand Lyceum Ballroom (Good Friday, 24), Portsmouth Locarno (28), Croydon Greyhound (29), Birmingham Barbarella's (30), Derby King's Hall (31), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (April 1) and Dunstable Queensway Hall (2).

Support acts are Reggae Regular on March 22, 30 and 31; Blast Furnace and the Heatwaves at the Lyceum; and Black Slate on the other four dates. Tickets for all the gigs are at the one price of £1.75, and all shows start at 7.30pm.

MECCA BAN GEN X GIG

and book Buzzcocks as the replacement!

GENERATION X have been forced to cancel five dates in their current British tour itinerary — for three different reasons! The two scheduled opening gigs last week, at Norwich East Anglia and Leeds Polytechnic, had to be called off when part of their P.A. system was stolen from the warehouse in which it was being stored; they have been banned from Coventry Locarno (this Sunday) and Dartford YMCA Hall (April 1) because of their "punk reputation"; and Brighton Top Rank on March 22 is scrapped because of a double booking at the venue!

It's not clear why the Mecca-owned Coventry venue banned the group after initially accepting the booking, and the same goes for Dartford. The only reputation they have is for girls fainting!" These gigs will be re-set for different venues in the same areas. Like-wise, dates at Norwich, Leeds and Brighton are being re-set for later in the tour.

Despite these upsets, two new dates have been added to the tour — at Reading Bones Club (March 30) and Bishop Stortford Triad Centre (April 8).

THE JOLT, leading Scottish new-wave band, join the current Generation X tour from tonight (Thursday) at Manchester Rafters, and continuing until the final gig at London Roundhouse on April 9.

● Reggae band 90° Inclusive support the Tom Robinson Band on their latest British tour, opening this weekend.

THE BUZZCOCKS have been booked to headline at Coventry Locarno this Sunday (19), replacing Generation X who've been banned from the venue by Mecca (see left), though they haven't said why they consider the former punk band a less formidable proposition than the latter! The Buzzcocks have also added a second date at Liverpool Eric's on March 28, their first show is at this venue tomorrow (Friday) being completely sold out.

Ramones in May

THE RAMONES are now confirmed for a return British visit in May. It will be part of a European tour, which also takes in Scandinavia, Germany, Holland, Belgium and France. Their UK itinerary is still being finalised, and details are expected to be announced in a week or two. Meanwhile, the band have a three-track single issued by Sire on March 23. Two of the titles are taken from their current "Rocket To Russia" album — they are "Do You Wanna Dance" and "Cretin Hop" — and the other title is "It's A Long Way Back To Germany" which hasn't previously been released.

Damned difficult

THE DAMNED, whose break-up was announced two weeks ago, are still struggling to find a suitable London venue for their projected farewell concert.

After discovering that the Roundhouse (their first choice) is fully booked for several months, they turned their attention to the Mecca owned Lyceum Ballroom in the Strand, only to find that they are one of four groups still on the venue's banned list — the others being The Stranglers, The Adverts and The Sex Pistols.

They are now considering playing one of the bigger concert venues, either Hammersmith Odeon or the Rainbow, during the first week of April.

Drones nicked

THE DRONES were arrested last Saturday while rehearsing on the roof of their practice hall in Oxford Road, Manchester. It seems that, at about 5pm, they switched on their 3,000 watt PA for the benefit of afternoon shoppers — some 500 of whom congregated outside the building. Police duly arrived in some numbers and took the five-peice band into custody.

999 nikkered

999 had to call off their scheduled gig at Keighley Nikkers Club on Tuesday of last week because the venue is in danger of losing its licence. The club's regular male strip shows were the subject of a Sunday newpaper article the previous weekend, and this caught the attention of the local authorities, who have now threatened to withdraw Nickkers' licence if they stage any more "rowdy acts".

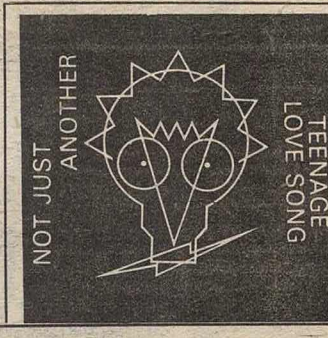
Jupp back

MICKEY JUPP — Southend legend and mentor of the Feelgoods, Kursaals and Hot Rods — returns to the stage as support act on the British tour by Elvis Costello, opening this weekend (see Gig Guide). Line-up of his band is Jupp (vocals and guitar), Mick Grabham (guitar), Ron Telemacque (drums) and John Gordon (bass). A 15 track album of the best of Jupp's past recordings will be issued by Stiff in early April.

Patti:

Extra gig, single due

PATTI SMITH is to play a concert in Birmingham, in addition to her two sell-out shows at London Rainbow on April 1 and 2. It's at the Bingley Hall (Broad Street) on Friday, March 31 and tickets are on sale now — at the box-office, Virgin Records and various outlets in the Midlands — all at the one price of £3. Patti's new single "Because The Night", co-written with Bruce Springsteen and taken from her latest album "Easter", is released by Arista on the day of her Birmingham gig.



More Rubinoos, Kihn

BESERKLEY acts The Rubinoos and Greg Kihn, already set to co-headline at London Hammersmith Odeon on April 1, will each play one or two separate gigs during their British visit. The Rubinoos are already set for Aylesbury Friars on March 25 and Kihn for Liverpool Eric's on March 31. The Smirks — who are signing for Beserkley this week — support on both these dates, as well as at Hammersmith. Other Smirks dates are at Reading University (tomorrow, Friday), London Kensington Nashville (Sunday), London Oxford St. 100 Club with Troggs (March 21), London Camden Dingwalls with The Stukas (22) and London Covent Garden Rock Garden (23).

NEWS BRIEFS

MUNGO JERRY will be the first Western rock group to visit Bulgaria, when they play there in the spring. They've been invited to appear in a song festival called the Golden Orpheus, and during their visit they'll also be filmed by Russia's Inter-Vision TV, which transmits to 90 million people across the Soviet Union.

SLAUGHTER AND THE DOGS have patched up their differences with lead guitarist Mike Rossi who, three weeks ago, was reported to be leaving the band. He's now been "welcomed back with open arms", said a spokesman, in time for the Dogs' short European tour.

DAVID BOWIE has made a couple of changes in the line-up of his backing band for his spring British tour, reported last month. Guitarist Stacey Heydon is no longer in the band, and is replaced by two musicians — Carlos Alomar (rhythm guitar) and Adrian Belew (lead guitar). Alomar played with Bowie on the "Station To Station" tour and his last three albums.

CAROL GRIMES has teamed up with Head Over Heels, a fast-rising five-piece comprising two guitars, keyboards, bass and drums. After fronting her own London Boogie Band and subsequently Sweet F.A., the venture marks a new chapter in the career of London's first lady of rock. Carol and the band will be playing a short series of London club dates prior to a German tour.

ULTRAVOX have a new lead guitarist in Robin Simon, formerly with Neo, who replaces Steve Shears in the line-up. He joined them immediately after their recently-completed British tour. The band have a live EP issued by Island this weekend, featuring four of their strongest stage numbers — "The Wild, The Beautiful and The Damned", "My Sex", "Young Savage" and "The Man Who Dies Every Day".

KEITH RICHARD's trial on charges of drug possession and trafficking has been set down for the High Court in Toronto on October 23. This will be the full trial and not another preliminary hearing. The long delay will at least give the Rolling Stones the opportunity of completing recording commitments, and fulfilling tour plans, during the next six months.

CLAUDE FRANCOIS — the French pop star and composer of "My Way", who was electrocuted in his Paris home on Saturday — makes his final TV appearance in BBC-1's "Snowtime Special" on Easter Monday, filmed earlier this month in Switzerland. And EMI are going ahead with the release this weekend of his single "Bordeaux Rose".

ON THE ROAD

JIM CAPALDI, whose new single "Sealed With A Kiss" is issued by Polydor on March 31, is special guest in the **London** concert by Kansas at the Hammersmith Odeon on March 25.

JIMMY JAMES & THE VAGABONDS play **Stockton** Fiesta (tonight, Thursday, for three days), **Northampton** Salon (March 22), **Chippenham** West End Club (23), **Doncaster** Bircotes Leisure Centre (25), **Manchester** Placemate Club (27) and **Norwich** Cromwell's (30).

MUD are planning a 28-day college, concert and club tour, starting on June 1. It will tie in with the release of their first RCA album (see Record News).

SHOWADDYWADDY have a few dates this month, in addition to their previously-reported concert at **London Harlesden** Roxy Theatre on March 25. They're at **Wakefield** Theatre Club (tonight, Thursday, for three days), **Blackburn** Cavendish (March 20 and 21), **Bristol** Colston Hall (27) and **Plymouth** Castaways (28). Looking ahead a month, they visit **Nottingham** Commodore Suite on April 29 and 30.

KALUS WUNDERLICH, the German electronic keyboards player, undertakes a short British concert tour next month. He plays **Sheffield** City Hall (April 10), **Edinburgh** Usher Hall (13), **Newcastle** City Hall (14), **London** Royal Albert Hall (17), **Portsmouth** Guildhall (18), **Bristol** Colston Hall (19), **Brighton** Dome (24) and **Birmingham** Town Hall (26). Special guests are close-harmony girl trio Sweet Substitute.

FLINTLOCK have four concerts lined up for the spring — at **Folkestone** Leas Cliff Hall (March 23), **Middlesbrough** Town Hall (28), **Hull** New Theatre (May 5) and **Hatfield** The Forum (6).

DAGABAND, now fully recovered from their serious road accident in November, return to the gig circuit this month. So far set for them are **Heywood** Seven Stars (tomorrow, Friday), **Snodland** Bull Hotel (March 25), **Macclesfield** Crumbles (30), **Macclesfield** Travellers Rest (31), **Bakewell** Monsal Head (April 2), **Reading** Target Club (6), **Lincoln** A.J.'s Club (8), **Lancaster** No. 12 Club (13), **Liverpool** Moonstone (14), **Preston** Moonrakers (16), **Warrington** Lion Hotel (17), **Birmingham,** Bogarts (19), **Stanley** The Huntingdon (20), **Sunderland** Boilermakers Club (21), **Sunderland** Gilley Law Club (22), **Southport** Dixieland Showbar (27), **Bradford** Golden Cockerel (29), **York** Oval Ball (May 6), **Bristol** Granary (27), **Chesterfield** Adam & Eve (29) and **Dewsbury** Turks Head (30).

RADIO STARS play a three-day stint at **London Kensington** Nashville on April 8, 9 and 10. Tickets are priced £1 and are available by post only from Radio Stars, Asgard Management, 31 Drysden Chambers, 119 Oxford Street, London W.1. Cheques and POs should be made payable to "Radio Stars" and envelopes marked "Ticket Application". They'll be distributed on a first-come, first-served basis, the first batch receiving tickets for the first night, and so on.

DEAF SCHOOL have added another four gigs to their current tour — at **Manchester** Rafters (March 24), **Sheffield** Top Rank (26), **Glasgow** Satellite City (27 and **Nottingham** Sandpiper (30).

RICHIE HAVENS has added a club gig to his British tour itinerary — it's at **London Camden** Dingwalls on Wednesday, March 29.

SHIRLEY BASSEY begins her British tour this week, marking the 25th anniverary of her entry into show business. Supported by the New Seekers, she plays **Brighton** Conference Centre (today, Thursday), **London** Royal Albert Hall (March 20-21-22), **Preston** Guildhall (25-26-27), **Birmingham** Odeon (29-30-31), **Manchester** Free Trade Hall (April 3—4) and **Glasgow** Kelvin Hall (6). There are two performances every night.

CLODAGH RODGERS headlines a concert tour at **Paignton** Festival Theatre (March 26), **Nottingham,** Theatre Royal (29), **Chester** Deeside Leisure Centre (31), **London Harlesden** Roxy Theatre (April 1), **Slough** Alfred Beck Centre (2), **Margate** Winter Gardens (5), **Malvern** Festival Theatre (6), **Stevenage** Gordon Craig Centre (7), **Whitehaven** Civic Theatre (8) and **Corby** Festival Hall (9). Support act is Robin Sarstedt, who is promoting his new Decca single "Something's Going On."

THE IMPERIALS visit Britain later this month, hot on the heels of their hit single "Who's Gonna Love Me." Dates so far confirmed are **Blackburn** Cavendish (March 23-25), **Manchester** Willow Variety Centre (26), **Maesteg** White Wheat (27), **London Southgate** Royalty (April 1), **Watford** Bailey's (2 week), **Southend** Talk Of The South (11), **Plymouth** Castaways (12) and **Derby** Bailey's (13-15). More are being set.

RACING CARS have a couple of gigs this weekend at **Reading** Whiteknights Hall (tomorrow, Friday) and with Rumble Strips at **Cheltenham** Town Hall (Saturday . . . and the **HEAVY METAL KIDS** are at **Rochdale** Roc Rock (this Friday) and **London** Marquee next Monday (20).

GRAND HOTEL play **Bristol** Granary tonight (Thursday), followed by **London** gigs at Woolwich Tramshed (March 21), Islington Hope & Anchor (24), Covent Garden Rock Garden (25), Camden Brecknock (26) and Canning Town Bridge House (31).

BRITISH LIONS have confirmed another four gigs this month — at **Carmarthen** Trinity College (tomorrow, Friday), **London Woolwich** Thames Polytechnic (Saturday), **Blackpool** Tiffany's (21) amd **Scarborough** Penthouse (31).

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WRECKLESS ERIC MAKES EVEN NICK LOWE LOOK COOL

ON TOUR WITH HIS BAND, THE NEW ROCKETTES

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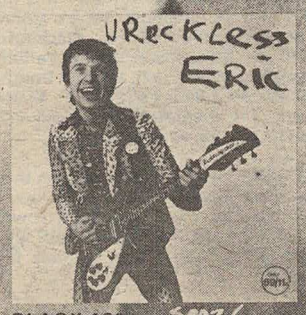
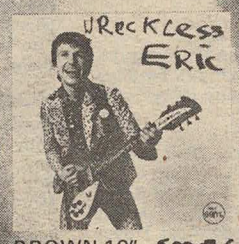
18	BRIGHTON	NEW REGENT
20	BIRKENHEAD	HAMILTON
21	LOUGHBOROUGH	TOWN HALL
22	NEWPORT	STOWAWAY
23	PENZANCE	THE GARDEN
24	PLYMOUTH	THE METRO
25	BIRMINGHAM	BARBARELLA'S
27	SWANSEA	CIRCLES CLUB
28	CARDIFF	TOP RANK
31	AMSTERDAM	
APR 1	MANCHESTER	RAFTERS
2	HEMEL HEMPSTEAD	PAVILION
3	SWINDON	AFFAIR CLUB
6	SCARBOROUGH	PENTHOUSE
7	BETFORD	THE PORTERHOUSE

EVEN MORE DATES TO FOLLOW . . .

THE WRECKLESS ERIC LP



BLACK 12" Seez 6



BROWN 10" Seez 6

STIFF RECORDS

FOR THAT EXTRA YARD

WHAT YOU LOSE ON THE SWINGS, YOU GAIN ON THE ROUNDABOUTS

"I WOULD rather retain the position of being a photostat machine with an image, because I think most songwriters are anyway . . ."

—David Bowie

Prologue: *Top Of The Pops*

EVERYONE GETS that glazed marzipan look in make-up. Maybe it's some weird chemical that they put in the booze in the Artists' Bar at Television Centre, but anyone who's been through the make-up procedure ends up looking like a waxwork.

Andy Williams, for example, looks like one of those ageing pretty-boy senators that periodically chance their lance for nomination as Democratic candidate in U.S. Presidential elections.

Health-club tan, meticulously arranged dry-look hair, leathery complexion drilled and scored wtih integrity-lines, "casual" clothes that look French or Italian but were almost inevitably purchased in Hollywood . . . you almost expect a campaign speech rather than a song. After hearing the song, I think I'd've preferred the campaign speech.

Nick Lowe, the Pure Pop For Now People candidate, sighs into his Bloody Mary. "I wouldn't mind looking that good when I'm his age." Following a five-minute varnish-and-respray job by the Beeb's technicians, Basher looks something like a waxed fruit himself. Stuffed into a fluorescent green suit festooned with question marks — based on The Riddler, a villain from the old *Batman* TV show — fractionally too small for him, he looks faintly unnerving.

"Damned unmanly, all that make-up," jibes Martin Belmont of The Rumour, who've been pressed into service to mime "I Love The Sound Of Breaking Glass" with Lowe for tonight's *TOTP* taping, seeing as how it was them on the record amd all.

"You just calm yourself right down," retorts Lowe as the scrathplate falls off his magnificent black Gibson Everly Brothers acoustic guitar. It's only held on with Blu-Tack, see, and he has the horrors that his axe is going to start falling to pieces right there and then on television. I mean, what a thing to happen to the Jesus Of Cool!

Of course, it's pure jestering. Nick Lowe is many things, but a Jesus Of Cool he ain't. He can perform the role for short periods of time if he's in the right frame of mind, but Nick Lowe is the Jesus Of Cool like Roger Moore is James Bond, and *Top Of The Pops* is the perfect place to carry off such an impersonation.

Believe it: the whole show is an impersonation. *Top Of The Pops* is an impersonation of a fast-moving, exctiting, all-happening teenage rock and roll show, and of course it's a big barn of a studio with a few tacky sets, a bored orchestra stuck up one end, maybe three or four live acts and the rest on video, a bunch of kids being bossed all over the place, chased around by haughty floor managers and maddened ravening camera-tanks, herded into position in front of the acts to give the impression that there's a lot of them, and the capper: canned applause to give the impression that the audience are enjoying themselves.

The Jesus Of Cool and his Apostles Of Hip are standing around watching Darts do their number at the other end of the studio while the minions set up for Kate Bush.

She's doing her number at the piano this time round in a sort of witch costume, which seems something of a waste since her dancing and general shapes enhanced the visual presentation of the song on previous performances. Problem: the orchestra keep coming in early, and Kate Bush being a comparative newcomer, keeps blushing under her make-up and apologising to everybody.

Rumour keyboardist Bob Andrews, who's had enough to drink to be feeling no pain, can take no more and skids across the studio haranguing m.d. Johnnie Spence and the musicians. Some of the younger, hipper players are on his side, but Spence is mightily uptight when Andrews offers to conduct it himself. Eventually they get it vaguely together, Kate gets through her song and murmurs circulate that the Beeb won't exactly be going out of its way to have Bob Andrews back on *TOTP*.

Fiiiiiinally, Lowe And Co. clamber onto their tacky set and under a bright shower of canned applause do "Breaking Glass" while the kids down front try to suss out the rhythms enough to dance to them.

Lowe is enjoying his impersonation, playing non-chords or nothing at all on his Gibson and moving like Bryan Ferry while Andrews — clearly the man of the moment — does a brilliant looning mime to his splintered piano solo. They get it right first take and disperse. Lowe removes that "damned unmanly" make-up, changes out of his Riddler suit and the assembled company haul their butts over to Eden Studios in Chiswick, where Lowe is assisting Johnny Cash's stepdaughter Carlene Carter. She's a slim girl with long brown hair and a wicked smile, though — happily — she doesn't have a deep voice or a fixation with trains.

As they depart, Lowe is murmuring to Carlene, "Shall we hold hands in the vocal booth?"

THREE DAYS LATER, it's forty below zero in the great city of Buffalo in upstate New York. Once again, American technology has only just managed to cope with that weird meterological phenomen which we scientists refer to as snow. Lowe had flown in from Amsterdam the previous day with Martin Belmont of The Rumour to link up with Elvis Costello And The Attractions and act as extra added Attractions for the evening's two shows in Buffalo, the last U.S. date on what's been a six-week slog around the North American Continent.

Everyone's had a bitch of a time getting in to New York City to rendezvous at the Gramercy Park Hotel. Elvis and his boys were travelling in a customised luxury Greyhound bus which had broken down *en route* from Glendale, and Lowe and Belmont had been subjected to massive delays because JFK airport had been snowed in, a fact that also delayed the flight that me and Chalkie Davies had hopped from Gatwick. We'd originally arranged to meet at CBGB to see Pere Ubu, but we blew that one ... whatever. A real teeth-chatterer.

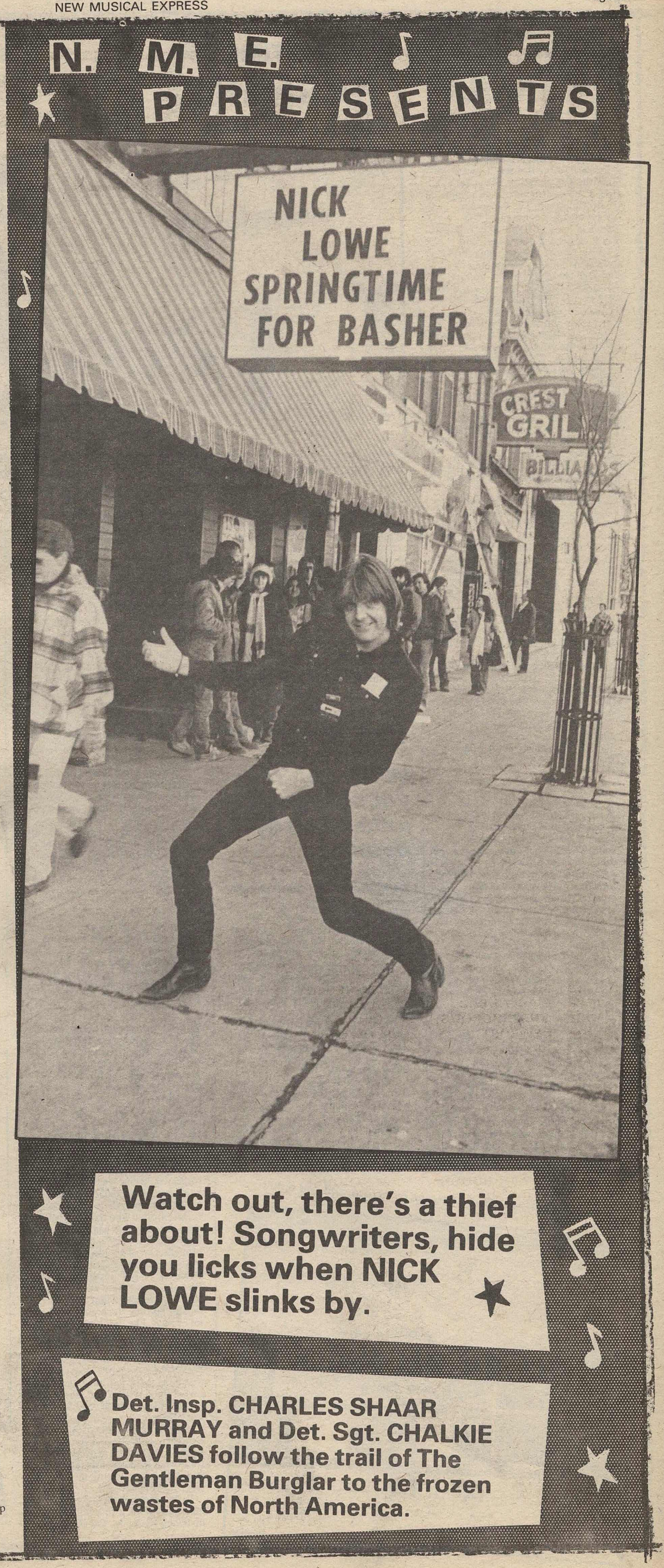
Performing-wise, the deal was that Belmont came on to wind up Elvis' set with a storming, riotous "Pump It Up" and then Lowe — nervously cradling a borrowed Telecaster — would appear for the encore to do a medley of "Nutted By Reality" / "I Love The Sound Of Breaking Glass" followed by "Shake And Pop" and "Heart Of The City."

A rough and ready affair indeed, with Lowe's Tele plugged into Elvis' amplifier and Belmont using a miked-up 30-watt practice amp. Belmont prowls the stage, rearing and jerking like Herman Munster under electro-shock, mouth working furiously, slashing and wrenching at his brand new Gibson L-6 as if he was about ready to rip the neck off the sucker. His stage presence is exceptional, both because of the sheer force and conviction of his playing and because one has an inkling of the enormous amount of havoc that Belmont would be capable of wreaking if his temper ever got the better of him.

Costello slips into the role of backing musician with almost indecent ease, wandering up to the mike to sing spot-on vocal harmonies — he and the Attractions virtually learned Lowe's material at the afternoon soundcheck — and playing rock-solid second lead guitar between Belmont's compulsive solos and Lowe's scratchy, spiky rhythm.

The only one who seems the slightest bit ill-at-ease is Lowe himself, which is understandable considering that he's coming onstage after Costello has spent forty-five minutes or so winding the audience up to a state of almost unbearable

● *Continued over page*


N. M. E. PRESENTS
NICK LOWE SPRINGTIME FOR BASHER
CREST GRIL
BILLIA
Watch out, there's a thief about! Songwriters, hide you licks when NICK LOWE slinks by.
Det. Insp. CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY and Det. Sgt. CHALKIE DAVIES follow the trail of The Gentleman Burglar to the frozen wastes of North America.

● *From previous page*

excitement with weird, dangerous performances of "Watching The Detectives" (things always get weird and dangerous when Costello performs without his guitar) and a "Lipstick Vogue" that screws every nerve to shrieking pitch.

Also, apart from stints with Rockpile and the Stiff tour, Lowe hasn't performed live with any regularity since Brinsley Schwarz split up (the group, that is. The guitarist is alive and well and in one piece and performing with The Rumour).

He must have presented U.S. audiences with a figure fully as weird as Elvis himself. Accustomed to boogie beasts, singer-songwriters so sensitive that they vanish under a strong light, and platform-booted exquisites, what are they to make of Nick Lowe? Big, beefy and beaky, crammed into tight black Levi corduroys and introducing himself by caroling, *"Well, I heard they castrated Castro / cut off everything he had"* ... well, it's nice to know that chaps from Blighty can still show the colonials a thing or two.

At that first show, he compounded his nervousness by muttering self-consciously about hey, this is Elvis' show and I really shouldn't be here blah blah, but a rousing "Shake And Pop" and a flinty, propulsive "Heart Of The City" saved the day and by the second show he had it all down right nice.

And he'd better have it down better than that yet again in a month or so's time, because after Costello's British trek the King will be returning to the Americas, with Mink DeVille supporting and Nick Lowe opening the show. Nick Lowe and Rockpile? Nick Lowe and The Rumour? Nick Lowe and Thin Lizzy? (Ignore that last one. It's just a fantasy of Lowe's to perform "So It Goes" with Lizzy backing him, since he nicked half the riffs off Lizzy and sings it just like Phil Lynott). Nick Lowe and Led Zeppelin? Nick Lowe and ... wait and see.

American audiences won't know they're looking at The Jesus Of Cool, since over there the album's called "Pure Pop For Now People" ... so's not to offend any of you religious folk out there who might be listening in to Radio Station KWIMP ...

SPRINGTIME FOR BASHER

ACTS 2 & 3 CONTD.

And Lowe, the Jesus Of Cool showed up at Niagara Falls (as part of the ultimate CHALKIE DAVIES stunt) and froze it over with his mere presence . . .

I FIRST met Nick Lowe round about '72 or '73, when he was the bearded, pony-tailed bassist / singer for an all-hippies-together country-rock / soul / '50s / reggae band called Brinsley Schwarz.

Martin Belmont was their roadie for a time ("He was one of the greatest roadies that ever lived. Ever see him lift a speaker cabinet? *Christ!*") and the rest of the group were Brinsley himself on guitar (now a Rumour), Bob Andrews on keyboards (ditto), Billy Rankin on drums (now, I believe, a barman) and Ian Gomm on rhythm guitar (about to re-emerge as a featured artist. Watch out!)

Apart from their early Crosby Stills and Nash phase, which I never much liked, they were pretty good and more than that during all their incarnations, and what incarnation they were in depended pretty much on whoever Nick Lowe was trying to write songs like at any given moment. He did an excellent Robbie Robertson, a fair Allen Toussaint and generally worked in a league that would have resulted in Instant Deification (Asylum Records division) if he'd been American instead of English.

The Brinsleys had their genesis when Schwarz and Lowe were at school together. Brinsley ran the school group, and he said that Lowe — an unreconstructed banjo player from the Lonnie Donegan era — could join if he would buy and learn the bass. This he did, and they happily set to work playing Beatles hits at school dances.

Fifteen years later, the connection still holds. The newly-named Brinsley Schwarz (they'd been together before as Kippington Lodge) was launched with the now-legendary hype disaster of the Famepushers / Fillmore affair.

You must have heard of that one: how the Brinsleys were booked as the

When you're younger you get influenced by people . . .

opening act at Bill Graham's Fillmore East in New York City, an entire planeload of media types were flown in from London, the band didn't go down any better than any other unknown opening act would under the same circumstances and the band were left with a dreadful reputation, debts adding up to some ludicrously astronomical amount.

By all conventional criteria, the group were completely screwed. Their solution to the impasse in which they found themselves was to start playing the pubs.

"We were just as green as the grass then. That Famepushers' business had a lot to do with the very cynical view that we developed. We got very cynical about everything. We weren't just put together for the hype — we'd been together for a while before that — and we had a *marvellous time*. We thought it was really great. It was after that that we thought Gawd, this just ain't it *at all*, and it was that that formulated the cynicism. We wanted to keep going and we couldn't think of anything else to do."

Yeah, but surely the act of taking the group into the pubs — and trust me, no-one gets to be a tax exile playing the Hope — was an act of idealism rather than cynicism?

"That wasn't the main reason. There were a lot of other things — like we were taking a lot of acid at the time — and we got this crusade. It was almost *"We'll show the fuckers* ... no matter what happens we won't get conned again". Don't get me wrong, we were 'conned' in the literal sense: we did it with our eyes open, but we were very inexperienced.

"We had a marvellous time, I don't regret anything that happened, but it was just so horrifying to us. We developed this attitude, and we got this house. When groups share a house, you tend to share a lot of the same ideas: it tends to stifle your individuality quite a lot, which can be a very good thing, but it has its drawbacks as well. You can get intimidated and just go along with things.

"But for a good two or three years we played it very low key and that's why we got this almost legendary reputation. It wasn't because we were a particularly good group, because really we weren't. It was just that the attitude that we had used to intrigue people."

IN the British rock of the time, the main squeeze was the Bowie / Bolan / Roxy / Slade thing — and that's a massive generalisation, lumping together people who probably couldn't share a railway compartment let alone play together, but you get the idea — while underneath all that — literally, if you take the cellar of The Hope into consideration — a bunch of people were discovering each other and forming alliances and friendships which would emerge in the late '70s as being one of the vital connections.

"At that time, there were a lot of people around who thought that they were the only ones who thought like that. There were a lot of events that brought a lot of people together who were involved in that pub-rock thing. Eventually it got very snobby and very elitist, but there were a lot of people who shared that cynical / idealist attitude. It showed itself in a lot of ways, like the style of writing in the music press which is very common now, but before then it was still very much 'what's your favourite colour, Nick!' 'What a snappy chap Cliff is first thing in the morning' and all that sort of thing. I think that was directly responsible in a lot of ways for the punk thing.

"Certainly in terms of fashion. English people always like to have some kind of badge to dress up to show what kind of music they like, and the Feelgoods were the ones to crack it clothes-wise."

It almost seems that there's a musicians' pool: a very fluid set-up involving Rockpile, The Rumour, The Attractions, Lowe, The Blockheads and a few other bands with their vague genesis in such disparate scenes as London Pubrock, Canvey Island, and the Swansea Mafia. Consider the careers of the alumni of groups like Chilli Willi, the Brinsleys, Ma, Love Scupture, Ducks De Luxe, The Kursaal Flyers and a few others. The fact that master gardener of rock's family trees — Pete Frame by name — now works at Stiff is almost an official blessing from God to the whole scene.

"Yeah, but the reason that all that is such good fun is not necessarily because they're all wonderful musicians, it's because they've all got

Nowadays I just steal the stuff. If I hear a good lick I'll just pinch it

something up there." He taps his skull meaningfully. "They've got some brains, a bit of common sense. The thing is that there's just so few people around who've got any kind of flair. They don't have to be wonderful musicians, but they're good because they've got something up there.

"And that's what makes it different from that whole boring L.A. thing where all those musicians are on all those records, all those people who used to play on James Taylor's records. People would actually *buy albums* because Jim Gordon was on them. I wouldn't ever want it to be like that but I don't think it ever would be because it's too Blighty. It's all founded on a bit of a sense of humour.

"I don't mean that we're all loony chums perpetually having a great laugh together, any kind of let's-all-piss-it-up-chaps sixth form outing. I'm deadly serious about the whole thing. Vicious, even. I could be vicious about it.

"It's not like we're all part of the same chums' club. That's why I like Elvis so much. He's deadly serious. He means it, maaaaaaan. It's not a drinking club. Bullshit.

"I mean, Jake (Riviera) and I have always had this agreement from the very start. It's like an agreement never to get too close because even though we like each other we respect each other for what we both do — and Elvis as well — and there's this element of keeping each other at a pole's length. All three of us are very committed in a very obscure way and if you're committed to something, you can never afford to cling onto something too tight, because it's a golden egg or he's a marvellous chum that you always want to be with.

"Because you can change your mind about people all the time. We've never actually talked about this: it's just how *I* feel. And it's this that keeps us tight, in a way. Okay, we're good buddies and everything, but always reserve the right to change your mind.

"You can go back on *anything* and not feel embarrassed or ashamed about it.

"You say, 'That was then; I've changed my mind. I'm really sorry, but I can't help it.' It's just an instinct that we all have. A recognition."

ALMOST equivalent, in a way, is that Lowe's songwriting mode moved from the ostensibly "personal"/ semi-autobiographical stuff that he was writing for the Brinsleys to the ironic, detached style of his current material.

Lowe's reaction to this comparison between a controlled distancing in his relationships with his colleague and the similar distancing between himself and his material is oddly unsure. He launches into a veritable barrage of umms and arrhs.

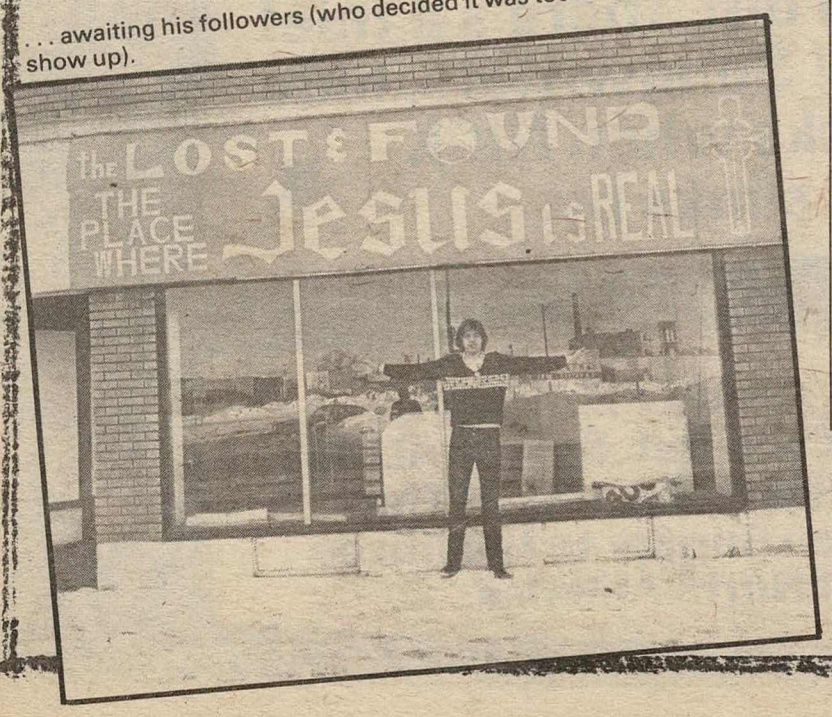
"I've always been influenced up until quite recently by musical trends. Sometimes if I hadn't . . . I've maybe just liked something that I've had a feeling for and copied it because of inexperience when writing songs and that style has become well-known for some reason . . . err . . . I'm trying to follow it too far back now. The answer to your question is *yes*.

"I used to write songs that were about me, and very lyrical and personal, but a lot of it . . . you can get away with murder if you write those sort of songs. You can woffle a lot, but a lot of people will think it's really wonderful stuff even though *you* know you're just a woffle-maker, and the more you go on the more you realise that you can't go any further with that. That's what you call experience.

"But when you're younger you tend to get influenced by very stylistic people, like I wrote very much in a Crosby Stills and Nash vein. Someone played me their first album which I thought was great, and I went overboard trying to write in that style. And then it was The Band. Then you get interested in *their* influences.

"I don't do that any more. I keep my ears open — I listen to the wireless, to Muzak in restaurants, *anything* — but nowadays there isn't an artist who I listen to and think, 'Oh, where did he get that lick?' You just make it up yourself. I know the chords now. I don't have to pretend that I'm Robbie Robertson or whoever.

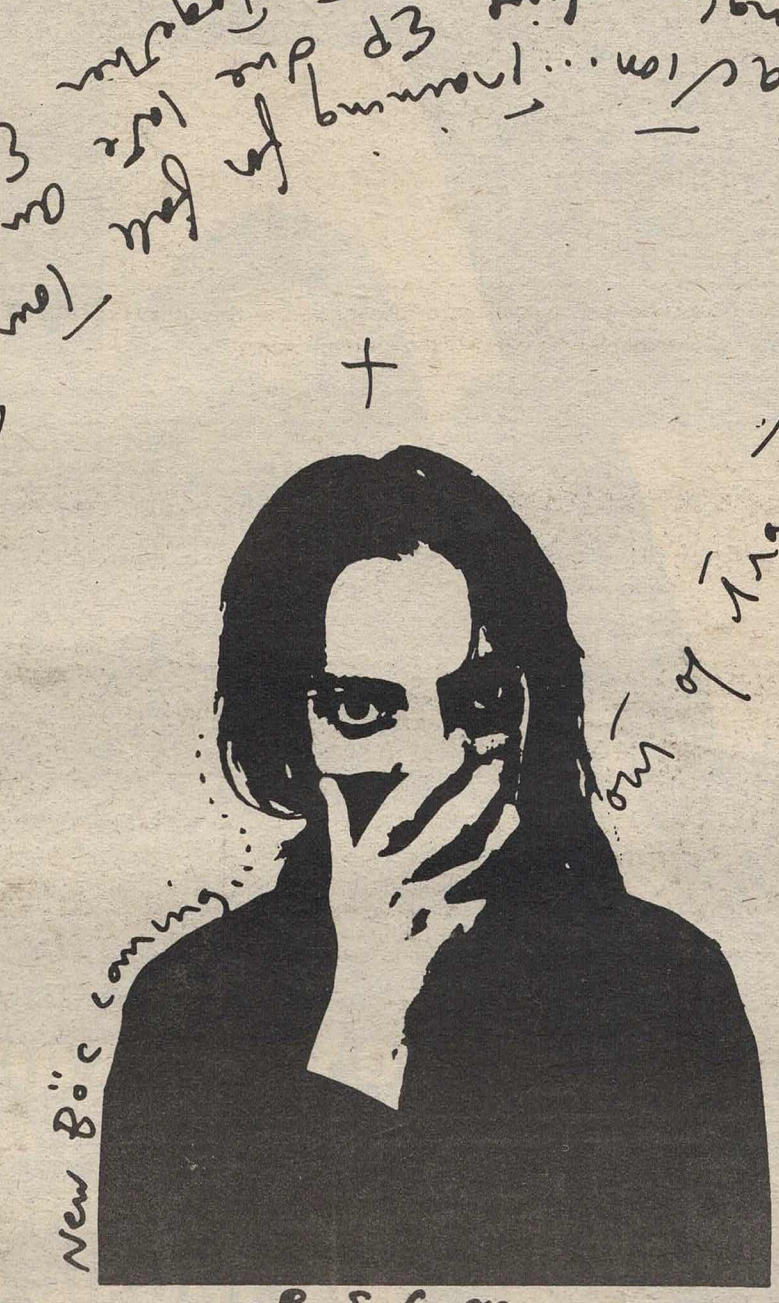
● *Continued on page 58*



. . . awaiting his followers (who decided it was too cold and didn't show up).

. . . and Lowe, getting rather pissed off, he went to have a blow wiv 'is mates. L-R: Steve Naive, Pete Thomas, Basher (playing the Blastocaster), Bruce Thomas, E.C. and Martin Belmont.

Patti Smith Out of traction Back in Action



Rock 100... Babel completed for the Clash and Sonic's Rendezvous Band... Jay de producing for Ork records... Tom Verlaine in Europe... watch and listen for new coal place to catch... Kath is in good health... Tapper Zukie sends love... Marianne Faithfull on tour... Lenny Kaye book-ing Patti Smith... Jay de producing for Ork records... Tom Verlaine in Europe... watch and listen for new coal place to catch... Kath is in good health... Tapper Zukie

luck... fight the good fight... for the rock of right!

-o-

SPART 1043 Cass TC ART 1043

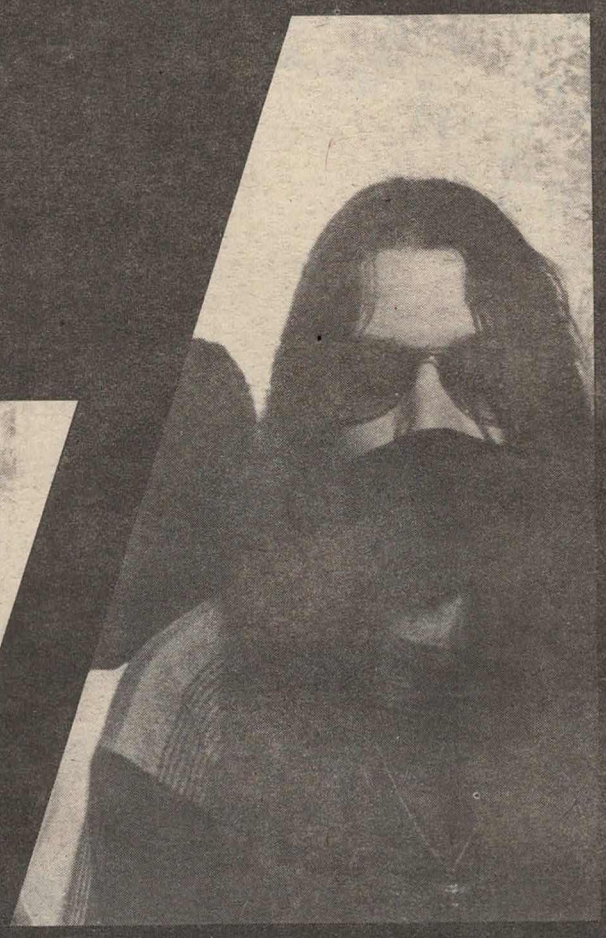
Patti Smith's sensational new album 'Easter'

Don't miss Patti at the Rainbow London April 1st & 2nd. & March 31st Bingley Hall Birmingham Her only UK appearances

ARISTA

from the tangerine dream you've never heard before... cyclone.

steve jolliffe
vocals/bass flute/alto flute/c-flute/piccolo/cor anglais/bass clarinet/hohner clavinet/elka string synthesizer/grand piano/fender rhodes/roland system 100 synthesizer/tenor and soprano horns/lyricon by computone



chris franke
moog modular synthesizer/projekt electronic sequenzer/computerstudio digital sequenzer/loop mellotron/mellotron m 400/arp soloist synthesizer/elka string synthesizer/electronic percussion/oberheim sequenzer/oberheim eight voice polyphonic synthesizer/oby one

edgar froese
oberheim eight voice polyphonic synthesizer/twin keyboard mellotron mark v/arp omni string synthesizer/arp digital soloist synthesizer/moog modular synthesizer and projekt electronic time control system/gibson les paul custom guitars/korg ps 3100 polyphonic synthesizer/roland gs 500 guitar and gr 500 controller/solina string ensemble/ovation acoustic guitar

there are voices and drums, oboes and flutes, and the words and music of tangerine dream. cyclone. the new album from tangerine dream. out now on virgin records.

klaus krieger
polyester custom built drums with multi trigger unit/electronic percussion/paiste cymbals/bubims/burma gong set

CYCLONE TOUR

March

19	OXFORD	New Theatre
20	HAMMERSMITH	Odeon
21	PORTSMOUTH	Guildhall
22	BIRMINGHAM	Odeon
23	NEWCASTLE	City Hall
24	GLASGOW	Apollo
25	MANCHESTER	Apollo
26	LIVERPOOL	Empire
27	CROYDON	Fairfield Hall
28	HAMMERSMITH	Odeon

SOLD OUT

Tickets from all box offices and your usual suppliers. This concert is presented by Adrian Hopkins in association with Andrew Graham-Stewart. And it's got special laser effects by LASERIUM.

V2097.

THIS

LOWRY (L.S.)

And it's number one — it's Top Of The Pops — L.S. Lowry with "Town Centre", a golden oldie from 1966. Reproduced courtesy of The Medici Society Ltd.

THERE NEED BE NO complaint about the variety of subject matter in the current Top 30.

Apart from the two football songs, there is a No. 1 that was inspired by the gratest romantic novel in the English language, and Bryan and Michael's "Matchstalk Men And Matchstalk Cats And Dogs", a tribute to the Lancashire artist L. S. Lowry, who died in 1976.

To be brutal, the song is over-sentimentalised, has a children's chorus straight out of Clive Dunn's "Grandad", and reaches a finale of sickly proportions with the lines "Now he takes his brush and he waits / Outside those pearly gates". *Suffice to say that in comparison, Don McLean's "Vincent" seems like a doctoral these on Van Gogh.*

The irony, however, is that while the song reeks of Northern working-class attitudinising, it is actually not phoney at all. Michael (Coleman), who wrote the song, was raised on those same grimy streets of outer Manchester (in the districts of Ardwick and Ancoats) which Lowry immortalised his paintings; he actually comes over on the phone like Lowry (no, not L. S. — Raymond, our cartoonist, who's also from that area, though no relation — at least, not that we know of). "Matchstalk Etc" was written over two years ago, and Coleman has been singing it to sympathetic audiences in local folk clubs ever since. "I just altered the last two verses after his death."

Kevin Parrott, who had already produced the Manchester United Wembley disc, took an interest in the song, and suggested instilling the Northern flavour via a wonderful brass band from Tintwhistle (near Glossop, for Southern readers) and that unfortunate children's chorus. Coleman's partner, Brian Burke (they played the clubs as Burke and Jerk) made some suggestions, and the disc was born — though it was turned down by several companies before Pye accepted it. "They thought it was too local."

In fact, the song did have an immediate local appeal — "all the people round Manchester backed it" — but early promise quickly turned sour when the song's debut in the BMRB chart was quashed because of a suspicion that it had been bought in (and thus it was one of the two discs that precipitated the hyping furore). "It was very upsetting. We'd backed it wit' heart and soul,and nothing else; it was like the chance of a lifetime that was suddenly knocked flat."

The record, however, was reinstated the following week, and sales have since built naturally. Coleman says he's admired Lowry for years, particularly for his depiction of the old industrial landscapes that are now vanishing. He has a working-class background himself. "I've been a barrow-lad, and done humping and butchering. I've taken umpteen jobs on, just to keep me going in show-business." Hence, he says, all his songs are about Northern life, and the characters he's met.

So has this success turned him into a new man overnight? "I've been in this business for 15 years, and I've no intention of letting this change me now. Though the wife insisted that we had a new front door — and I'm pleased as Punch wi' that."

BOB WOFFINDEN

THE BIG BAD BADGE BOOM

BADGE CONSUMERISM is now an epidemic raging through the nation. And it threatens to spread across Europe.

Which is to say: images, styles, words, photographs, paintings, slogans, films, TV shows, comic book heroes, rock and roll music, newspapers, magazines, posters — all this and more is being copied, stolen, plundered, bootlegged, franchised and licensed by ambitious businessmen and maverick altruists and recycled to a mass market in badge form.

Badge buying is the consumer sport for '78. Badges have moved into bed with the old school tie and other private members clubs: No badge — no party!

Even the local newsagent has a badge board with as many as a hundred badges on it — the choice ranging from the Fonz, Muppets, Star Wars, drink slogans, Elvis, to astrology and The Sex Pistols.

The board is stocked with as much variety as possible — and IT PAYS!

On the back of an order form from one badge company are tips to retailers to help minimise profits: (1) Learn which are the most popular badges and have sufficient back-up stock — a currently popular badge will sell as many as 20-30 daily. (2) Badges are subjective — it's impossible to know all the reasons why a badge sells. (3) The badge business is a 'live' business and changes continuously from week to week.

So who are the badge merchants who are coining the gold?

The hotshop is definitely Taylorscope Ltd, with over 5½ million sales claimed in the UK alone for '77. Their '78 projection is to quadruple this figure by storming Europe.

Company director Tom Norton explains: "We're new in this market. We deal solely with licensed copyrights, mainly with film or TV tie-ins."

Their catalogue includes the Fonz, Starsky & Hutch, Elvis, skateboarding, Star Wars. And it all began by accident.

Norton's partner, Arthur Moss, advertised for new products at the beginning of '77, and a Midlands factory sent along a few Mr. Men cartoon badges. An investigation revealed astounding sales figures for the Mr. Men books — so why not badges?

Taylorscope went into the badge business and hit paydirt. Now, with over 15,000 UK newagents stocking their product, they have captured two-thirds of the retail market.

Another company in the dizzy heights of million unit sales is Communications Vector.

From a co-operative warehouse workshop in Chiswick, Peter Small supplies dealers with 180 different badge lines, and plans to introduce 50 new badges each month.

Sales are handled by a Fienzle computer. Small has geared CV into even higher production with the introduction of a new manufacturing process that prints the required image directly onto the metal, doing away with the paper image and acetate covering that is the standard badge encapsulation.

He too got into the game by accident: "At a gift fair I saw a hand-operated machine. I was running the Carnaby St. Fleamarket. I knocked out some badges, put them on a board and they sold."

When Small looked for manufacturers to supply him with badges and found no one, he took the plunge. The CV catalogue now ranges from rock stars, cartoon characters, movie stars to cheeky sex slogans and witty sayings.

The badge profit margin is pretty hefty: manufacturing costs range from 2-5 pence; the recommended retail price from 15-40 pence. Where royalties are paid on copyrighted material, the general figure seems to be around 1-2 pence per badge.

However, there is very little a rock band can do if a designed logo is pirated and stamped on a badge with a group photograph (which is the copyright property of the photographer). A direct steal, or complete rip-off is another matter — an example being the Tom Robinson Band.

The TRB have a well-known policy of giving away free badges at their concerts and to fans who write in to their offices. Recently, this same badge has been sold by a number of firms. Colin Bell at the TRB office explains the problem:

"We give away about 1,000 badges each week. Now we find people are selling them. We can't stop people using the TRB name, but we can prevent them selling our copyrighted design. We've sent out ½ dozen requests to companies to ask them to stop trading. The next step will be legal action. For us, giving the badge away free is a political statement and anyone paying for it is being ripped-off. We see none of that money."

Both CV and Taylorscope have TRB badges in their sales catalogues.

NME's own photographer, Chalkie Davies, says he has been ripped off recently by unscrupulous badge manufacturers. He too is threatening legal action against a firm who bought pictures from him ostensibly for a poster magazine. It was only when Bob Geldof — the subject of one of the pics — complained to Chalkie, that the photographer even knew the shots were going on badges.

● *Next page*

LOWRY (R.)

"We don't even converse in monosyllabic grunts anymore, just bloody badges and teeshirts!"

TOM ROBINSON BAND
"WHAT DO YOU MEAN? YOU DON'T LIKE ADAM AND THE ANTS!"
TOO MUCH SEX MAKES YOU GO BLIND...
The Tom Robinson Band
Ride the 2-4-6-8 MOTORWAY
DISTRIBUTED BY TAYLORSCOPE LTD. 01 549 9067
Copyright 1977 Distinctive Traders Ltd.
acid

TRB (top) by CV in style of 'official' TRB badge and (bottom) by Taylorscope. Ants is a newie by Jolly acid's one of his first efforts. Sex and Chaplin by CV, S.American motif by Tantra Pete.

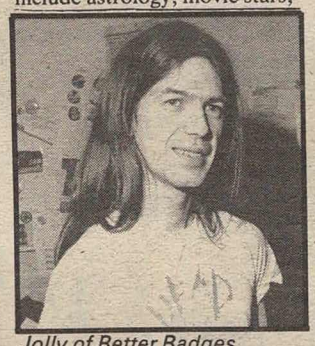
PAYING UP FOR YER PIN-UPS

● *From previous page*

Getting closer to the street scene, we have two infamous characters: Pete Douglas of Tantra Designs, and Jolly of Better Badges.

Tantra Pete launched his company seven years ago with Tibetan Mandala badges. Sales in the first 6 months were over 100,000. Pete used to meet the demand by driving day and night around the UK to health clubs, yoga clubs, universities, bookshops, newsagents.

Today he still deals with his 200 original outlets. His tantric motif has been expanded to include astrology, movie stars, punk rock, Pooh Bear — with total yearly sales around the ½ million mark.



Jolly of Better Badges

Pete openly bootlegs punk designs: "I feel it's part of the punk thing. I'm really into it — and the royalties involved are so small anyway. It's like advertising for the band, and if they want they can always come round and have a load of badges."

When the times moved ahead of him, Pete began to import hand-operated badge machines from the USA: "They sold from £50 to £200. It was like I had an S/M relationship with the business. I was setting people up in competition with me — but what really counts is that new ideas in self-expression were being produced."

In his own meglomaniac mind, Tantra Pete sometimes leans back and has a private chuckle that he might just be responsible for much of the present badge mania.

Certainly, Jolly at Better Badges started on such a machine. In '76 he did the round of summer festivals, cutting up magazine images to fit the mood of the environment. In '78, Jolly is unquestionably the Punk Badge King. The stock in his Ladbroke Grove warehouse reads like an A-Z of the new wave.

And unique in the industry, each week Better Badges print a top ten mail-order sales figure in the *NME*.

To date, Jolly has moved over 100,000 Sex Pistols badges, accruing £1,000 royalties for the band.

So what does the future hold for the industry?

Jolly offers: "We're moving into smaller badges to be sold cheaper. I've also asked people to come in with design ideas. If I like them, we'll go into production and pay out a royalty. I can see badge stars, hit badges and star designers."

Also in the pipeline from Better Badges is a Badge Magazine, to be published monthly, and a movement in the direction of the Art Gallery.

Can you see it? Right beside the Picasso and the Rembrandt — not framed in any way, but STUCK in the wall in a random manner — a hundred badges: the Fonz, Elvis, I'm Pissed, Enjoy Cocaine, FU2, Bored Teenager, Never Mind The Bollocks, The Ants, Blondie — shiny, shiny badges with a new ART STATUS glow!

Never mind the Art though — what about the money? In particular, how do the regular rock tour merchandising people feel about badge marketeers? Obviously, they and the bands stand to make far more money out of their own badges than from a percentage of a badge specialist's rake-off.

John Lyons of Concert Publishing, whose recent tours have included Thin Lizzy and Hawkwind:

"It doesn't really hit us. Usually the tour badge is something special, related to and only available at the concerts.

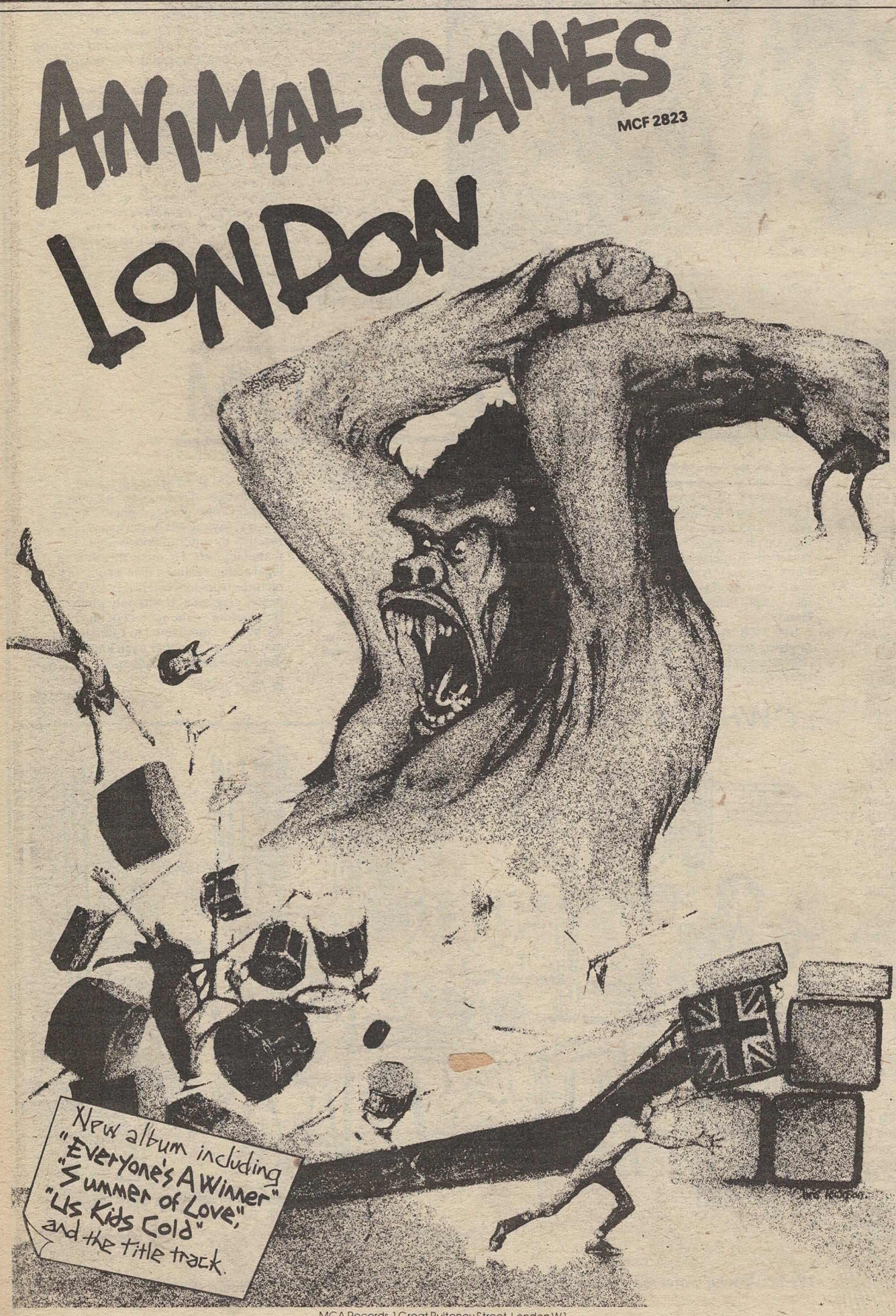
"I would think that the pirates will be the ones who suffer. Why should kids buy a badge from them at 50-60 pence when they can get it cheaper locally?"

Indeed he claims that on the Thin Lizzy tour the merchandising pirates were completely defeated by the promoter, who issued a leaflet with each ticket sold stating that all tour merchandising was available only inside the venues.

The Badge Shop at 45 Monmouth St., London WC2, run by Des Kay, is a good place to browse if you're thinking of starting a collection. He has over 500 badges on show. Today's badge — tomorrow's antique.

JAMIE MANDELKAU

THRILLS



MCA Records, 1 Great Pulteney Street, London W.1.

phonogram PHONOGRAM LIMITED

Memorandum

To Nigel Grainge — Copies: R. Curry, Accounts Department

From Sandie Meikle

Date 3rd March 1978

RUSH DINNER —"September" 20th February

I organised a private dinner for the band at this restaurant in Fulham Road following their Hammersmith Odeon date. It was decided that the band would prefer a small dinner with half a dozen key Phonogram people and Russ Curry and I went to great lengths to organise this.

As you probably know, the Boomtown Rats (plus ladies?) gatecrashed the restaurant and it was embarrassing for the Phonogram execs to ask them to leave. We must keep strictly to budget and therefore recharge you with the sum of £82 which was the amount incurred by your band, (Seperate table, seperate invoice), on Mr Maliphant's instructions.

Sandie M.

Sandie Meikle
P R. Co-Ordinator

Tsk!Tsk! Those naughty young Rats (plus ladies?) — busting up the party for our favourite laissez faire capitalists and landing them with an £82 bill for lemonade and trifle!

*(This is No. 76 in **Thrills** series: The Music Business From The Inside.)*

THRILLS

BOB MARLEY & THE WAILERS

KAYA

Includes the hit single "Is This Love"
ILPS 9517 Produced by Bob Marley and The Wailers

ISLAND

"One good thing about music when it hits you feel no pain"

Bob Marley

'I THINK IT WAS LISTENING TO THAT BETHNAL ALBUM THAT DONE IT.'

'We live in Dangerous Times dearie.'

We also live *for* Dangerous Times, Bethnal's new album from which has been taken their new single "We've gotta get out of this place" Don't we?

Produced by Kenny Laguna.

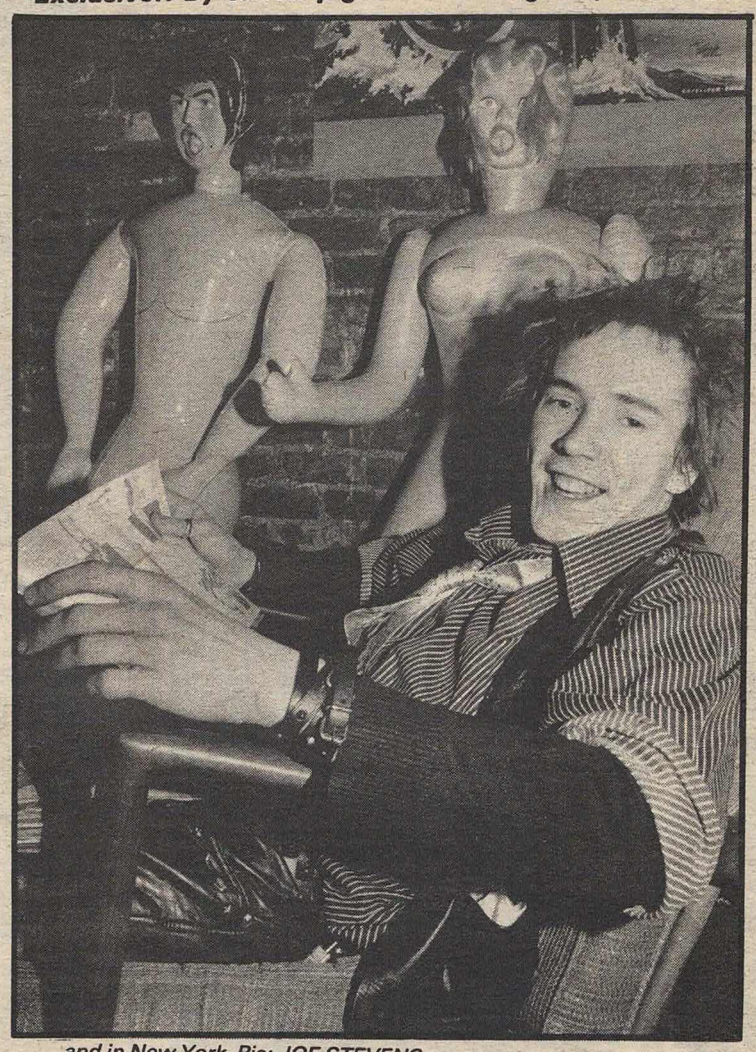
marketed by phonogram
Phonogram Limited
129 Park Street London W1Y 3FA

Bethnal and Phonogram would like to thank the anonymous people without whose help this ad would not have been possible.

VERTIGO

THE POOLSIDE PRONOUNCEMENTS OF JOHNNY 'NO-TAN' ROTTEN

Exclusive!! By carrier pigeon from Kingston, Jamaica!



. . . and in New York. Pic: JOE STEVENS

JOHN ROTTEN likes dressing up. Seeing him stuck away under a parasol by the side of the Olympic-sized pool of the Kingston Sheraton at eleven in the morning slurping Red Stripe from the bottle, his outlaw chic appears impeccable.

First, there is the maroon stove-pipe hat (later to be replaced by an even more impressive open cane titfer) that provokes more than superficial suggestions of his similarity to Mark Twain's shit-stirring Mississippian Huck Finn.

Then there's the flecked dark blue baggy jumble sale pants, the scarlet suede golf shoes (with the studs removed), the low buttoned grey flannel double breasted Take 6 jacket, the lack of shirt and utter absence of suntan . . .

So why — if not to get brown — is Johnny Rotten in Jamaica?

"This," he half-chuckles as he glances vacantly at the hills that rise up behind the Jamaican capital, "is a purely selfish visit. I'm here on holiday and I'm acting as an A&R man for Virgin because I'm simply *sick* of paying pre-release prices for reggae records.

"So I'm getting Virgin to sign up everyone they can."

The story goes that Virgin Records boss Richard Branson had already planned a trip to Jamaica to sign up acts when news came from the States that The Sex Pistols had split up. As soon as Rotten returned to London from New York, Branson provided him with a return ticket to JA, which Rotten, perhaps at something of a loss as to what to do, gladly accepted.

Rotten is in love with both reggae (at one point he almost sneers: "I *never* liked rock music. That's ironic, isn't it?") and with Jamaica. "Here," he breathes almost to himself, eyes burning with unaffected passion, "you can just hear reggae everywhere. Just go outside and you can hear it; the sound of crickets, of cars braking, just of life. Reggae's there *all* the time . . . without even any instruments having to play."

Perhaps, he considers, music is merely a reflection of the environment in which it's created. "No wonder," he sighs ironically, "English rock music is so terrible."

He leans back on his metal chair, glances blankly as a holidaying Joni Mitchell passes by, and speaks with loathing of that specific breed of English rock musician who appear to spend their lives lushed out of it in clubs like the Speakeasy. Roy Reid (I-Roy), looking in at the Sheraton to check out the bar, recounts a tale of how on a trip to London he'd attended a New Wave reception at the Country Cousins restaurant and been manhandled by one of these unfortunates.

Rotten shakes his head sadly. "And to think *I* had to deal with people like that *all* the time. How do you think *I* felt when Steve and Paul's idea of a really great time meant going down somewhere like the Speakeasy and getting drunk with all those bozos?"

Rotten, indeed, speaks with utter contempt of "weak people", and certainly lumps the other three Pistols (he is *totally* dismissive of Sid Vicious) and manager Malcolm McLaren into this category. He bitches that he was doing "99 per cent" of all the work involved with the band, and confirms that, yes, the Pistols *did* split whilst the band was in San Francisco.

"They just walked out and *left* me there. With no money. Very rude." Rotten asserts that it was McLaren who first began to insinuate to the other three members that he (Rotten) was starting to behave like a Rod Stewart or Robert Plant figure.

Quite understandably, considering all the nonsense to which he's been subjected, John Rotten possesses a paranoia that is slightly off to one edge from "healthy". It is one of the only negative factors about him. Whatever, though, there is clearly no love lost whatsoever between him and the man he now regards as his former manager. He speaks of McLaren — who he claims had had a film crew attempting to shoot him from behind bushes with long lenses as he had sat by the pool a few days previously — as "a desperate man" whose ego contantly dragged him into problematical situations.

"Malcolm," he maintains, "was just lucky." He tells of how his former manager ("I never signed anything with Malcolm") would put near-inhuman energies into whatever he was doing and then be too exhausted to follow through and complete his plans. He claims he would suggest designs for McLaren's shop which both Malcolm and Vivienne Westwood would reject. Then, a few weeks later, Rotten would discover clothes resembling his ideas on sale in the boutique. More specifically, it would appear that Rotten does have a certain grudge to bear when he reveals that he himself was paying eighty per cent of his income in tax . . .

He is utterly contemptuous of McLaren's cinematic ambitions. Specifically, he sneers at reports of Malcolm's sending Paul Cook and Steve Jones with escaped Great Train Robber Ronald Biggs on a raft down the Amazon in an attempt to flesh out the Pistols' documentary footage, plus the absurdly expensive scenes shot with Russ Meyer, into a feature length film.

"Biggs was just a complete loser. If you're going to do that then you should do it properly. Do it with the guy who controlled the whole operation and got all the money. 'Course, they couldn't do that because it was the police that controlled it all. Or so I've heard."

Steve Jones' inability to either read or write also, says Rotten, caused certain communications problems within the band. "Alright" — he lapses into the *Coronation Street* accent he reserves for delivering truisms — "he did 'ave a lot of street suss. But not bein' able to read or write did make things just a little difficult."

No, Rotten has decided, in the future he must never work with "weak people" again.

As for the United States, where the Pistols split just like dozens of previous British bands on their first tour, Rotten utterly detests the place, and views the inhabitants as a bunch of paranoids. Following the Pistols' first gig in Atlanta, Georgia, Rotten had been warned that the city was far too dangerous for him to go out on his own at night. Naturally, he went out to a downtown black club and, naturally, experienced no problems whatsoever.

"It's not heavy at all there. This though" — he gestures vaguely in the direction of Trenchtown — "is *incredibly* heavy. You can get shot dead here very easily and no-one would care. Or get busted for dope and get slung in one of those concentration camps like the gun court and" — he puts on the kind of sing-song voice with which an eight-year-old might read aloud a stanza of poetry — "no-one would ca-a-a-a-are . . ." the voice shifts back to Lancashire: "and no-one thinks to even bother to warn you about it."

In fact, some fifteen minutes after I first encounter Rotten shots ring out from the other side of the road to the hotel — followed, curiously enough, by the sound of horses' hoofbeats . . .

The *Jamaican Gleaner* interviewed Johnny Rotten and asked him if he weren't wary that ultimately he'd have to be absorbed into the establishment.

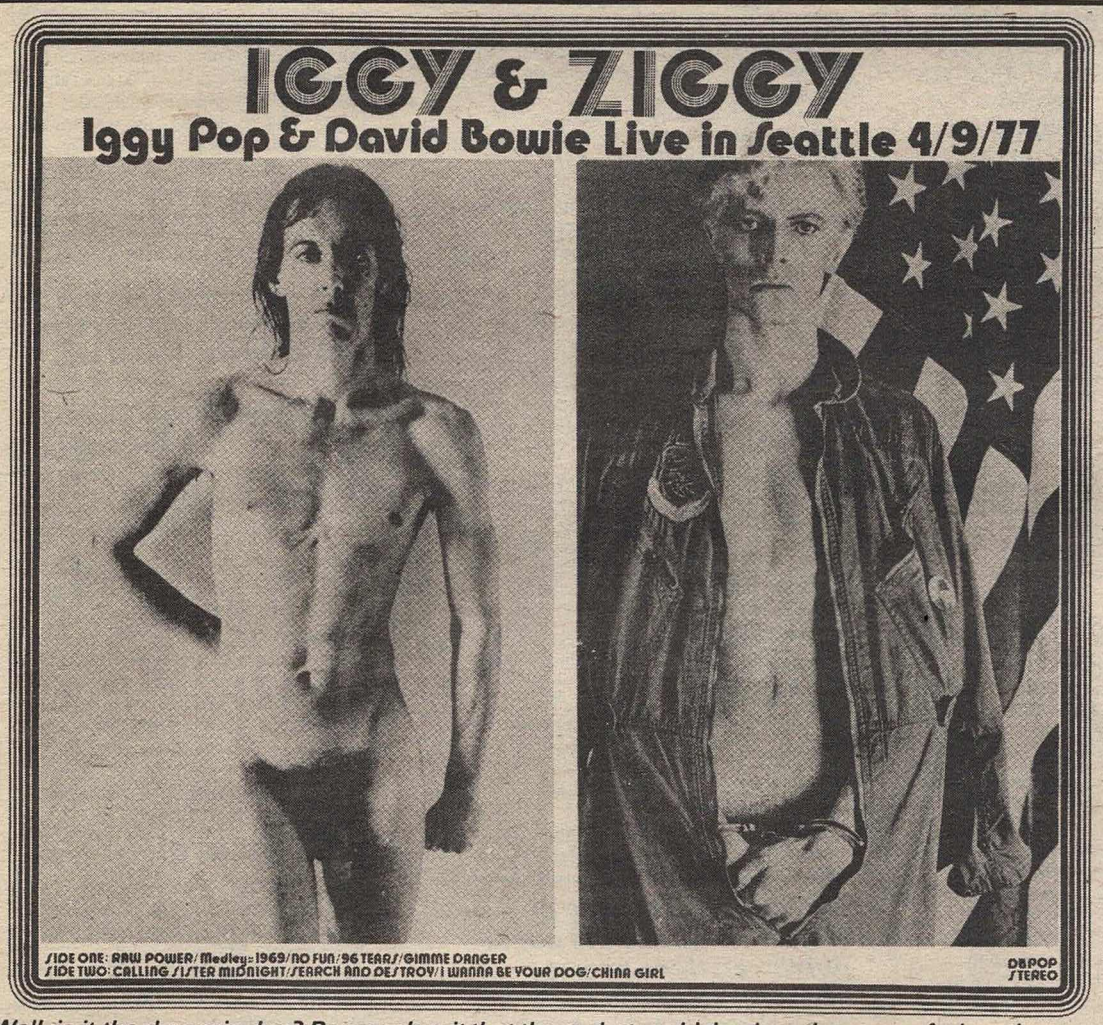
"No," he replied, "I know it's impossible for me to become absorbed. Because I know them. I know all their moves. I've watched them. I've seen their mistakes. They've got nothing to offer.

"All I know is I've got my hooks into something great and I'm not going to let go yet. There's a lot more to do and I've only just started. I've woken up an entire nation. And their musical opinions have shifted almost ninety-eight per cent. But that isn't enough. When it's a hundred per cent than it'll be fine. And I've come the closest to doing that, ever.

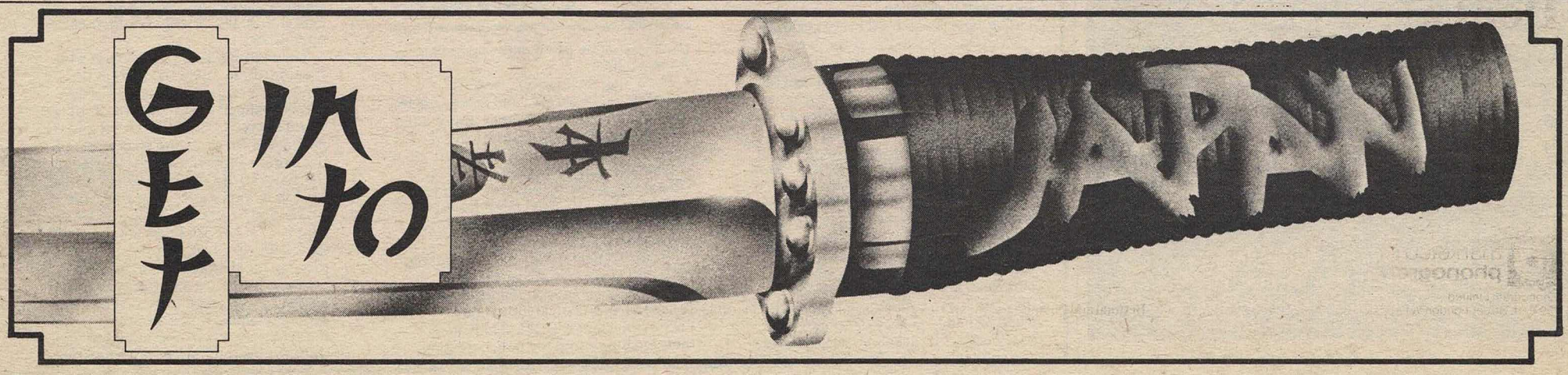
"But I'm . . . I'm just having fun. Anybody could do what I'm doing, if they'd just bother. The trouble is, I have bothered."

CHRIS SALEWICZ

THRILLS


IGGY & ZIGGY
Iggy Pop & David Bowie Live in Seattle 4/9/77
SIDE ONE: RAW POWER/ Medley= 1969/NO FUN/96 TEARS/GIMME DANGER
SIDE TWO: CALLING /SISTER MIDNIGHT/SEARCH AND DESTROY/I WANNA BE YOUR DOG/CHINA GIRL
DEPOP STEREO

Well, is it the dynamic duo? Rumour has it that these shots, which adorn the cover of a less than world-shattering Ig'n'Zig bootleg, may be faked up. Not being quite that familiar with the ins and outs of the Pop torso, we're happy to believe that these are the bodies beautiful of the terrible twins. Yummy! (We make no excuse, blah blah . . .)



ELVIS COSTELLO & the Attractions tour

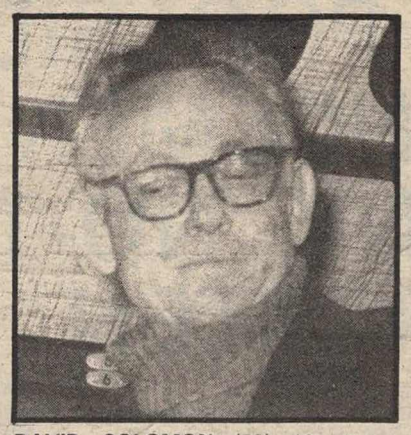
(Supported by The Mickey Jupp Band)

March		
16	Stella Cinema	DUBLIN
17	Ulster Hall	BELFAST
19	Top Rank	CARDIFF
20	Odeon	CANTERBURY
21	De Montfort Hall	LEICESTER
22	City Hall	NEWCASTLE
24	Eric's	LIVERPOOL
25	Eric's	LIVERPOOL
26	Locarno	BRISTOL
27	Winter Gardens	MALVERN
28	Village Bowl	BOURNEMOUTH
29	Top Rank	BRIGHTON
31	Corn Exchange	CAMBRIDGE
April		
1	Sports Centre	BRACKNELL
2	Town Hall	MIDDLESBROUGH
3	Tiffany's	EDINBURGH
4	Satellite City	GLASGOW
5	Top Rank	SHEFFIELD
6	Rafters	MANCHESTER
7	Rafters	MANCHESTER
9	Pavilion	HEMEL HEMPSTEAD
11	Garden	PENZANCE
12	Guildhall	PORTSMOUTH
13	Barbarellas	BIRMINGHAM
14	Barbarellas	BIRMINGHAM
15	Roundhouse	LONDON
16	Roundhouse	LONDON

60 PARKER STREET LONDON WC2

Cladhurst Ltd trading as Radar Records
In association with WEA Records Ltd
A Warner Communications Company

RICHARD KEMP (33) 13 years. Manufactured the purest LSD ever known.
"His college lecturers had tipped him to become the world's top organic chemist." ***(Mail)***



DAVID SOLOMON (52) 10 years. Supplied the base substance ergotamine tartrate.
Well known author *(The Marijuana Papers),* wartime U.S. military intelligence operative.
"An enigmatic figure, on the one had expansive and gregarious, on the other mysterious and elusive." ***(Sunday Times)***

RUSSELL SPENCELEY (27) 10 years. Courier.
Wife Janine received two years suspended sentence.
"He handled around 850,000 tablets and his rewards were large." ***(Mail)***

CHRISTINE BOTT (31) 9 years. Acted as banker. Pic: below.
Qualified surgeon, expert goat breeder,
"Kemp and Bott became lovers, united in a dream of a revolution which they believed could prevent the ecological doomsday." ***(Mail)***
"Put the world on LSD, said Dr Christine." ***(Mail)***

ANDREW MUNRO (29) 10 years. Chemist.
Policeman's son.
"Bright and highly-educated." ***(Guardian)***

HENRY TODD (32) 13 years. Marketing manager.
Pig breeder, man about town.
"Drove a Volvo, lunched at Harrods, dressed well, and had a number of girlfriends." ***(Times)***

BRIAN CUTHBERTSON (29) 11 years. Todd's No.2.
Classical pianist, brilliant scholar.
"Although he was unemployed, he had bank accounts in Switzerland, which showed deposits of £14,000 over a period of 14 months." ***(Times)***

● These were the stars among the 17 people convicted at Bristol Crown Court last week for making and selling LSD between 1970 and 1977.

OPERATION JULIE

IN AN INCREDIBLE DISPLAY of media hand-holding, the official version of the Operation Julie story has now been splashed across the headlines of the press and featured on primetime TV.

It's a comforting picture of police efficiency smashing an evil international drug network so that the schoolkids of our nation can be protected from the threat of that "heaven-or-hell" drug LSD. Comforting maybe — but accurate?

Simply put, the police offered the press their version of an exciting story, and they took it hook, line and sinker.

Of course, in a story this complicated, where everyone has an axe to grind, there is no such thing as the "ultimate truth". But in choosing to serve up only the police version of the story, and lace it with biased comment and questionable facts, most of the national media have shown themselves once again to be unreliable and only too willing to cooperate with the authorities.

What follows is an attempt to show up some of the media inconsistencies, and to provide some alternative views on what the BBC described as "the most sustained and successful police investigations ever carried out."

POLICE POLITICS

IN ORDER to fully understand the police's attitude and hence the press's stand on Operation Julie, it is necessary to realise that the whole affair had a great deal to do with internal police politics.

The 28-strong Julie team, seconded from eleven different police forces, worked outside the traditional police structures as an elite crew, and their activities formed the basis for Det Chief Supt Greenslade's vision for a national drug squad.

The team, characterised by the ***Mirror*** as "a handful of shabby supercops", were so secretive that, according to ***The Times,*** even the Metropolitan Police did not know about the planned raids until the last possible moment.

The Julie squad used every available trick in the book to break the case. At the farm in Wales they used for surveillance, "tons of secret monitoring equipment and scrambler telephones" — some on loan from the Whitehall security services — were quietly installed. Policemen, masquerading as hippies for months on end, infiltrated festivals, communes and the like in search of information.

Foremost among these was Detective Sergeant Martin Pritchard, described by the ***Mail*** as "more hippy than policeman".

Interestingly, the ***Mirror,*** who published his own story, revealed that they had taken a picture of Pritchard when he had to give evidence after he bust a cannabis racket in 1975. He said: "The ***Daily Mirror*** published a rear-view picture of me so that it wouldn't blow my cover."

Even Detective Chief Inspector Lee, the operations expert from the Thames Valley Drug Squad, indulged in fancy dress, posing as "a London businessman recuperating from a major heart problem."

The police's Maigret-like expertise has been widely praised but, according to one defence lawyer, it's a myth. He told *Thrills* that Julie was a "disastrous operation" and claimed "they never got information as a result of their own investigations. It was all handed to them on a plate." The main leads were provided by Ron Stark, a former associate who shopped the others when busted for heroin in Italy.

As the ***Mail*** pointed out, Lee knew of the existence of the acid factory at the Welsh Mansion House in Carno for some time before the final raids. According to them: "He knew the drugs from the Mansion House would be distributed throughout the world. He knew they would be taken by young people whose lives could be ruined — they might even die as a result. He knew he could stop their sale by raiding the house. He decided not to." This the ***Mail*** presented not as criticism, but as a picture of Lee's heroic dilemma.

Perhaps as a result of Lee's delay tactics, two key figures — the international dealers, American Paul Annabaldi and an Israeli named Zahi — escaped despite being under surveillance for some time.

"Never in the history of British crime has the police public relations been so effective and so exaggerated. It has been accepted blindly and blithely by all concerned."— Defence lawyer

Following their success, real or overstated, Greenslade and others began pushing their idea for a super-police unit — an FBI-style national drug squad — who, they claimed, would be able to combat the drug menace more effectively. Many papers took their lead, and made their own demands for such a force to be set up — notably the ***Mirror*** and ***Express.***

All the comments on this — including the bitter denunciations by the six members of the Julie squad who have resigned amidst complaints about "penny-pinching" by Whitehall, and their bitching about the police treating them as regular coppers rather than continuing the impetus of Operation Julie into a special force — should be seen in this context: as an attempt to pressurise the Home Office into setting up a special task force which neither they nor most local chief constables deem necessary.

Greenslade boasted: "The operation was successful beyond my wildest dreams. This could pave the way for a national police force." Presumably, also in his dreams, with Detective Chief Superintendant Greenslade at the helm...

It was obvious that following the huge police operation, including dawn raids by 800 police on March 26 1977, that much would have to be made of this case in order to justify the huge expenditure involved.

"We were up against the intelligentsia — and we won."— Det. Chief Supt. Dennis Greenslade

Greenslade was at pains to point out in the press that: "In two years' operation Julie cost £500,000 — but normal wages, transport and expenses have to be deducted. We hope to recover enough in cash and property so that it will have cost Britain nothing." (In other words, kids, your acid outlay is financing this police operation . . .)

It remains to be seen whether Julie breaks even, and whether Greenslade's lobby will be successful.

THE NUMBERS GAME

THROUGHOUT THE PRESS reporting on the Julie case, numbers have been thrown about with gay abandon.

How much LSD was actually produced? The ***Mail*** claims 15 million doses, the ***Times*** 20-60 million, supplying a dozen countries.

The ***Mirror*** claimed that in 1976 alone the gang's turnover reached an estimated £200 million — equal to that of the British Homes Stores. This is disputed by the defence lawyer we spoke to — he claimed that the total syndicate take was nearer £700,000 throughout their entire operations.

Then there was the question of what fraction of the total LSD market the syndicate's output represented. The ***Mirror*** claimed it was "two-thirds of the world's supply," the BBC News said 90 per cent of Britain's and 60 per cent of the world's supply, while Greenslade told the ***Express:*** "In our view 95 per cent of LSD in Britain was coming from this source and so was half the world's supply." Of course, these things are impossible to gauge, but the mere act of printing them renders them 'official'.

When it came to the street price the estimates were even more diverse. The ***Express*** claimed that it was £1 a tab when the syndicate was in operation but that, since the bust, the street price had shot

DET. CHIEF SUPT. DENNIS GREENSLADE. Head of No. 7 Regional Crime Squad — and of Operation Julie.
"We were up against the intelligentsia — and we won."

DET. CHIEF INSP. RICHARD LEE. Head of Thames Valley Drug Squad. Tactician.
"Recognised as an international authority on illicit drugs." ***(Mail)***
Now resigned. Working as security consultant. Writing his story of the case with a journalist from ***Daily Express*** — due out with indecent haste for national serialisation. Presented the story for BBC news.

DET. SGT. MARTIN PRITCHARD. Drugs squad officer. Top undercover man, five years as hippy. Pictured (left) in uniform, (right) in drag.
"More hippy than policeman." ***(Mail).***
"I got dressed, then rolled around in the garden and emptied the Hoover bag over my head. Then I was ready to go to work. I had to watch my food intake and booze very carefully. You never see a fat druggie. They are thin because they take drugs."
Resigned from force when returned to normal duties and sold his story to ***Mirror.***

POLICEWOMAN JULIE TAYLOR. Gave her name to the operation. Discovered midway through the trial that she had gone to the same school as Christine Bott.

● *These were the stars among the 28 "hand-picked detectives" on the case — six of whom have subsequently quit the force to write books.*

DICK TRACY keeps tabs on the media's coverage of one of the most important drugs cases ever, and discovers a powerful police lobby pushing the Great British Public a load of junk.

Additional research:
MIKE MARTEN

up to £5 or even £8 a tab, a fact quoted in court. On the other hand, the ***Times*** said: "Last week in London it could be bought for £1 a dose or £40 a thousand."

Release, who are closer to the street than any Fleet Street journalist is ever likely to get, told ***Thrills*** that bulk price was now £40 for 4,000 (10p a tab) with street price at £1. They also claimed that LSD, far drom drying up, is now "almost as easily obtainable as cannabis", putting the lie to the police's claim to have wiped out Britain's LSD market. Of course, this has now led the press to speculate about a new 'Mr Big' who is moving in on the scene — speculation instigated, it should be noted, by Det. Supt. Dennis Greenslade, whose proposed national drug squad would, of course, track down the 'international godfathers' behind the new source. . .

Other random statistics appeared in print with no hint as to where they came from. An unknown 1973 survey was quoted which suggested that 600,000 people in Britain have tried LSD. Greenslade himself told reporters that he estimated "60 million LSD tablets have been made and swallowed in the last decade."

It would be interesting to learn how he arrived at that figure.

LSD PARANOIA

IT HAS BEEN standard practice in the British and American media for many years now to distort the true nature of the drug LSD. Medical research into the subject has been officially frowned on, but nevertheles there is a considerable body of evidence available, enough to refute most of the basic untruths. Needless to say, medical facts were ignored in favour of selling newspapers. Operation Julie provided the press with a field day, allowing them to dust off all the old cliches and trot them out into print.

The ***Mirror*** did not miss a trick in this respect. Their headline story read: "An entire city stoned on a nightmare drug — that was the crazy ambition of the masterminds behind the world's biggest LSD factory. They planned to blow a million minds simultaneously by pouring LSD into the reservoirs serving Birmingham." The water supply story can be traced back in the media to at least the mid-'60s and probably before. I have had personal experience of this while working in the information caravan at one of the large Isle of Wight festivals, when I heard an almost identical story being dictated over the phone by a ***Mirror*** reporter. It wasn't true then, either.

Most insidious of all was the ***Express*** story: "All too many young people have experimented with LSD for the thrill. One was 16-year-old June Duggan and it killed her." Now for the punchline. "It could not be proved that her pill came from the gang sentenced at Bristol, but in view of their huge output it seems possible."

The piece continued: "Her father said:

'She liked pop records but many of them by people like David Bowie mentioned drugs. I suppose she didn't want to be square and felt she had to try it.'

"Other young people who ended up in hospital from an LSD trip have lived — or rather, have not died. They have stayed there staring at the walls, transfixed with a terror they cannot explain and cannot be freed from."

Ironically, in a moment of high comedy, proof of LSD effects were provided by three policemen, who accidentally tripped out while cleaning up one of the acid factories. None of them jumped out of windows or became uncontrollably homicidal. Nonetheless, the Police Federation is now backing their claim to the Criminal Injuries Compensation Board.

Mind you, the press were only following the lead of the police. In the ***Guardian*** a police spokesman said that half the admissions to mental hospitals in the USA were caused by LSD! This apparently referred to a brief period in the 1960s in Los Angeles, but the precise details were not forthcoming. Department of Health and Social Security figures were also quoted to show that 12% of all drug-related admissions to

"We hope through our efforts our children will inherit a better world than we did. The forces of repression are firmly in control, but I really believe we have started something no one can stop."— Richard Kemp

mental hospitals in the UK were "LSD-related", some 265 cases in 1976. Exactly what the "relationship" was is unclear.

The police in turn were supported in their attitude by the trial judge, Mr. Justice Park, who ignored the expert evidence of Dr. Martin Mitcheson, who runs the University College Hospital drug dependence clinic. Mitcheson told the court that LSA carried "relatively small risks compared to other dangerous drugs," and he claimed that any comparison was irrelevant.

Surprisingly, only the BBC report — by their science correspondent — provided an accurate analysis of the drug's effect, pointing out, for instance, that it is not addictive.

And nobody at all mentioned the fact that acidheads have gone almost totally underground these past few years — or, at least, acid has become completely unfashionable . . .

THE DEFENDANTS

THE DEFENDANTS stood little chance, it seems, against the weight of public opinion which, in turn, was shaped by the media. They were variously described as the "international firm of L.S.D. (Unlimited)" and "one of the most educated teams of criminals the world has ever known."

The ***Guardian*** said "the flower of British post-war education were in the dock" and described them as a mixture of evangelists, middle-aged Americans and get-rich-quick merchants, many of them Cambridge educated." Their story, it was said, "sounded like the history of enterprising businessmen, too busy making their venture succeed to worry about a few social casualties."

Christine Bott and Richard Kemp were typically characterised as star-crossed lovers and tarnished idealists but, as Release pointed out, by providing the finest quality acid ever produced, Kemp could be claimed to have been providing "community service". His acid was "less likely to have negative effects" due to the fact that the impurities, which often cause the teeth grinding and stomach churning which sometimes lead to bummers, had been removed.

The Leary connection was another interesting aspect of the case's coverage. There was no hard evidence to support this, of course, but mention LSD and you're bound to find California and Dr. Timothy Leary not far behind. One report claimed that the link was "a major strand of the counter-culture, stretching back 10 years to Dr. Timothy Leary and the heady days of the California acid heads." Much play was made of Leary's Brotherhood of Eternal Love, a semi-mythical outfit which ceased to exist years ago; as a fashionable conspiracy theory, it makes 'sexy' (Fleet Street jargon for exciting) copy, but its veracity is questionable.

Even worse was the piece in the ***Evening Standard*** headlined: EXPLODING THE MYTH OF POP FESTIVALS.

It read: "The myth that free pop festivals were innocent happenings where youth did its own harmless thing and sought peace through flower power has been finally exposed by the Operation Julie drugs trials."

They further claimed that at the trial "pop festivals and the vast open-air happenings were finally shown up in their true form — as gatherings financed out of LSD manufacturing profits to attract hard-core drug takers with sufficient numbers of innocent fans to cover up the illicit drug trafficking and introduction to the drugs scene of new recruits."

So much for the ***Standard's*** understanding and attitude towards the youth culture.

EPILOGUE

PERHAPS THE SADDEST ASPECT of the whole affair is the lack of support and interest from the 'hip' or head community. ***International Times*** editors Max Handley and Lyn Solomon (David's

EDDIE & THE HOT RODS

NEW SINGLE
LIFE ON THE LINE
WIP 6438
Produced Ed Hollis Assisted Steve Lillywhite
FROM THE ALBUM ILPS 9509.
ISLAND
Manufactured and distributed by EMI Records Limited

● *From previous page*

daughter) are writing a book on the whole affair, all royalties from which will got to the defendants – most of whom are appealing.

But a few short years ago Kemp and Co would have been hailed as "psychedelic outlaws". Now it seems most people are content to accept the official word on the subject and go back to their Bovril and bedroom slippers. On the other hand, many people I spoke to were beside themselves with anger at the whitewash job performed on the affair.

The only positive aspect of the case is that many lawyers, angry at the sentencing, are planning to push for a new law which would make the appropriate distinctions between LSD and other hard drugs like heroin, and change sentencing policy accordingly. After all, the people involved in the largest heroin ring ever busted in Britain only got maximum sentences of 12 years!

Only one thing is going to change this kind of inconsistency in the law — an inconsistency fostered by the police and perpetrated by the national press — and that's concerted pressure in the face of public witch-hunts such as Operation Julie. Pressure from you.

THRILLS

WRONGS WRITED, WARNERS WARNED

"WE THOUGHT GEORGE BENSON WAS GREAT. WE THOUGHT YOU'D AGREE."

Under this sad little headline, Warner Brothers made advertising history last week by taking a half page in *Time Out* to tell its readers how a critic had — wait for it — *slagged off* one of their acts.

You know how these ads usually read. "THE TURDS ARE BACK IN TOWN" shrill the 2" caps "WITH THEIR THIRD GREAT ALBUM, CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF A TURD KIND" — and then you get the praise, straight from the horses' mouths, viz:

"Brilliantly interweaving crumhorn riffs and tasteful low-key glockenspiel patterns make this the Turds' finest to date" — *MM*.

"Pogos like a bitch" — *Sounds*.

"A triumphant avowal of crypto-fascist bubblegum blowing" — *NME*.

"Thanks for the plug, Richard!" — G. BENSON.

And no. in case you were wondering, they don't usually ask the journalists' permission. Not that it matters, most times. Not only are these boys absolutely insatiable when it comes to seeing their names in print, but they are, you understand, *right behind* The Turds.

If you get my meaning.

However, it sometimes happens that the Critic is less than happy with the way his views are represented by the ad agency, whose job it is, naturally, to serve up said views in the rosiest possible light re the artiste. For example, there was that time that we here on *NME* love to recall, when Charlie Murray reviewed Patti Smith's second album.

"Radio Ethiopia," he said, "is, in the final analysis, just another well-produced, competently played coupla-good-tracks-but-so-what mid-'70s rock and roll record," adding, sareastically: "It may even go gold."

You can guess which bit of all that found its way into Arista's ad three weeks later.

But back to Warner Brothers, and George Benson, whose recent Midnight Special at the Drury Lane Theatre was less than rapturously received by the press. Nevertheless, their tireless ad lads got out their plaice knives and came up with quotes like "technically dazzling" and "(Benson) performs as if his soul knew only sweetness and light", all from a Richard Williams review in *The Times*.

This upset Mr Williams not a little, since what he had actually said was as follows:

"Benson, trained in blues and jazz and now operating in the lucrative area which permits former jazz musicians to produce a variety of discotheque music known as 'street funk', performed as if his soul knew only sweetness and light.

"Technically dazzling and often using that impressive but peculiarly irritating method of singing in unison with his improvisations, he winds up playing perfectly interchangeable solos, all devoid of emotional shading."

Spot the difference?

The ad also quotes Williams on Benson's "massive success". "It was the massive success of his albums I was talking about," comlains the ill-treated critic. "That doesn't necessarily mean he's any good."

Warners say that the balls-up was due to "human error" within their company: someone at Warners was supposed to check the agency's copy, but nobody did. They took last week's ad (which stated: "If we caused Mr Williams embarrassment by quoting him selectively in a previous advertisement without his leave — we apologise") after, Williams said, he "invited" them to. The retraction appeared only in *Time Out* — because the original ad, you see, also appeared only in *Time Out*.

Of which Richard Williams is the editor.

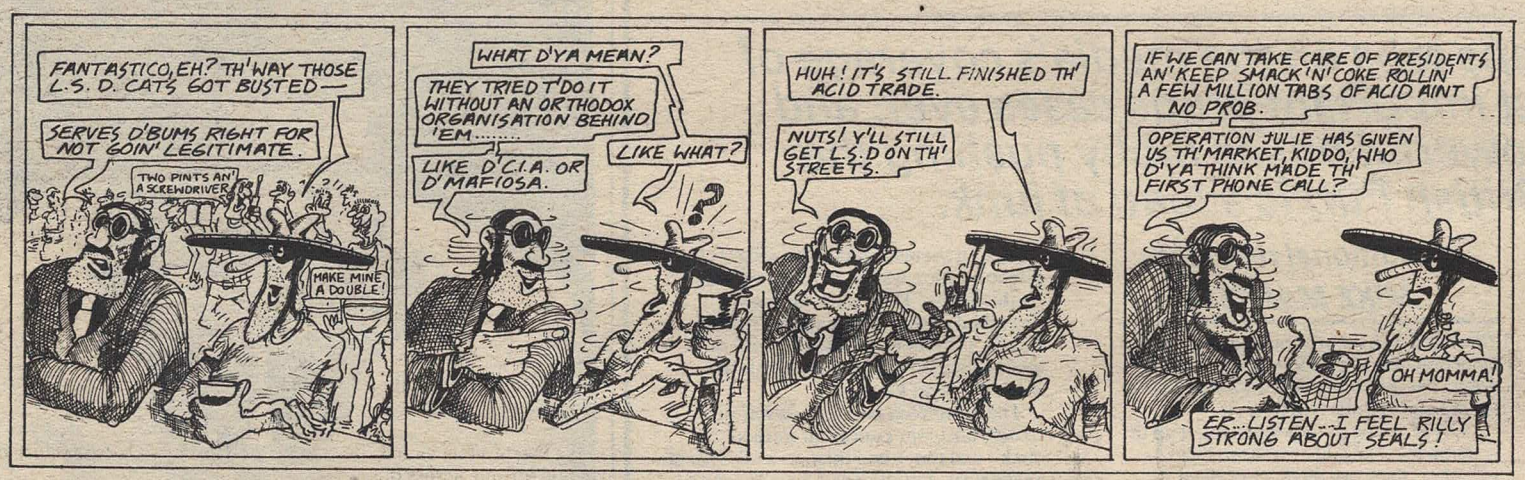
We rang Warners ad department to ask for a comment.

But they were all away sick.

AMY PROSSER

THRILLS

The Lone Groover — BENYON


FANTASTICO, EH? TH'WAY THOSE L.S.D. CATS GOT BUSTED—
SERVES D'BUMS RIGHT FOR NOT GOIN' LEGITIMATE.
TWO PINTS AN' A SCREWDRIVER
MAKE MINE A DOUBLE!
WHAT D'YA MEAN?
THEY TRIED T'DO IT WITHOUT AN ORTHODOX ORGANISATION BEHIND 'EM.....
LIKE D'C.I.A. OR D'MAFIOSA.
LIKE WHAT?
?
HUH! IT'S STILL FINISHED TH' ACID TRADE.
NUTS! Y'LL STILL GET L.S.D ON TH' STREETS.
IF WE CAN TAKE CARE OF PRESIDENTS AN' KEEP SMACK 'N' COKE ROLLIN' A FEW MILLION TABS OF ACID AINT NO PROB.
OPERATION JULIE HAS GIVEN US TH' MARKET, KIDDO, WHO D'YA THINK MADE TH' FIRST PHONE CALL?
OH MOMMA!
ER...LISTEN...I FEEL RILLY STRONG ABOUT SEALS!

21

WIRE

15 March READING Bones Club
16 March PENZANCE Penzance Gardens
17 March PLYMOUTH Metro

18 March BISHOPS STORTFORD Hockerill College
21 March LONDON 100 Club

25 March SHEFFIELD Polytechnic
29 March LONDON Marquee
1 April OXFORD Elm Park Centre

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Produced by Mike Thorne

HARVEST

SINGLE HAR 5151

Album PINK FLAG SHSP 4076

THERE'S SOME REAL WEIRD LOOKING PEOPLE IN CHEAP TRICK . . .

THE MYTHOLOGY that inevitably springs up around any crew of characters banding together in a mobile contemporary entertainment unit can be a very treacherous thing.

It is prey for scribes who choose to project their bed-ridden fantasies on hapless victims. It is subject to weather-vane changes of fashion, and sometimes it runs perilous riot on the ego of the person around whom the mythology has arisen.

But Cheap Trick you gotta watch. Because when the mischievous imagination of a self-confessed inveterate kidder like Rick Nielsen has a hand in that mythology, there is little recourse other than to stand by with a pinch of salt, and enjoy the fireworks.

RICK NIELSEN is the hyper-active guitarist and tunesmith with Cheap Trick. He is of indeterminate age — both physically and mentally — and renowned for a wacky dress sense and an ability to keep a straight face when situations demand, as well as being a guitarist of left field chain-saw expertise.

Cheap Trick are a new American rock band who released two albums last year — one of them, their debut — and possess a cunning sophistication beneath a deceptively simple sugarboy hard rock surface.

Right now they are the only part of the new breed of U.S. AM rockers worth a hoot; putting the likes of Boston and Foreigner straight back on the crud pile.

That much, at least, is certain. Less precise are the details of how the off-the-wall combination that is Cheap Trick came to be, and why.

Talking to Rick Nielsen on the transworld hotline didn't help much. Your interviewer had serious problems keeping his mirth in check, and his subject had similar problems trying to keep a bubbling spirit and omnipresent sense of humour on the track of oft-repeated biographical data — hence, for the sake of enlivenment, the odd factual distortion on Nielsen's part.

Inquiries reveal that Nielsen and bass player Tom Petersson met through enjoying the same extra-curricular school time activities in the town of Rockford, Illinois. Known locally as 'Screw City,' Rockford has more factories per capita than any other American city. Which has little to do with the fact that the pair have been scuffling around the back doors of rock'n'roll for some time now.

They took over The Nazz, Todd Rundgren's first band, when the runt went solo in the early '70s, and somewhere along the line became Fuse, who recorded a supposedly forgettable anglophile metal album for Epic.

"Tom and myself — he's the bass player, I'm the guitar player with the baseball bat — we've been playing together for around ten years. Not just groups, but we've done studio work together, been in Europe together, didn't play for a while together, and starved together. It's not that we're in love with each other, I just like his ideas and he likes mine."

Somehow, the two of them ended up wrestling dame fortune across the alleyways of Europe. It is said they went in search of new faces to peer at, and they might even have had a band, called Sick Man Of Europe, but those who know had been got to first. ***(Eh?—Ed.)***

Whilst in Europe they were impressed not by the architecture or

● *Next page*

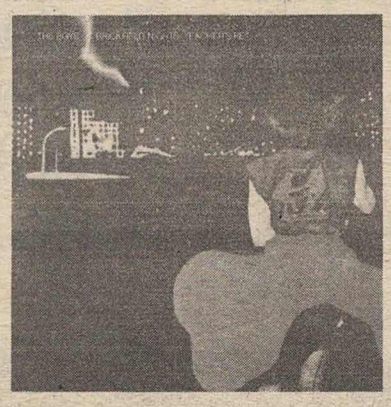
BUN E. CARLOS (yeuck!) *Pic: JOHN COX*

RICK NIELSEN (ugh!) *Pic: RICHARD CREAMER*

THE BOYS

This is the album-

'ALTERNATIVE CHARTBUSTERS' NEL 6015



This is the single-

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. . . AND SOME REAL CUTE LOOKING FELLAHS TOO!

● *From previous page*

culture, but by the sight of a middle-aged chain smoker hammering out "unbelievably weird beats in a rock'n'roll context at a French tourist trap." Stixman Bun E. Carlos — for it was he — found the pair totally obnoxious, but gave in to his worst impulses and climbed aboard.

Then — in a Scottish folk club — they found Robin Zander, and the Maserati-like gear change capacity of his multi-faceted voice immediately registered in Rick's fevered cranium as the right man for the job.

Thus, through equal parts luck, determination and stubbornness, Cheap Trick. "We wanted to have a name for our group that had deep hidden meanings, but we couldn't think of anything so we used Cheap Trick."

They returned to the American mid-west and commenced an average 300 gigs a year, playing every sort of dive imaginable. Producer Jack Douglas found them — this is somehow quite fitting — playing in a bowling alley.

And from that to the recording of their first album was merely a question of natural momentum, which in the case of Cheap Trick knows no inertia. Their first album came out in February last year, and since then:

"We toured for a complete year with no break except to do our second album, 'In Colour,' during the summer. Two days after we finished touring we came here to L.A. to do our third album" — which they'd just finished recording when we spoke. "As soon as we get done with the album we come to Europe, then we go to Japan, then we come back here and tour until September, then I'll catch my breath."

Cheap Trick's U.S.-release-only first album, despite the presence of at least three cold cut killers — notably "He's A Whore" — lacked the balance and incisiveness afforded by the switch from Douglas to Tom Werman as producer for "In Colour."

But both are distinguished by a twisted lyrical content in a deceitfully clean pop-rock context — Beatles white album filtered through a '70s hard rock consciousness and other current neuroses, as evinced by lines like: *"So you missed some school; you know that school's for fools. Today money rules — and everybody steals it."*

Was Rick sad when The Beatles broke up?

"No, but whatever happened to Blue Cheer? . . ."

He disclaims any of the Beatle influence that many have suggested with Cheap Trick, and says: "I went by the song. That's what we do — go for the effect and the song.

"One song'll be happy-go-lucky and getting married, and the next will be down in the dumps with heavy drugs use. Then there'll be one about growing up and realising your parents are obviously more crazy than you are even though they think *you're* nuts, and then, say, one about gratutitous violence. And then something else.

"We're not a unidirectional band. We don't say, 'Alright, every song's going to be a rocker in the key of A and every song will mention rock'n'roll at least five times.' "

One-dimensional Cheap Trick certainly aren't. But the devious simplicity of their music, and the confusion that arises from having two prissy Frampton lookalikes, a telegraph clerk, and a goofy cartoon figure in the same band hasn't exactly been a bonus in this age of pre-packed mass appeal.

How long has he had this problem?

"My personality has always been the same, I've always been the quiet, shy type . . . Actually I've always been sort of a big mouth. My parents were opera singers and I grew up around screaming adults. Now that I'm getting a little older I'm screaming too, I'm trying to be heard too.

"People say, 'Oh look at the way you all dress.' What I do is go out once a year and buy a dozen sweaters, a dozen shirts, a dozen pairs of pants and about a hundred and fifty bow ties. I'm all set — I don't worry about fashion."

All that remains now is to find out whether Cheap Trick can rip it up onstage as well as they do on vinyl. And you'd be short-changing yourself if you aren't at either their London date or at one of their support gigs with Kansas (not the ideal match) to find out, because the world needs Cheap Trick more than it can yet fully understand.

PAUL RAMBALI

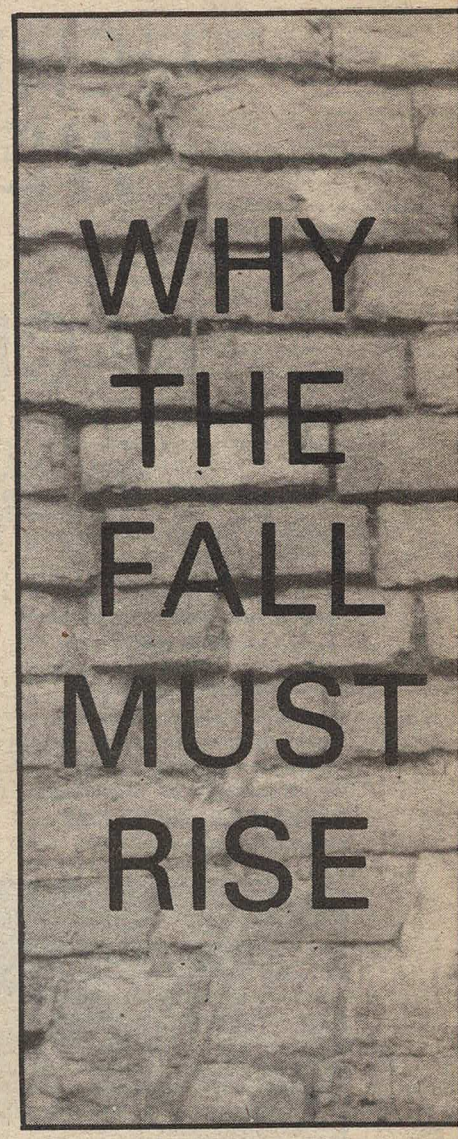
THRILLS

ROBIN ZANDER (top) and TOM PETERSSON (swoon!). Pix: JOHN COX.

6.25 — METROPOLE — 8.30
MA LOGAN.
ALEX HARVEY
(Scotland's Tommy Steele).
Parties Welcomed. Box Office 10-9.

How's that for rock roots, asks Tommy Cherry of Paisley, who spotted this ancient small ad in the Evening Times dated Monday July 1st 1957. Twenty one today, Alex! (P.S. — The Editor offers a quid to anyone who can track down the mysterious "Ma Logan" for him. Mummy?!!)

THE FALL (L-R):



WHY THE FALL MUST RISE

THE FALL FELL FLAT when they gigged in Nottingham. An evening at Katie's, a local club, produced flimsy reaction. Mark Smith — the band's singer — made numerous vain efforts to engage the attention of the crowd and club staff.

"This is a song called 'Frightened'. It's for the two women on the door," said Mark,

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Mark Smith, Martin Bramah, Eric, Una Baines, Karl Burns, in a picture photographer STEVE LYONS labels "The Bingo Master's Break-Out". Why? Why not?...

referring to the brooding hostility shown the band by the club organisers.

It was an incident (and an evening) to demonstrate The Fall's strongest asset: a keenness to communicate above everything else.

The Fall are: Mark Smith (vocals); Una Baines (keyboards); Martin Bramah (lead guitar); Eric (bass guitar); Karl Burns (drums). The band emerged from odd non-musical sessions, bumbles and fumbles in backrooms. Tony Friel, an original member, recently left the band to form his own outfit, The Passage. Onto bass came Eric, a refugee from the Rabid kennel. Eric is a former Curious Yellow, out of John Cooper-Clarke's support unit.

The sound of The Fall is a harsh blend of aggression, menace and malevolence. Shades of Patti Smith, Doors, Velvets: a finger pointing at the fears and foibles within us all.

At present there are no records by The Fall. Sometime ago the band recorded four songs in a local studio, and New Hormones offered to release the songs as an EP. That intention has gradually withered, leaving The Fall frustrated, disgruntled.

Prestwich is a few miles from Manchester, a grim place full of little figures pinned to pavements and rows of crumbling terraced houses. Here The Fall assemble for an interview, wary and suspicious but willing to talk. This is what they had to say about themselves:

"It's a standing-joke in Manchester that The Fall are very deep and always arguing about things ... and it's true. There's never a common agreement within the band. Instead there's a tension that makes us stronger.

"We've never been signed up. It's a big help — we're independent and that's how we want it. We're not continually repayin' agents and promoters for P.A.

"The songs we sing are just personal experiences. If you identify with them, that's fine.

"We're gonna be on this Virgin Electric Circus album. Just a one-off thing. We're waiting for a contract. The one thay sent us wasn't very good — it was a different contract to the one they sent Buzzcocks and Magazine.

"We use a public phone box for gettin' gigs. It's great, works right to our advantage. People can't get in touch with you unless they really want to.

"We've been ripped off loads of times. Benefits tend to underpay if they think they can — that's why we got Kay (Carroll) in to manage us. She's also a friend. Seems you've got to have a figurehead ... that's the disgustin' thing.

"Trying to get gigs is hard. Clubs want promotion pics of the band an' all that fuckin' crap. When we do student places we always insist that outsiders can get in. That stems from direct experience. And sometimes you get the odd guy within the system who cares — there's a great bloke at Huddersfield (Polytechnic).

"We enjoyed playin' the Marquee with Buzzcocks and The Worst. It was three different sounds all from one place (Manchester). It blew their heads off. The thing down there (London) stinks.

"We played the opening night of the Vortex. Our sixth gig. A London gig! Fuckin' terrible. The audience totally ignored us — so fuckin' cool. No-one reacted in any way. Everyone just stood there posin'. We were the scruffiest people in the place and we had no money for drinks or 'owt. An' there's all these street kids in bondage suits sippin' vodka and orange. It freaked us out.

"We get a lot of great letters from folks. And there's hundreds of people waiting for our record. It's all paid off ... the fact that we're not in the papers every week. An' if we *are*, just a mention, never a photo. People appreciate that ..."

If they don't fall apart first, The Fall must rise ...

MALCOLM HEYHOE

THE END

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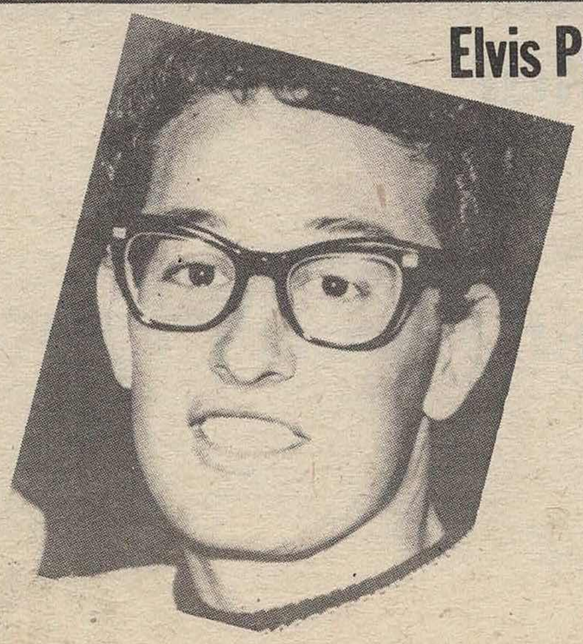

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EXPRESSO II

The New Album From

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Peripheral punks plump for perversion

There didn't seem to be much mileage in love songs so . . . how does obscene phone calls grab ya? SQUEEZE pant it out to STEVE CLARKE

Pic: PENNIE SMITH

LET'S JUST get one thing straight. Despite being produced by punk svengali John Cale and having their debut album packaged in a sleeve so vile it could stand alongside the "Bollocks" cover and not be outdone, punks Squeeze certainly aren't.

"Judy Garland is an influence as much as punk," declares Cris Difford, a straight-faced 23 and Squeeze's rhythm guitarist and lyricist. Guitarist Glenn Tilbrook echoes his colleague: "We play music different to punk. Although punk has been an influence I don't think we ever want to be associated with it."

However, A&M obviously aren't totally averse to exploiting Squeeze's punk connections, however tenuous. After all, Rick Wakeman's records don't come wrapped in shocking pink sleeves.

Like current tour mates Radio Stars and Eddie And The Hot Rods, the band are riding the new wave — albeit belatedly.

Their penchant for the — how shall I put it? — off beat has already meant that one Squeeze song, "Deep Cuts", an opus about obscene telephone callers, was nixed from the A&M album because of its content. Instead it will be issued on Squeeze's previous label, Deptford Fun City, a small independent responsible for Squeeze's recording debut last year with "Packet Of Three".

UNLIKE THE numerous other hot combos with which the isle is currently teeming, Squeeze didn't just form and almost immediately land themselves a record deal. They've been together for four years.

Readers old enough to remember might find it interesting to know that their first manager was early '60s pop singer John Leyton who had a hit single with "Johnnie Remember Me". Leyton met Squeeze via a mutual pornographic photographer friend, and wanted to get them into cabaret.

Apart from the addition of drummer Gilson Lavis, a beefy geezer who comes on like a tame spiv, all winkle pickers and 'contrasting' shirts and ties, the line-up hasn't changed during the four years. But until Lavis's arrival they admit to being directionless.

Group faves span a broad arc. Difford is strong on Lou Reed (it shows on the album's "Hesitation (Rool Britannia)" and Zappa; bassist Harry Kakoulli is a sucker for reggae and funk, especially Bootsy Collins; Tilbrook lists his main-men as Zappa, Jonathan Richman, Ian Dury, Johnny Winter, Nils Lofgren, Hendrix, The Beatles, Roy Brown, Elvis and Fats Domino.

Under Leyton's direction they brushed shoulders with Island Records, for whom they auditioned three times, the verdict of current A&R man Richard Williams being that they were a good band with strong material — ahead of their time even — but too short on stage experience to sign.

Squeeze didn't argue since at this point (mid-1974) they hadn't done a single gig.

Eighteen months later they signed with RCA. They'd worked themselves in as a live band, at one point doing a regular three-nights-a-week stint at the Bricklayer's Arms, Greenwich. But after six months with RCA, during which time they laid down five cuts at Rockfield studios, their contract was terminated.

"They just weren't interested," complains Tilbrook. "It was almost like we were a tax loss."

Prior to the parting of the ways, RCA were about to issue "Take Me I'm Yours", their current A&M single, though the song bore little resemblance to its 1978 re-incarnation.

Leyton had long since vanished from the scene and Squeeze were not managed by Miles Copeland.

Despite his considerable music business experience, Copeland found re-signing Squeeze difficult.

Glenn: "Record companies weren't sure whether we were hip enough to be signed as a punk band. They were just mucking us about."

Copeland promptly formed his own label, Deptford Fun City, for Squeeze and recruited the services of John Cale to produce the band's long overdue first waxing, the "Packet Of Three" EP. According to the group, Cale's interest in them was largely financial. "He wasn't that interested," reveals Chris.

Nonetheless Squeeze were pleased with the results, and when last year they once more signed to a major label — this time A&M — Cale was again at the board and more enthusiastic about the work in hand.

ALONG WITH keyboard player Jools Holland ("He's another little Nicky Hopins," was Cale's opinion) who despite his slender years (he's under 20) has the face of someone much older, drummer Gilson is Squeeze's most accomplished musician.

He's done the rounds — cabaret, backing Chuck Berry, and almost landing himself a gig with McCartney.

Jools Holland, who's into Oscar Peterson and Ray Charles and fond of wearing a leopard skin titfer, is a demon boogie woogie pianist.

Mind you, the remaining musicians, especially Glenn Tilbrook on lead, are no passengers.

Visually, Squeeze — each of 'em wearing purely arbitrary threads and haircuts — are a rather downtrodden bunch who look as if they'd just raided the local Oxfam shop (they hail from Deptford, South London).

And yet even in such adverse circumstances as opening for Radio Stars and the Rods, they showed in their half an hour set that they have plenty going for them. Except for the speed of several numbers (check out "Get Smart" and "Sex Master" from the album), they have nothing in common with new wave stereotypes save for their fixation with 'perversions'.

The group reluctantly agree that they're better musicians than a lot of their contemporaries. Tilbrook for one had come to the conclusion that musicianship was the be all and end all — until the advent of the new wave.

"When I first heard 'Anarchy' I thought it was a load of crap. I thought the chord sequence was dumb. It did get through to me later.

"The good thing about the new wave is that it cracked open an opportunity for a lot of bands who wouldn't have got through before. Like when we were around two years ago we were supporting various bands who we weren't at all suited to.

"They were so musically competent that they were sterile. You've got no hope of competing against them. It's like competing against jazz people."

When Squeeze started out they laced their own material with various '50s sounds like "Boogie Woogie Country Girl", "Down The Road Apiece", "At The Hop", and "Saturday Night". These days the only cover in their set is Berry's "Let It Rock" and then only occasionally.

Tilbrook and Difford are the writers. The afore-mentioned "Deep Cuts" was inspired by an episode of *Dan August*.

Difford remembers: "They caught this guy who was a disturbed chartered accountant. I just found it very amusing. This guy had a wife and three kids and like he was out there every morning making dirty telephone calls. It had me in fits. There must be people like that."

Is that something to laugh at?

Difford: "Well actually since then we've made a few of our own. A lot of people get really upset about them so it can actually be a very touchy subject." You don't say.

As it transpires, Squeeze miked up a telephone to record 24 obscene telephone calls for inclusion on the B-side of "Deep Cuts". The calls were all made to people they knew — with Jools calling up Chris's mum and so on — but not everybody thought it was as funny as the band did.

Difford: "In some cases the women were getting upset but some people thought it was really great. They were saying, 'Yeah, come round'."

Isn't this a little irresponsible?

"If I'm quite honest I agree," concedes Tilbrook, "but on the other hand we did let all the people know afterwards. I did feel guilty when we called up a girl from the office. She said she would have been really scared if she'd been alone."

Difford: "All our songs are almost perverted. Like 'Sex Masters' is a perverted song. I used to belong to this blue film club when I worked for Readymix Concrete. I only saw three 'cause I was put off by them. I thought they were stupid. 'Sex Masters' was written after seeing . . . I think it was called, *A Day Out In Denmark* — a SM romp complete with 'actors' dressed in monks' habit.

" 'Bang Bang' is about people losing parts of their anatomy. A lot of famous people have lost parts of their anatomy — Napoleon, Hitler, Van Gogh. It's just really amusing. And there's other songs that are creeping up now about Siamese twins and hippies."

Tilbrook: "We were writing love songs three years ago and the new wave came along and inspired us in a different way. If something else comes along in four years time we might go back to writing love songs. We didn't write perverted songs just because of the new wave."

So what effect do they want these songs to have on people?

"I know it sounds really bland," Tilbrook continues, "but we just want people to enjoy them. We're not trying to put any message across at all. It's too easy to write broad structured songs about being on the dole. It's so cliched just even talking about it."

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Froese missing album traced

IN NME's review of Edgar Froese's "Ages", it was stated that the album was Froese's fourth solo effort — but the only others to be released are "Aqua" and "Epsilon In Malaysian Pale". So could you provide details of the missing item? — **LESLIE EASTHAM, Penwortham, Nr. Preston.**

I RECENTLY unearthed "House Of The Rising Sun", a 1970 single by Frigid Pink. Have the group got any albums available in this country as I have searched without success at my local store? — **MARK PRITCHARD, Cwmbran, Gwent.**

WOULD YOU tell me who plays piano on Chuck Berry's records? — **M. C. WRIGHT, Blackpool, Lancs.**

PLEASE TELL me the address of Beserkley Records. — **NEIL PIKE, Duns, Berwickshire.**

● Right — eyes down for the quick hit and home run spot.

Chuck Berry has recorded with a whole mess o' keyboardists (Layfayette Leak, Otis Spann etc.) but the guy who probably played on more Berry hits than any other pianist was Johnny Johnson, who played on "Maybelline" (1955), "Roll Over Beethoven" (1956), "Schoolday" (1957), "Carol" (1958), "Back In The USA" (1959), "Let It Rock" (1960), "Nadine" (1964) and many others.

The loonies at Beserkley are currently hiding out at 97 Kingston Hill, Kingston Upon Thames, Surrey, where they're planning to unleash The Spitballs, an outfit formed by The Greg Kihn Band, Earthquake and The Rubinoos, upon an unsuspecting world.

"Ages" *was* ol' Froese-features fourth solo jaunt, the missing item being "Macula Transfer", an album not provided with a British passport, though it's entered the country on Brain 60-008, an import that bears German papers.

Finally, no Frigid Pink albums remain in the British catalogue, both "Frigid Pink" (Deram SMLR-1062) and "Defrosted" (Deram SML-1077) being deleted by Decca in 1974.

IS THERE a soundtrack album to the film *Silent Running*", which was recently screened on TV and featured songs by Joan Baez? — **MICHAEL SANDY, Keele, Staffs.**

I WAS looking through a John Hartford discography recently and found an Ampex album called "Jud" mentioned. I've never heard of this release, so could you enlighten me as to its contents? — **OLD HARTFORDIAN, London S.W.3.**

● Ah! — encounters of a cinematic kind. The *Silent Running* soundtrack was released on MCA MUPS-458 in 1972 but was deleted two years later — so it's eyes down in the cut-out bins for anyone who wants a musical reminder of Doug Trumball's space-station fantasy.

The "Jud" album is also a soundtrack affair, though where it came from is pretty obscure, neither Halliwell's *Film Guide* nor Scheuer's *Movies On TV*, my usual references, giving it a mention. However, I do have some info on the record and can tell you that Hartford is featured on one track only — singing Dylan's "One Too Many Mornings" — the other cuts including American Breed's "Solitary Sanctuary", Barbara Robinson's "Come To Me Anytime", Mason Proffit's "Comin' Down Easy", Crow's "Something In Your Blood" and instrumentals by a Stu Phillips-led studio orchestra.

HOW MANY albums has Billy Joel made? — **PETE CLARK, Canterbury, Kent.**

● If you're thinking in terms of solo jobs, then William Joseph Martin Joel has amassed just six to date — these being "Cold Spring Harbour", recorded for Family in the States and released here on Philips 6369-150 in 1972; "Piano Man", another Family affair that originally arrived in Europe on Philips 6369-160 but finally made it into Britain on CBS 80719 (1973); "Streetlife Serenade" (CBS 80766 — 1975); "Turnstiles" (CBS 81195 — 1976); "Souvenirs", a special promotional release featuring one side of live material (CBS AS-326 — 1977); and "The Stranger" (CBS 82311 — 1977).

Prior to his solo career, Joel was with a Young Rascals-type Long Island outfit called The Hassles for three years, cutting a debut album "The Hassles" for UA (UAS-6631 — U.S. only) in 1968, plus another which I've so far been unable to trace (help please!), before which I've so far been unable to trace before cutting out together with Hassles drummer Jon Small to form heavy-duo Atilla and providing Epic with an album of that name (U.S. Epic E-30030) of which Joel has claimed: "It received rave reviews from two people — both of them our road managers".

I HAVE a collection of old records (some 78s) in good condition and wish to dispose of them. I suspect some of them are rare — but how can I find out their true value and where do I offer them for sale? — **PAUL WOOD, Cambridge.**

● The fact that records are old doesn't mean a thing — in fact, most junk shops are loaded with discs from the '20s and '30s that are worthless except as ornaments. I can only suggest that you check through the pages of various collectors' magazines — *Record Mart*, available price 50p from 16 London Hill, Rayleigh, Essex, is a good one for rock, soul, blues and '50s and '60s pop enthusiasts — and try to ascertain if any of your discs are in demand. Then if you think it's worthwile, you can always auction your collection off and take the highest prices offered.

A FRIEND and I wish to set up a mobile disco but we've got limited funds and don't wish to waste any of our meagre resources. So could you advise us on how to buy cheaply but wisely and maybe also provide info on how to go about setting up gigs etc.? — **BILL DIAMOND, Mitcham, Surrey.**

● Quite frankly, if I were you, I'd invest 60p of my loot in a copy of *All You Want To Know About Being A Dee-Jay*, an impressive instruction booklet penned by DJ and journalist Bob Barton and available from Roger Squires' and other leading disco centres — or by post from Bob himself at 104 Harefield Road, Uxbridge, Middlesex UB8 1PN, adding another 12p to cover postage.

The book, which is now in its second edition and coming up for a third, provides info on buying equipment — "By shopping around and buying wisely, a complete set-up can be acquired for well under £200 — and you can undercut that further by getting stuff secondhand through magazines like *Exchange And Mart* or by building your own console" — on running a mobile — "A lot of guys make the mistake of thinking their record collection all they need to go out on the road with, along with the top 20 singles" — on DJ style — "To reach the right stage of perfection could take 12 months or 12 years" — plus sections on being a businessman DJ; pubs and clubs; the disco scene; working for cabaret; hospital radio stations; getting into commercial radio etc.

WHAT HAS happened to Pavlov's Dog since "At The Sound Of The Bell"? — **BILL ORMISTON, Edinburgh and KEITH CHAMBERLAIN, Nottingham.**

● According to Max Bell, chief canine-lover and biscuit tester for Cruft's, Surkamp and Co actually recorded a third album — this time produced by Mark Spector — though this remains unissued, Dog having been dropped by CBS. Seems that the company just couldn't afford to pamper the mutt any further.

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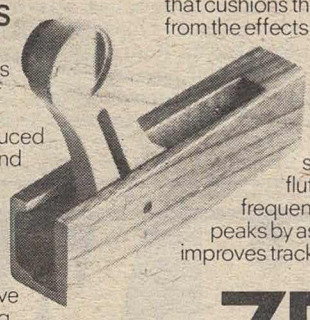

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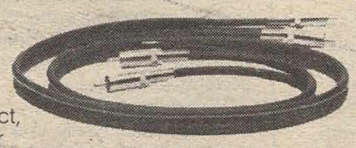

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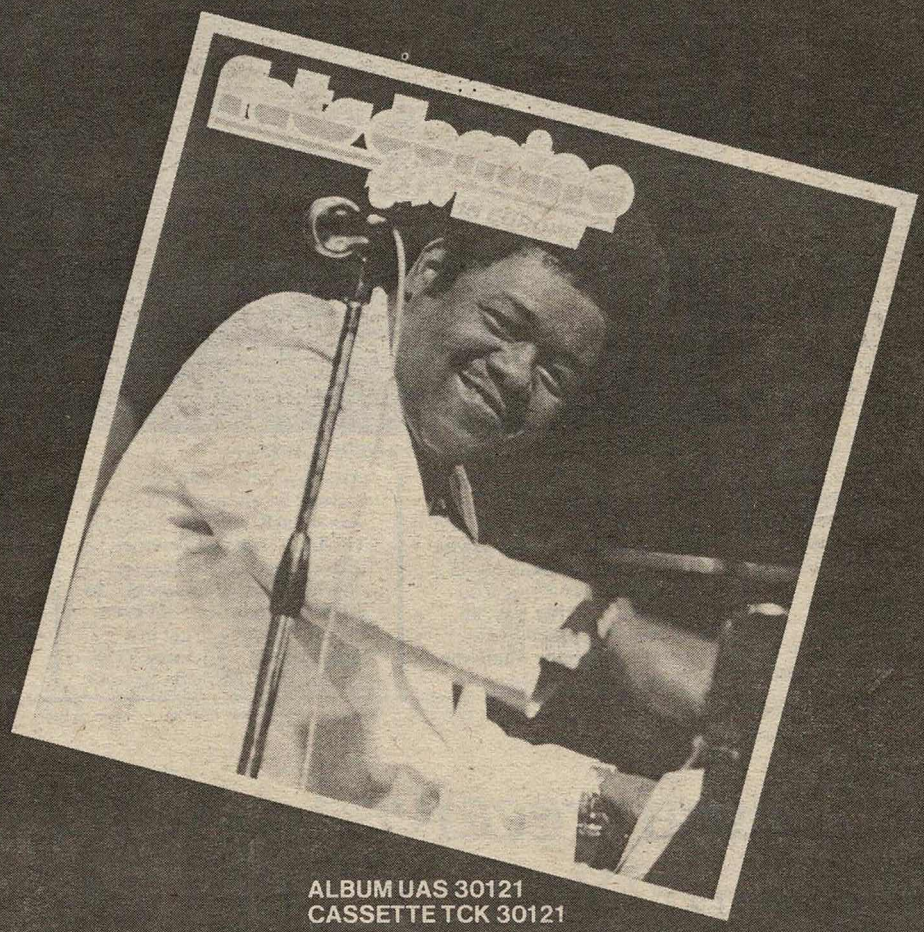

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SINGLES

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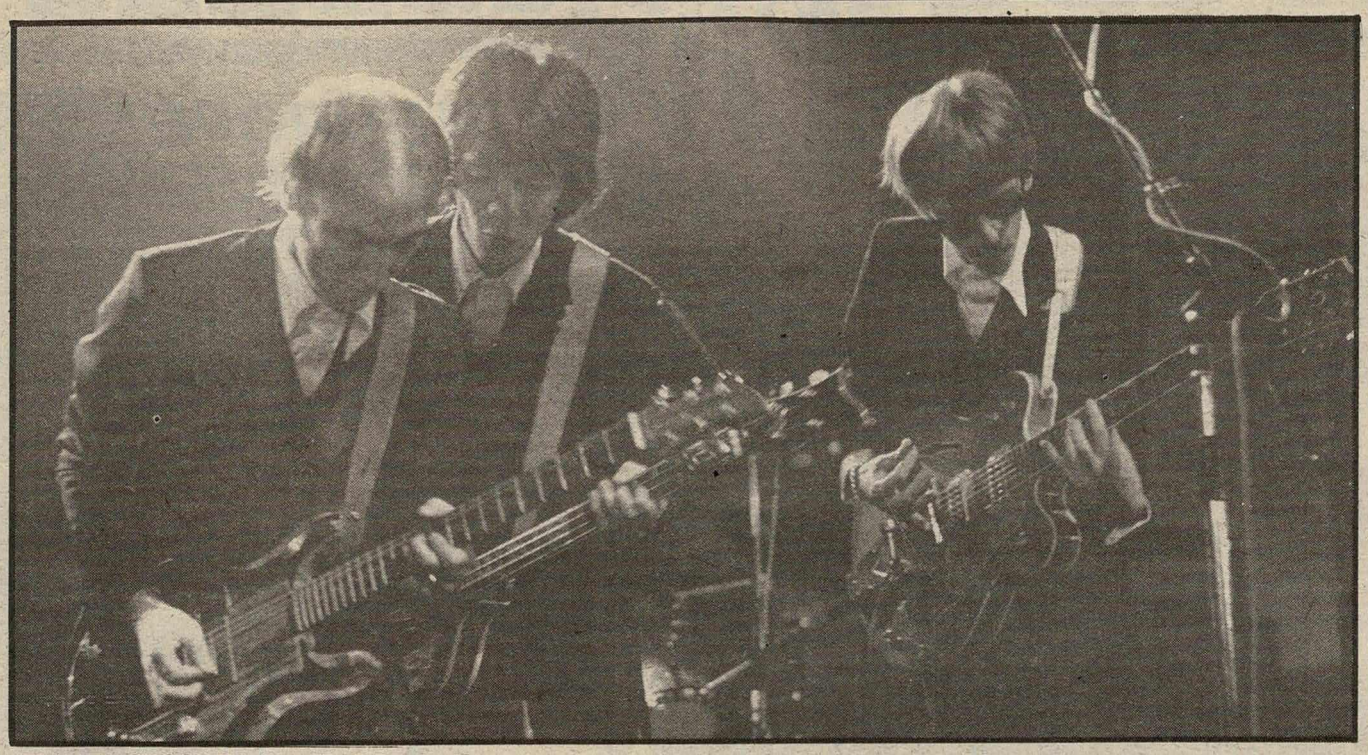


FLAMIN' GROOVIES. Pic: CLAUDE GASSIAN

THE FLAMIN' GROOVES: Shake Some Action (Sire). Even when they were hip, I could never see the appeal of these San Francisco Anglophiles — save for this one record. First put out in 1976, it's not so much a re-release as a reactivation; it recently won Capital Radio's People's Choice against such lengthy odds as Elvis's "I Don't Want To Go To Chelsea" after an extra persistent promotion man kept laying it on the DJs.

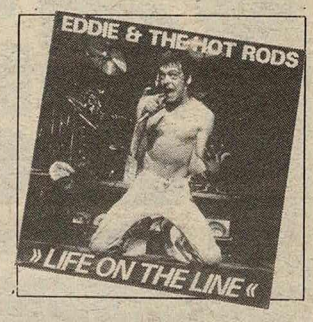
The main attraction is the number's superbly understated guitar riff and chorus chord progression. Insidious stuff. It should ride in on the wave of power-pop, since it's a great pop song (lots of teen appeal) given a rock treatment, and on it Les Groovies' transcend their limitations as mere Beatles' copyists (eat your hearts out, The Pleasers) which is more than you can say for . . .

THE RUTLES: I Must Be In Love (Warners). Fabulous snot-tops The Rutles get full marks for duplicating Ringo's 1964 drum sound (or was it '63?), but fail to transfer their visual humour onto wax. Still, I suppose nothing can prevent the onslaught of Rutlemania now they've got that former Neasden record store owner in as their manager . . .

EDDIE AND THE HOT RODS: Life On The Line (Island). Quick-off-the-mark dedicated Rods' fans can score themselves a 12-inch version that carries two bonus cuts, "What's Really Goin' On" and "Why Can't It Be?" Otherwise you'll just get the plain ole 45 backed with "Anything You Wanna Do". Either way, all tracks were recorded live at London's Rainbow, where the frequently questionable acoustics may or may not account for these numbers' overall lack of pizazz. "Life On The Line" has more energy than the rest and is the only cut on which Barry Masters gets to grips with the vocal, but even then it's nothing to get in a lather about. "Anything You Wanna Do", easily the group's finest hour in its studio guise, with gloriously defiant power-rush, fails to muster the expected muscle. Approach with care.

BUDGIE: Smile Boy Smile (A&M). Muscle is one thing Budgie aren't short of, and regardless of current trends they persist in employing it to the same old leaden effect. Mind you, there's some fancy bits in the middle.

SPITBALLS: Telstar (Beserkley). Now before you start writing to your local MP, allow me to point out that The Spitballs aren't some scraggy bunch of upstarts out to make the life of yer average Fleet Street hack easier, but All American Boys normally found elswhere on the Beserkley label as The Rubinoos, Greg Kihn (who featured The Tornadoes' neo-classic in his set on his recent visit to Old Blighty), and Earthquake. There are 21



geezers in this combo so don't expect to see them gigging at The Hope & Anchor. While "Telstar" clips along at a fair ole pace, executed with a nice sense of fun, the B-side, John Entwistle's "Boris The Spider", performed with verve and whatnot, must take the honours.

DON EVERLY: Brother Juke Box (DJM). Bro' Don shows his roots on this admirable piece of country candyfloss about how now that his woman has left him his only solace is the juke-box down at the local cafe. Makes a change from country songs about finding salvation in a bottle of hootch.

CHILD: When You Walk In The Room (Ariola). We need another version of Jackie De Shannon's meisterwerk just like we need "The Iron Lady" as our leader — or, come to that, Roddy Llewellyn spread all over the newspapers. We need this arrangement even less. Seemingly to have been conceived and executed by a computer.

DAN McCAFFERTY: Stay With Me Baby (Mountain). Nazareth's singer has 'altered' this great mouthful of R&B

Al Stewart received a great deal of acclaim last year for his album, 'Year Of The Cat'.

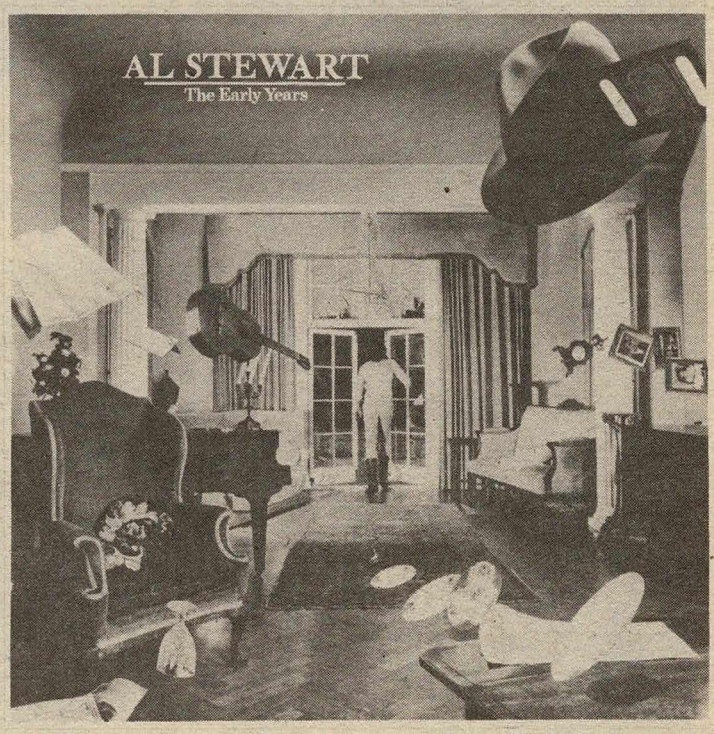
As a result of public demand, we've released a compilation of songs from the now-deleted albums he recorded for CBS some years ago.

It's called 'The Early Years'.

If 'Year Of The Cat' was your first taste of Al Stewart, this is your chance to catch up on his past.

Or if you're a fan from way back, it's a great opportunity to replace your original recordings that have worn out.

Either way, 'The Early Years' gives a fascinating insight into the formative work of one of the most talented singer/songwriters around today.



Al Stewart: The Early Years

RCA

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brought to public attention ages ago by Lorraine Ellison so much that it's not until Dan reaches the chorus that you realise what it is. Saying this is overdone is like saying Centre Point is a bloody great tall building. The string arrangement comes straight out of a '40s sentimental Hollywood flick. I preferred him when he was a hairy-chested boogie singer. Make what you will of that.

MR. AVERAGE: Mr. Average (Warners). In case it eluded you, Mr. Average is Frank Average, bass player with awfully-difficult-to-pluck-up-the-courage-to-play-their-album Deaf School. Surprise, surprise, the song deals with that ubiquitous English fellow, Norman Normal. Frank's mum plays keyboards. Frank's dad slaps the drums. Nice production with an incongruous West Indian feel, the lyrics are entirely witless.

BRYN HAWORTH: Come See What Love (A&M). At a distance label-transfer Bryn (he used to be with Island) vocally resembles Andy Fairweather-Low. Produced by J. J. Cale's producer, Audie Ashworth, A&M clearly have their eyes set once again on the lucrative Hip Easy Listening market with Bryn — who bears no similarity to Oklahoma's own answer to valium. It's a simple song, graced with a tasteful string accompaniment, that doesn't transcend its category. Really, superior easy listening which in summer would be a sure-fire hit.

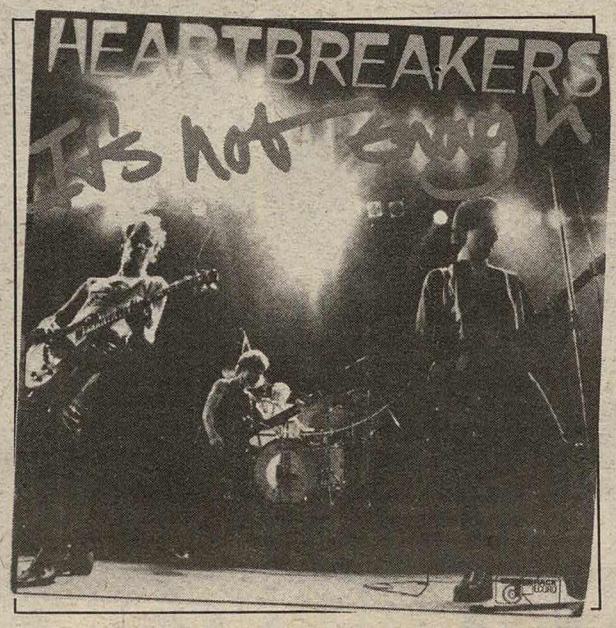
BILLY MURRAY: Heart And The Stone (State). Potential Cliff Richard cover here since Billy Murray could be this year's Clifford T. Ward. If I was them, I'd keep quiet about the fact that Messrs. Costello and Lowe have been working with Murray.

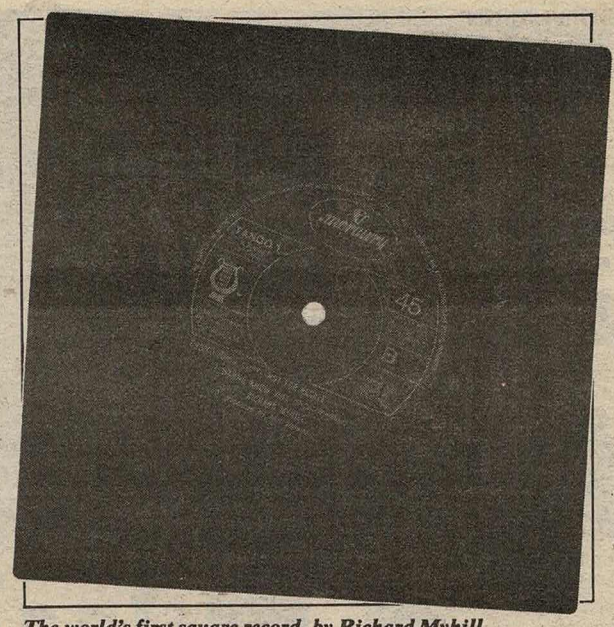
THE RED NOSES: "I Often Think About Girls Under 15" (Sgwar). So, what's new? These school-girl fetishes (naturally, there's a pic of a schoolgirl upping her gym-slip to show stocking-tops on the sleeve) are becoming something of a cliche with acts on the periphery of punk. This little ditty is rendered completely unintelligible by dint of its being 'sung' in Welsh. This ethnicity is all very well, but isn't the medium all about communication? The Red Noses veer towards the beat group side of punk, and on the evidence of this waxing not too many A&R men need fret over not signing the first Welsh language new wave band.

MACHINES: True Life (Ear 1). These lads certainly don't believe in squandering their bread. "True Life" — along with three opuses — was recorded in just half an hour in a studio charging £8 an hour in Basildon, Essex, which indeed is a very long way from the Record Plant in LA. Naturally an air of spontaneity prevails and the mix is such that the bass and drums are smudged, the one indecipherable from the other. Composition-wise, Machine don't have a lot going for them, being strictly in the 1-2-3-4 ramalamadolequeue mould, but their guitarist is so beautifully crazed that John Lennon himself would be proud of achieving this sound.

SEAWIND: One Sweet Night (CTI). Seawind are not, as their name implies, some half-assed techno-rock outfit, but a girl disco group — probably assembled by a producer for this on a one-off basis. Exuberant. Nice brass.

BILL WITHERS: Lovely Night For Dancing (CBS). Not of the same high standard as Withers' current hit "Lovely Day", but like that record, "Lovely Night For Dancing" is HEL disco. "Night" just misses out on the action because Withers has juxtaposed a reflective melody against a more standard up-tempo disco workout. This one will probably sound better late at night in your car than on the dance floor. It's the kind of record which seems as if it will





The world's first square record, by Richard Myhill (Utopia-Mercury)

improve with repeated plays but doesn't.

TRAFFIC: Hole In My Shoe/No Face No Name No Number/Paper Sun/Here We Go Round The Mulberry Bush (Island). After the success of Free's "All Right Now" EP, Island have again rummaged through their excellent back-catalogue and come up with the A-sides of Traffic's first four singles. Apart from the whimsical "Hole In My Shoe", the only Dave Mason vocal of the four, the tracks sound as good now as they ever did, particularly Winwood's exemplary vocal on his ballad "No Face No Name No Number", the least psychedelic of the bunch. Those of you unfamiliar with Traffic, after all one of Britain's great rock bands, should put the record straight right away. If these psychedelic mutterings aren't to your liking, dip into the band's later, more abrasive work.

THE GORILLAS: It's My Life (Raw Records). Not The Animals' song, but a Jesse Hector number that owes a lot to Bo Diddley and the phaser dial. Executed with gusto.

FREDERICK KNIGHT: I've Been Lonely For So Long / I Betcha Didn't Know That (Stax). Double A-side re-release of Knight's fairly distinguished relaxed tempo Southern soul one-off British hit and its inferior follow-up.

HEARTBREAKERS: It's Not Enough (Track). Brings to mind the Stones' early minor classic "Play With Fire", the vocal coming on like a parody of Jagger at his most sexually threatening — a device that often falls on its bum anyway. A little sluggish, but it has a nice feel.

JOHN OTWAY: Geneve (Polydor). Cut from Otway-Wild Willy Barrett album which will probably disappoint those who got off on Otway and Barrett's "Really Free", since it doesn't possess quite the same whacky charm. Wall-to-wall strings

● *Continues over page*

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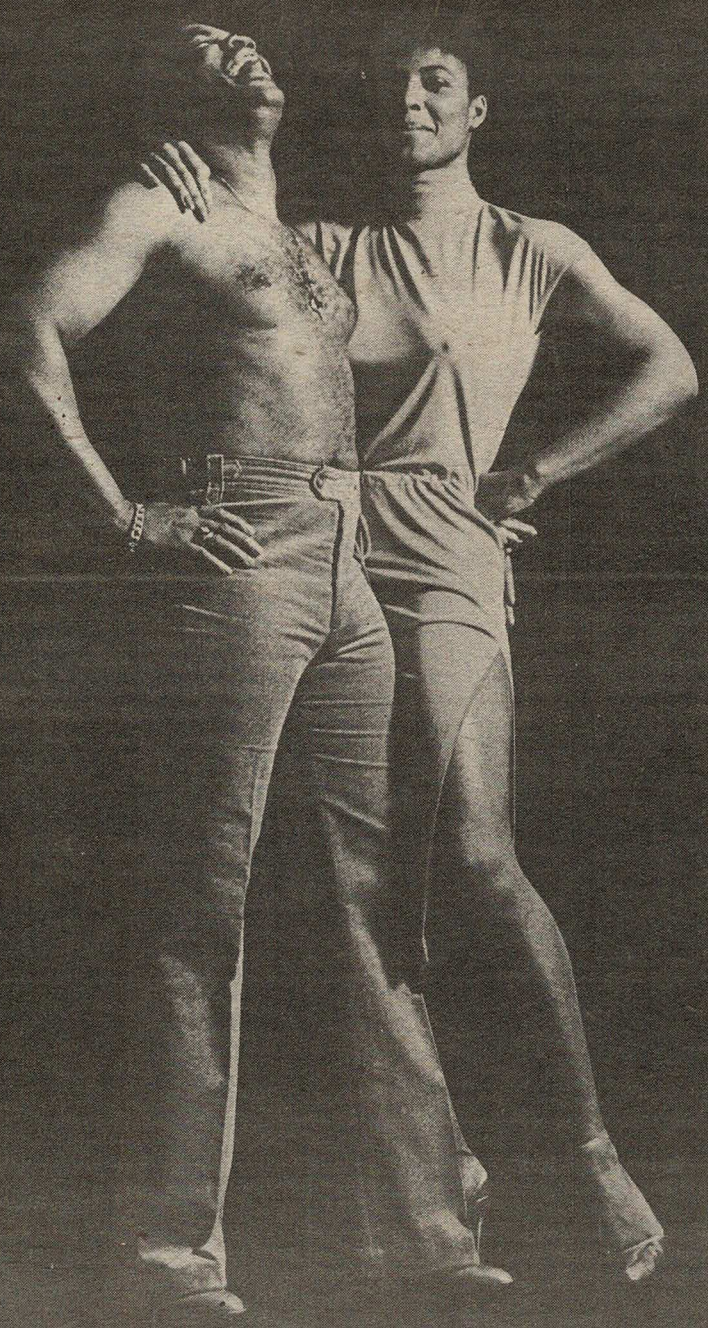

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SINGLES

● *From previous page*

provide a rather incongruous backing for Otway's idiosyncratic phrasing. If he's serious about all this balladry, I have my doubts. If he isn't — well, it's quite amusing.

EDDIE MONEY: Baby Hold On (CBS). Late last year when Money (a former New York cop) had an album available on import, his talent gave rise to a fair amount of critical knicker-wetting. He comes on like a chic Paul Rodgers — with similar Otis Redding derived phrasing but his appeal is likely to extend beyond the hardcore rock market. "Baby Hold On" is a superficially attractive little opus that doesn't quite fulfill its potential.

ERIC CLAPTON: Wonderful Tonight (RSO). Unlike The Laid Back One's previous single, the irritating "Lay Down Sally", the equally understated "Wonderful Tonight" is one of the better cuts from "Slowhand", graced as it is with a plaintive melody line and a sparse arrangement which doesn't make its unabashed sentimentality hard to take. The flip, "Peaches And Diesel", was named after two of No Dice which brings us to . . .

NO DICE: Why Sugar (EMI). Good album track this, but no way a single. Not so much old wave, as no wave at all. No Dice are clearly a fine rock 'n' roll band who, on this cut at any rate, stave off any dull or worthy connotations that description might evoke among the cynical. There are shades of "Tumbling Dice" and "Sweet Jane."

COLIN TOWNS: Full Circle (Main Theme) (Virgin). Shades of Mike Oldfield plagiarism here.

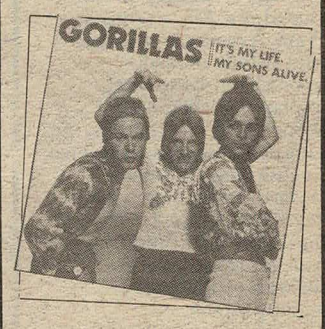
JAY FERGUSON: Thunder Island (Asylum). Title cut from Jay Ferguson's (formerly of Spirit) second album and all about beach nookie. Can't think exactly what that reminds me of, but it's almost identical to something else. Good, intelligent rock that verges on HEL with what sounds like a guest appearance from Ferguson's alter-ego, Joe Walsh. An American hit, for sure.

ECLIPSE: You Really Got Me (Epic). Instead of the hyper-potent power chords that charged the original, this laughable disco version employs what sounds like a stunted fart to play the riff. Hope Ray Davies doesn't get to hear it.

GLADYS KNIGHT & THE PIPS: The One And Only (Buddah). In which our Glad attempts to repeat the perfect slusho melodrama of "The Way We Were" but fails because this time round it isn't such a good song. Overblown arrangement, dreadful lyrics — *"Finding the one and only is like finding a needle in a hay-stack"*. Yeah, it hurts. Really, Ms Knight deserves better material than this, the theme song of some monster weepie movie soon to hit our screens.

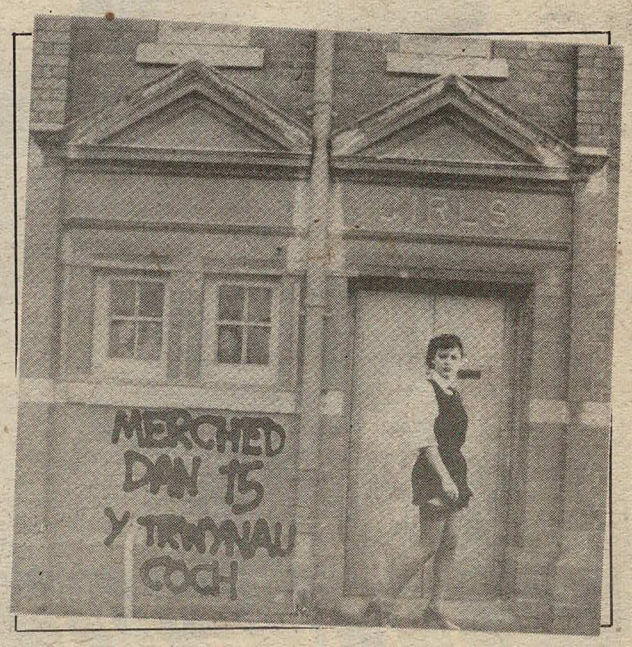
MAGGIE BELL: Hazell (Swan Song). If ever anyone didn't deserve to sink without trace it's Maggie Bell. But I doubt whether this, the theme from the TV series of same name, will propel Maggie back into popularity. Perhaps realising the inadequacies of Andy Mackay's song, a blues for TV dramas, Maggie merely goes through the motions.

HELEN SHAPIRO: Every Little Bit Hurts (Arista). Undistinguished version of the Brenda Holloway chestnut from 1963's favourite schoolgirl when the beehive barnet was all the go.



ROBERTA FLACK WITH DONNY HATHAWAY: The Closer I Get To You (Atlantic). Typically classy performance from the duo who last scored six years ago with "Where Is The Love?" Though the actual song is a bit on the lean side, the production and arrangement is beautifully uncluttered. A snoggers' paradise.

RICHARD MYHILL: It Takes Two To Tango (Utopia Mercury). And finally . . . the world's first square record, or at least that's what Utopia — "the company that doesn't cut corners" — claim. Must have taken Phonogram ages to assemble the press kit that accompanies this little wheeze, for in it is included a photostat of the *Fred Astaire Dance Book's* chapter on the tango, as well as the standard promotional guff, drawing your reviewer's attention to the record's shape. Obviously, the record company are fostering no illusions about this geezer's talent, and I'm not about to argue with them.



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Hi! We're DEVO and we've come to get your toilet ready for the 1980's.

THE CHIEF of New York's police department knew what he was taling about. During the massive power failure that wreaked chaos on the city in July of last year, he announced, with the usual American fondness for devising new speak for new situations, that:

"What we have here is de-evolution."

Devo aren't in the least surprised that they go over best in cities. Not through some vague notion that city dwellers are more in tune with the cool, but because — to fall in line with the de-evolution band's habit of using their name as an adjective — they're already devo.

The pace of life in cities accelerates ever more as attention spans get shorter and the rate of consumption gets higher. This isn't exactly *progress*, you understand — more the natural result of the logistics involved in keeping however many millions of people alive, working and feeling contented in a given number of square miles.

Devo like cities because that's where things happen faster. Cities can take things to their logical conclusions quicker because there's more activity.

Cities like Devo because, according to Devo, city dwellers can feel the course towards those logical conclusions on an intangible, gut level, and because Devo, on a similarly incorporeal level, are busy marking out the course.

What the conclusions are, Devo don't know.

It's likely, though, that there won't be much room for the old noble utopian dreams because Devo seem to point towards a definitely anti-humanitarian future. They almost say that the state of society depicted in Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World* was nothing to get hung up about. They might even be right, but that's beside the point, because Devo aren't looking for a way out of the mire, they're simply looking at it.

What they see, and how they interpret it, is hard to pin down.

At first glance they appear to have constructed an elaborate set of gags, gimmicks and stylistic devices that separate them at once from the mainstream of humanity by virtue of their sheer overall inanity. You've seen the photos ... plastic everyman masks, surgeons' wear, stockinged heads, work suits — misplaced occupational uniforms suggesting . . . well what?

That there was method to their madness took a while to filter through, and even now isn't fully apparent. The two singles they've released — "Jocko Homo" / "Mongoloid" and the brilliant "Sloppy" / "Satisfaction" (both, along with a third called "Be Stiff", being unleashed here by an astute Stiff Records) — were a perfect extention of the odd assortment of shapes that had already surfaced in photos.

Initially the records were naggingly underformed, almost primeval in the absolute simplicity of their construction. The essentials were stripped bare, and became naggingly insistent partly for that very reason. On a musical plane at least, Devo had evolved backwards.

Their lyrics gave few clues to the common denominator that linked up the elements of Devo style. But they nevertheless were possessed of a similarly naked functional quality. It was almost like what you hear when you lift the lid of one of those quaint musical boxes; utterly simple, and despite it's oddity, somehow utterly familiar. Anyone could Devo-dance to it.

Devo make music, words and pictures that project subconscious but usually domestic symbols alongside commonplace feelings, and they project it through their own personal warp. They aren't so much a rock band, more a fully-fledged conceptual assault on the consciousness of slumbering nations.

THEY SAY they're spreading the good news about de-evolution, but the de-evolution band from the rubber producing town of Akron, Ohio can't put four concrete lines around what they mean by the term. They can give practical examples, and are prone to exclaim when a statement is made that it is devo. "That's devo right there," they'd laugh . . .

Perhaps the best definition I can give is that Devo claim to perform an abstract function for the benefit, enlightenment and entertainment of mankind. In any other time they would probably be locked up.

Ask Devo what they're up to and they'll say they're just following their genetic imperative and shoving the pole in the hole. Suburban robots monitoring reality, supplying readouts for current cultural state.

Devo have invented a colourful vocabulary for themselves. Every bit as off-beat and evocative as their visual dynamic. I confess, however, that my first instinct when confronted with the glib readymade Devo-isms they sometimes resort to was to suspect a desire to keep us all guessing over the truth about Devo. In fact it's more the result of trying to explain something they later admit they can't fully explain.

Still, they are guilty of a certain reticence when it comes to relating the bottomline fax about Devo's evolution. When we met at a rehearsal studio in a greenbelt stockbroker suburb some thirty miles outside London, questing after such details was met with replies like:

"We were all just vegetating and waiting for an opening. We kept trying, we kept hitting walls.

"Obviously we were holding out. Our activity, our purpose and our duty was to create and perpetrate Devo, and we were just waiting for the right circumstances.

"Everybody was doing the best they could to keep from entering the wad, thegoo, the muckpile ... the daily existence of hand to mouth.

"We were going through training. Like when Ali used to stay on the ropes and let his sparring partner hit him for four rounds so that in a fight he could stand it."

THE AUTHOR of those words is bass player Jerry Casale, he of the automaton stage moves, who along with vocalist and synthesiser player Mark

"We're perform task. It's not lik promoting the of assholes ..."

Mothersbaugh has been trying to perpetrate Devo for at least five years — April being the fifth anniversary of their first gig as Sextet Devo.

The present line-up — Bob Casale (Gibson molester), Bob Mothersbaugh (Gibson baby ×-2 by 4), Alan Myers (limpo supreme drum kit) — has been together for a year and a half.

Now in his late twenties, Jerry Casale is the oldest member of the band, and also, I surmise, the principle architect of Devo ideology. He is certainly the most talkative of the five, and carries the weight of group management.

Mark Mothersbaugh is quieter and less assertive than Jerry, but probably the source of much of Devo's musical insanity. Together they are responsible for the band's visual panache — familiar images relocated in awkward contexts, at once comfortable and disquieting — but shy off explaining any possible dada connotation with a terse, "that's too academic."

You can't help feeling that a band as patently aware of the power of images would be equally aware of the powers of mystique, and therefore reluctant to take too many edges off that mystique. This isn't a bad thing — in fact it makes for fun all round — but it can get a little frustrating . . .

With respect for that mystique then, and in view of the fact that Devo see themselves as a band with a mission, it seems appropriate to ask not *how* Devo came to be, but *why*?

"It had to," states Jerry firmly. "The conditions were right, within our own personal circumstances, within the general geographic area and culture we lived in, and then on a worldwide level.

"We were all basically aliens — alienated aliens — who happened to be in Akron through accidents of birth. All of us had experiences that put us on a level of merely observing the environment. When you observe the environment — not being uptight about it, but like a spaceman taking notes — things start to happen. All our notes synched up."

That's on a personal level. On a worldwide level it was: "The end of expansion, the end of frontiers, and the end of resources. There's no further to go, no more virgin territories to eat up. The world got small."

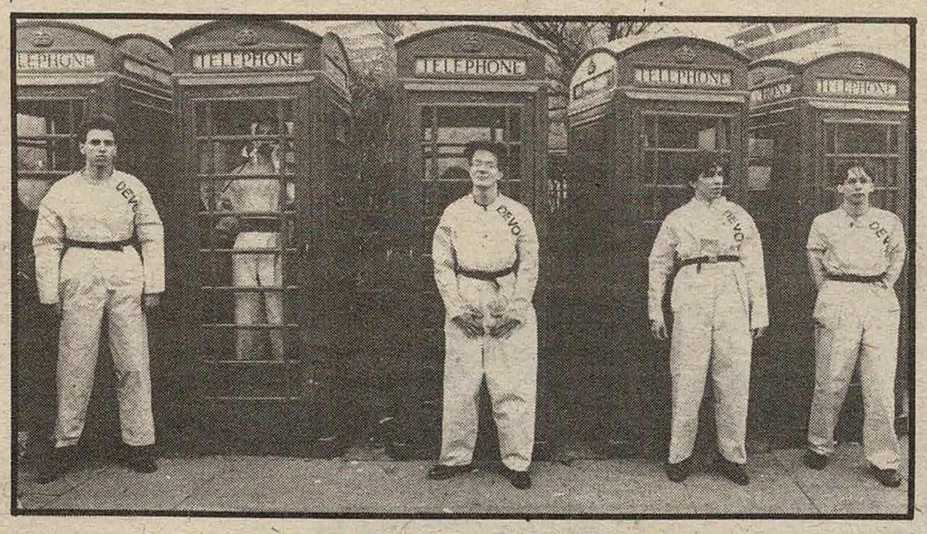
On a cultural level, though, the fact that the time has only just become right for Devo has to be taken into consideration.

"Things devolved to a point where it matched up with what we were doing. We just saw it early. Now there is a need, now people want . . ."

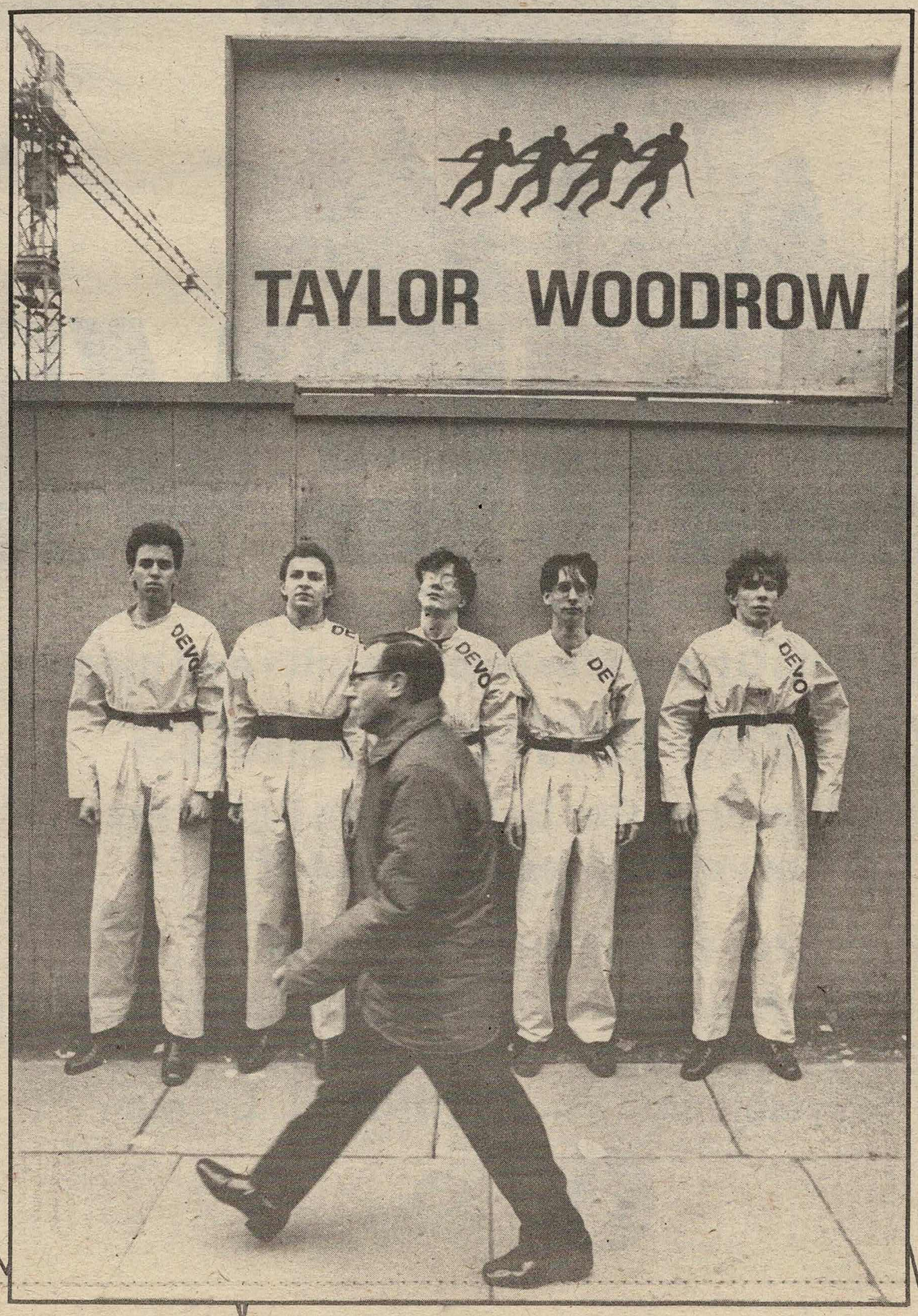
"Yeah," interrupts Mark. "They

THE TRUTH ABOUT DE-EVOLUTION AND OTHER PLANETARY MODES

DEVO Theory, Glossary, Notes & Comment: PAUL RAMBALI. Light & Shade: ADRIAN BOOT.



Devo in Manchester. L. to r. Bob Casale, Jerry Casale, unidentified earthling, Mark Mothersbaugh, Alan Myers, Bob Mothersbaugh.



realise we went all the way through the '70s and nothing happened."

So how does de-evolution come into this?

"It was just a name," says Jerry. "It applied simply because it was a good name that took everything into account. It went beyond either and or, one side or another, and good and bad. It was an integration of everything — the whole loaf.

"It's just taking whatever's happening, looking at like an operation and finding out what's going on beneath the skin. You see decay on the surface and underneath you find this big tumour that's been growing for ten years. Devo just went in there . . . Surgeons."

What kind of tumour did you find?

"It's an inverted tumour. It's one that should be there but isn't."

I'm not following this very well . . .

"It's filling a need," offers Mark. "People find that the attitudes they've taken to life don't apply any more."

Jerry, as he often will, uses a metaphor to explain:

"With music a group comes out, they start the same old boogie beat, and somebody says, 'Do you dig rock'n'roll?' They think that by saying the word they're gonna make it happen.

"In everybody's lives in different ways that's exactly what's happening. They beat the same dead horse over

ning a responsible e Kiss, silly fantasies

and over but they're not getting any response because there's nothing there anymore. Devo breaks up the picture, reconstructs things, mutates things, so that the picture is changed.

"If someone's thinking in one freight train thought you just have to go in and crack it. It's like adding peripheral vision to tunnel vision."

Still at something of a loss to understand all the dimensions of de-evolution, I prod for more explanation.

"There's the second law of thermodynamics, things degenerating from their most complex to their most simple. The fat man in the double-knit suit sitting watching television and becoming pear shaped. The submissive form in the contoured chair. That's de-evolution. It's what everybody just knows on a gut level.

"The conditions that people find themselves living in are more similar than different; the hairdos keep changing but the facts remain the same."

Confronting my surprise at Devo's inability to put their ideology clearly into words, he continues, "any statement made, the reverse is also true. The problem is language because we're actually prohibited from explaining it clearly by language.

"That's why we're so concerned about all the negative variables. We realise how ready people are to dismiss something if they can find a flaw. And, of course, if we could explain it properly there might not be any need to do it. There's no other way to *project* it other than to do it."

THERE WAS once a time when Devo could get paid not to do it. When their electronic drums made it impossible to keep up with rules of rhythm, and "Jocko Homò" lasted for twenty infuriatingly repetitive minutes. If they made it through their first set without physical injury, promoters would pay them off so as not to have to face a second round.

Life in the staid top-forty dominated musical atmosphere of Akron wasn't the least bit encouraging for this band of misfits. They probably aren't joking when they say they only played six gigs during the first four years of their existence.

But as punk spread to the States and the climate grew warmer, Devo decided it was time to put the plan into action. And in the eleven months since they began playing out of Akron they've been, according to Mark, "refining the aesthetic so more people can understand on an immediate level what's happening in the world."

Meanwhile, partly through Iggy and Bowie's patronage, but mostly through their own specialised form of musical and visual high jinx, they've found the full glare of media whirl trained upon them. With an Eno-produced album right now causing restless nights for many a record company exec — Devo still haven't signed, but have plenty of offers to consider — this all adds up to what must be a very prickly time . . .

"Yeah," shrugs Jerry. "From wanking to spanking ... I don't think any of us realise how real it is yet. Or how easy it is with the fickleness of the industry and popularity to just suddenly blow it and be cut off."

Earlier on, when asked why they had chosen music as their medium rather than any other artistic or social vehicle — although Jerry once wrote a book — he said:

"I think it's what we could do in spudland. We are in spudland and we're spuds, we're of the common gene pool and we're showing them what the unglamorous people do."

Which doesn't reconcile easily with the fact that they are being thrust into a thoroughly glamorous position, or does it?

"Let's put it this way: it's an extension, and people require it. They will make it happen."

"Some of them will be unhappy if it doesn't happen, because they need it," adds Mark dryly.

How do Devo feel about having to face it?

"It's fine," says Jerry. "There's nothing to face because we're performing a responsible task. It's not like Kiss . . . they're on stage promoting the silly fantasies of assholes."

What are Devo promoting?

"Just the general activity of de-evolution. Which, unlike Kiss, we suggest to people is within their domain. It's like in the movie *Pink Flamingos* when they all realise they're God" — he adopts a series of hick accents — "'You're God momma.' 'Oh Crackers you're God.' 'You're God Cotten . . . We're all God.' And they all start laughing."

Obviously they see Devo as something universal.

"Sure. There's nothing to understand. Everybody just knows. They know because that's what the human understands on a biological level. We're going right to the blood and chemistry of the body.

"It's not an intellectual philosophy, it just happens that when you use words that's what it comes into. It's not even a philosophy, it just stimulates in a particular way."

Which is?

"It promotes the alien impulse."

SO, IS THIS just a scam cooked up by ferbrile imaginations to part the punter from his or her purse, or are they serious?

Neither and both really. Devo began as a reaction to the life they were surrounded by, which was at first merely to laugh at it. Devo ideology evolved slowly from their communal sense of humour to the point where it was no longer just an in joke. Devo aren't strictly a funny band; they don't quite make you laugh, they tickle.

They would have us believe they're out there purging popular culture. Jerry Casale expresses a marked distaste for what he calls the hippie dope and suburban pop culture, or more exactly he doesn't like the way it's become another extention of the consumer society, what he would call low devo. And Devo, he says, "is just the enema bag . . . the clean-up squad. We're getting the broom out to make way for the '80s."

Though I would hedge my bets over how far Devo will be able to fulfill their higher ambitions, there's no doubt that the trajectory they're on will continue upwards, because it happens to be true that Devo go right to the blood. There's some grand common factor in their music that says I could play it to my grandmother or kid sister and still get the same reaction.

A Devo craze is just seconds away.

(This is a private note to Cora Hall: You said you didn't want an ice-cream boy, you wanted an asparagus man. Well Jerry asked me to tell you he's got the green to prove it.)

(Can anybody go around writing indecipherable messages at the end of Devo features? Ed).

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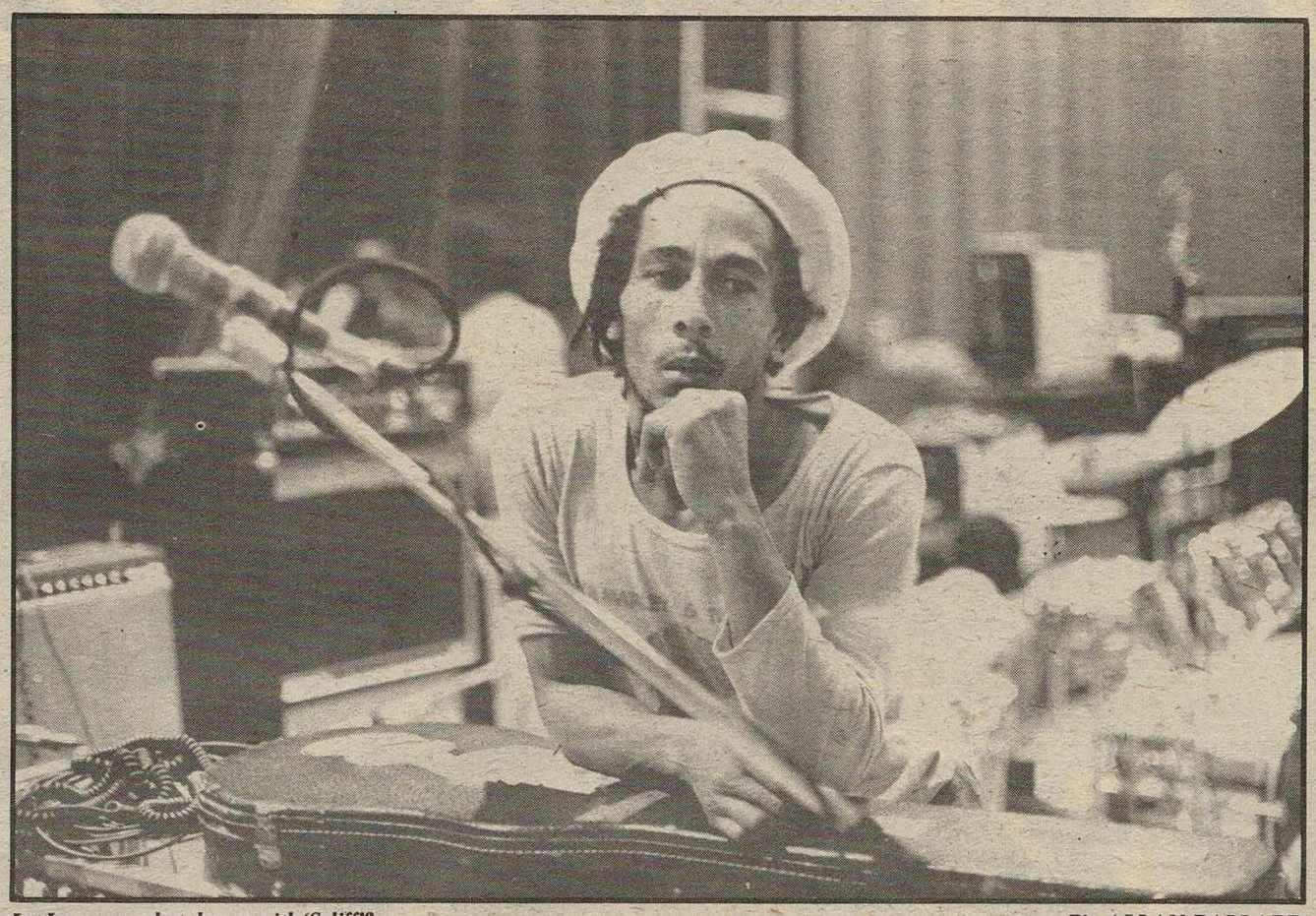

Let I see now, what rhymes with 'Spliff'? *Pic ALLAN BALLARD*

INSTANT KAYA GONNA GET YA

BOB MARLEY AND THE WAILERS
Kaya (Island)

I WAS all set to give you the traditional schtick about how it's spring again, how the skeins of geese are arrowheads across the mild skies, how it's appropriate that a new Wailers album should be released as we finally shake off the long freeze.

But damn it if today isn't full of rain with more on the way, so I'll scramble to "Kaya" just the same by noting that rainfall involves massing hot and cold fronts of air, conflicting high and low ridges of pressure. "Kaya" likewise is mainly concerned with two such extremes — relaxation when the 'pressure' is off and agitation when it's on.

So much for meteorology. As Bob Marley remarked recently, "Kaya" is a "rest-place", a time to loosen the load and take stock of it.

Understandable, really. Marley may have gone to great lengths to disclaim any direct involvement with party line politics in Jamaica, but that didn't stop the crazies trying to shoot him down — not to mention the toll taken by Marley's emergence as a super nova star in our musical firmanent.

Indeed, bearing in mind that most of "Kaya" was recorded at the same time as "Exodus" (a few months after the attempt on Marley's life), I don't find it too surprising that the album finds the man in a fairly philosophical frame of mind.

All the same, there isn't quite the same sharp line drawn between these two sides as there was between the forth-right polemics of side one of "Exodus" and the relaxed vein of side two. Here the shadings are rather more subtle. There are love songs on both sides, but they relate to very different concerns.

"Easy Skanking" opens, an equally easy groove spliced and spiced by Junior Marvin's quipping lead guitar. Marley sings *"Excuse me while I light my spliff / Good God I gotta take a lift / From reality I just can't drift / That's why I'm staying with this riff"*. Maybe I'm missing something, but I can't suss just what exactly Marley means by reality — the spliff or the riff? A mooter than moot point, I reckon.

"Kaya", "Sun Is Shining" and "Satisfy My Soul" are old songs, first recorded with Lee 'Scratch' Perry producing, their rhythms notably less 'sophisticated' than those of the current material.

"Kaya" is a paean to herb with a gorgeous middle eight melody and "Sun Is Shining" a sort of one man's week in love which I suspect Perry had a hand in mixing (catch the soft-echo effect on the rhythm guitar and the whole song's haze 'n' phase atmosphere).

So far, so old, so good. "Satisfy My Soul" however is curiously stilted and raises reservations about Marley's insistence on reprinting his back pages. The mild dub on Carlton Barrett's drums is effective, but much of the original's heart and flame is missing. A mistake.

You're doubtless familiar with "Is This Love", the new single. Although Marley may rate love songs as easy game, he still fills them with a warmth, compassion and general concern for womankind that makes most so-called declarations of 'love' — especially those in the rock medium — seem callous.

Here as elsewhere Marley's refined his art to a degree of exceptional purity. The sentiments he expresses are often so simple, so direct that they positively ache with emotion. The ability to beautify the banal is a rare gift, and one that Marley doesn't abuse. Trite but true, eh?

That's side one. Lie back or get up and enjoy — at least until just before lifting off the stylus hits a disconcerting little blast of noise, evidently too deliberate to be a pressing fault. A reminder, more likely, that the pressure is still very much on.

Side two's opening pair of songs have a common theme in love lost through commitment to cause, as in *"My woman is gone . . . She say she couldn't take it any more, the pressure round me"* and *"There is one mystery I just can't express / To give your more, to receive your less . . . The power of philosophy floats through my head / You're light like a feather, heavy as lead"*. Surely it's no accident that "Misty Morning" is set to strident horns reminiscent of those used on "Natty Dread".

"Crisis" shifts the focus abruptly, from personal to general. It's set to a sedate but brooding rhythm, the fine guitar-laced version of which you'll find on the flip of "Is This Love".

"So much have been said, so little done / They still killing, killing the people and they having, having lots of fun . . . But no matter what the crisis is . . . Live it up, live it up, give Jah all the thanks and praises" — a fiercely proud not to say stoic perception of faith: praise for — not pleas *to* —the godhead through sufferation as well as celebration.

"Running Away" is perhaps the key song, weighing up as it does with brutal frankness. Marley answers charges of moral (and physical?) cowardice with *"I've got to protect my life and I don't want to live with no strife"* and the biblical rejoinder that *"It is better to live on the house top than to live in a house full of confusion"*.

Earlier he states wearily that *"Every man thinketh his burden is the heaviest / But he who feels it knows it, Lord"*, managing to summarise three if not four horns of his dilemna within the space of one song.

In essence Marley has no answers beyond his own certainty and strength of purpose, both of which gleam through the gloaming with his final emphatic claim *"No, no, I am not running away"*.

I can't think of many admissions of sheer mortal vulnerability or dissections of the maelstrom of conflicting loyalties that have simply, inexorably *moved* me so much. Marley's within a wisp of saying that even the rock of his faith can't sustain him, can't see him through, and *that* surely takes some courage. If this isn't enough, the song's impact is quadrupled by characteristic use of the I Threes as accusatory chorus.

Musically at least, the closing "Time Will Tell" comes as some respite, arranged as acoustic guitars over Rasta drums, like the similar finale to "Burning". It's both a song of solidarity and a finger stabbed straight at the entrails of Babylon with *"You think you're in heaven, but you living in hell"*. Well, what do *you* think?

But time will certainly tell. Marley's next move is crucial. A second live album or — God forbid — some retrospective compilation won't solve much, only delay, not decide.

As it is, "Kaya" rounds off the portrait as recovering and re-assessing, albeit with a degree of distinct discomfort at times. But although Marley has "so much things to say", there're still only so many ways to say them.

I wonder just how long he can maintain the consistency and intensity of his work. Maybe *he* does, too. Whatever, I somehow don't see Marley recording a "Nashville Skyline" or a "Self Portrait". Remember Bob Dylan?

Like it says beneath the lyrics on the sleeve — to be continued . . .

Angus MacKinnon

TRIPLE DUTCH

GRUPPO SPORTIVO
10 Mistakes (Ariola Benelux Import)

NOTE THE NAME. On the evidence of their debut album Gruppo Sportivo look set to become the first major continental rock'n'roll band of the modern age.

Proteges, it would appear, of Golden Earring, Gruppo Sportivo are a Dutch outfit whose first single "Out There In The Jungle" was produced by Earring's Barry Hay in December '76. They then toured Holland with Golden Earring and released a second single "Hoola Fever", produced by former Earring keyboard player Jan Robert Stips, who stayed with them after they switched labels from Polydor to Ariola for this album.

Let me give you some excerpts from their press biography.

"Hans Vendenburg (guitar, vocals) is also 'Van De Fruits' — songwriter, composer and rock'n'roll addict . . . Organ player Peter Calicher — this punk makes a song sound like any other song . . . Drummer Max Mollinger (or Max Climax) had a terrible haircut the other day . . . The bass player Eric Wehrmeyer is too much man! He's so steady . . . One of the many groupies of Gruppo, Meike Touw joined the band as one of the Gruppettes. The other one is Jose van Iersel. Before going onstage the Gruppettes are dressed by the roadies Ed, Ton and Pete . . ."

You now know as much about them as I do.

The instant musical point of comparison is Blondie.

Gruppo Sportivo's music is rooted in '50s and '60s pop such as Del Shannon, B. Bumble and the Stingers, The Shangri-Las. At the same time they are very much a group, both in the way the Gruppettes are neither more nor less important than their co-members, and in the band's blending of pop throwbacks with straight '70s rock.

To this familiar genre-juggling, they bring a wide-eyed, affecting Dutchness, especially in the deadpan innocence of the two girls — which is particularly effective when they're describing smashing their boyfriend's head in or some similar B-movie scenario.

The language barrier also seems to add a great mystique of innocence to Vandenburg's often brilliant, fragmentary lyrics. Samples:

"It's some kind of situation out in the rain / Shot one take four tonite / A girl a crook with dynamite / I shoot the gangster down / Step on the gas, it's not that far / I want a scene in my dream with a movie queen . . ." **("Dreaming").**

"Standing at the Eiffel Tower, nothing left to do / Our never ending holiday ended without you / So suddenly — c'est la vie / I'll buy a dictionary, and look up what you said to me . . ." **("Mission A Paris").**

"Two hundred boys dancing and chattering / Switch on the jukebox and let Lewis sing / About his underwear and his rubber lovin' thing . . ." **("Rubber Gun").**

Very sexy, very crazed — like Vandenburg's great hero, Lewis Furey, whose "Rubber Gun Show" evidently provided the inspiration for "Rubber Gun". (And any friend of Lewis is a friend of mine . . .)

However, there's none of Furey's manic intensity here. Gruppo Sportivo have a marvellously flippant touch in all they do. Their humour reaches a peak on "I Shot My Manager", which alternates the lines *"I shot my manager / 'Cause he used to keep my royalties"* (to the tune of "I Shot The Sherif") with a scathingly witty commentary on white blues, all in their rampant gobbledegook: *"Four, go blind / Five, try to see / Six a lot of misery . . ."*

Meanwhile the whole album rolls along on the interplay between the male and female voices, between the rock attack and the Woolworths organ sound, between the deadpan cliche melodies and the demented lyrics, between the weird sex overtones and the playful treatment.

It's an album overflowing with potential hit singles. "Girls Never Know (What They Wanna Do)" is just one — a prehistoric teen romance tune with deliberate quotes from "Apache", sliding easily across all kinds of pop terrain from Gary Glitter to '50s gimmickry, with lyrics that capture perfectly all the fantasies implicit in cruising songs: *"I lie a lot to girls but I never go too far / When I show them the engine of my car . . . / Ten in the back seat / Five next to me . . ."*

In fact, the Gruppo vibe could not be better captured than in the cover shot, where one guy stares mesmerically at the screen in the flicks, munching his popcorn, unaware that his girlfriend is making out with the bloke sitting behind: trash, sex and comedy juxtaposed bizarrely with great skill and concealed care.

They've also got an excellent single out, "Rock'n'Roll", which is not included on "10 Mistakes". Ariola should release them both here without delay.

Phil McNeill

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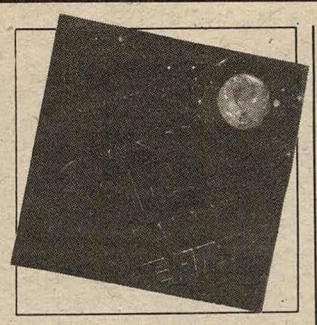


JEFFERSON STARSHIP
Earth (Grunt)

FIRST OFF this is dreck of the most monumental redundancy — in fact I'm frankly shocked that it got any further than the studio by rights, the accumulated tapes should have been tossed straight down the most convenient dumper available.

More to the point, this record actively disgusts me. I would have simply felt some vague stirrings of pity for the musicians involved (who are so evidently beyond the realms of mere artistic bankruptcy that I believe the term 'senility' needs to be applied here) if it weren't for the almost criminal investment of gargantuan amounts of booty by their record company to promote this feeble work.

Before steering in further, I should quickly state that I'm not about to drag the Jefferson Airplane's late-'60s rep for militant posturing skeleton out of the closet yet again to give my vitriol added pith. Any fool should know by this stage of the game that this Starship enterprise stands for everything its protagonists once gave the finger to. Jefferson Starship is strict MOR pablum — but that's not the real problem here, not whilst RCA obviously regard this latest album as a lethal contender in the multi-million, super-platinum placebo harvest reaped last year by "Rumours".

That is the light in which "Earth" should be seen — and there's where the real fireworks start. Because, taken in its precious context, "Rumours" at least *delivered*. There were decent melodies, strong hooks, an undeniable collective talent at work that at least didn't shortchange the purchaser. "Earth" however is so unbearably feeble on all salient levels that the only decent comparison I can offer is that the record is the aural equivalent of watching a toothless old man chewing oatmeal for 40 minutes.

Which is one way of saying that there is not one decent melody here, not one uplifting melodious instance, nothing remotely bracing in its execution.

The songs themselves are either based on the most obvious chord-progressions available to the budding MOR tunesmith, or pure muzak fodder with almost farcically limp lyrics.

For the latter, the band's obvious lack of even the mildest quotient of *fresh* inspiration is underwritten by the use of outside songwriters for this mellifluous squalor. One Jesse Barish — apparently an acquaintance of Marty Balin's — contributes two pieces of airy-fairy lovey-dovey piffle for Balin to preeningly whine over in a manner that he, one presumes, sees as being some Casonova stance — whereas in effect he sounds like the quintessential wimp.

Balin, who nowadays due to his mammoth success with "Miracles" appears to demand 50% of the Starship's frontline action, seems so utterly bereft of inspiration that the one song he does contribute to — a quarter of a ridiculous opus entitled "Fire" — sounds like some unintentionally hilarious take-off of Peggy Lee's "Fever". *"Fire!!"* he screams as the number commences, sounding like someone has just set light to one of his farts. Elsewhere, he merely sounds like an arthritic Boz Scaggs.

The other half of Starship's spotlight on "Earth" is dealt out to Grace Slick, whose whole voluptuous harridan pose has been rendered redundant for the past decade, even though she still appears not to have received the message. Both "Take Your Time" and "Show Yourself" are yet more retreads of the age-old Slick patent — the self-assertive, bombastic lyrics underscored by hideously long faced piano chord-progressions.

As for Paul Kantner — well, he's so obviously burnt out he hardly bothers to contribute anything. Only one track bears his mark — along with seven other writers, mind you — and that's nothing more than an unembellished rehash of the "We Can Be Together" riff along with more "Go ride the music" drivel, sung in that solemn chorale style that must have pissed off even the most ardent Airship devotee at one time or another.

And the rest of the crew? Well, they're nothing more than a bunch of utterly faceless session men playing all the right notes, sure, but consistently failing to elevate any of the assembled material from the limbo it so obviously inhabits. Only guitarist Craig Chaquico deserves any sort of merit-star for his work — he provides the tunes for the two best numbers musically speaking ("Love Too Good" and "Skateboard"), whilst his lead breaks at least give one the sense that there's a human being playing and not a computer. But then he's the youngest of the bunch so he has the least excuse to noodle pointlessly.

God only knows, by the way, why this nonsense is entitled "Earth". My guess is that some more enlightened joker suggested the title "Dearth" instead, the assembled 'Ship in their collective stupor thinking it sounded *'cosmic'* and going for it but at mock-up time finding themselves too laid out to affix the 'D' on the chosen moniker.

My own alternative choice for titles of this opus incidentally are "Cosmic Senility" and "Money For Old Rope".

Nick Kent

Looks like we're the last two left awake, Paul Pic: MICHAEL TAPPIN

Starship Bores Of The Worst Kind

LUCIO BATTISTI
Images (RCA)

Swarthy, handsome Italian superstar. Really — just listen: "In Italy. . .everybody wants to see him, be in his presence just once in their lives, and perhaps speak to him and *even shake his hand"!* Take another little pizza, my heart.

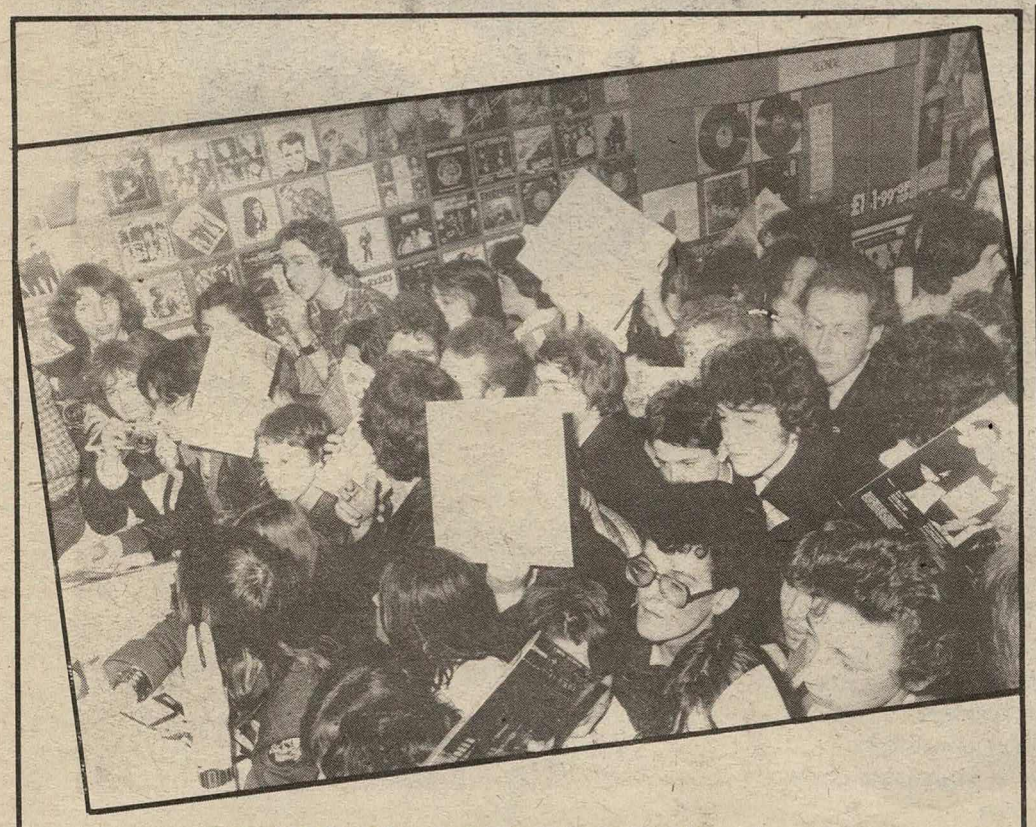
He's gonna be huge though, looking as he does like every Brut executive's ideal of macho. He can even sing. So what can a poor boy do but go to Hollywood and cut an album with the best session men lire can buy. They even roped in Tom Waits's producer.

I hate this album. It smacks of product and soft focus films on *Top Of The Pops*. He sings with about as much sincerity as a stale pasta about "The Only Thing I've Lost" (the sun) in "The Sun Song".

He sings about all the moments, times and places of love: the sort of love which is idealised to the point of nausea, a soft sensuous package, gift wrapped, and to be opened before you're 30, otherwise it goes off.

Really wunnerful, friends, and I mean that most sincerely.

Patrick Humphries



BLONDIE wish to apologise to everyone who didn't manage to see us at OUR PRICE RECORDS, Kensington, last Tuesday. It was great to see so many of you there.

Thank you all for your tremendous support and we look forward to seeing you on our Autumn tour.

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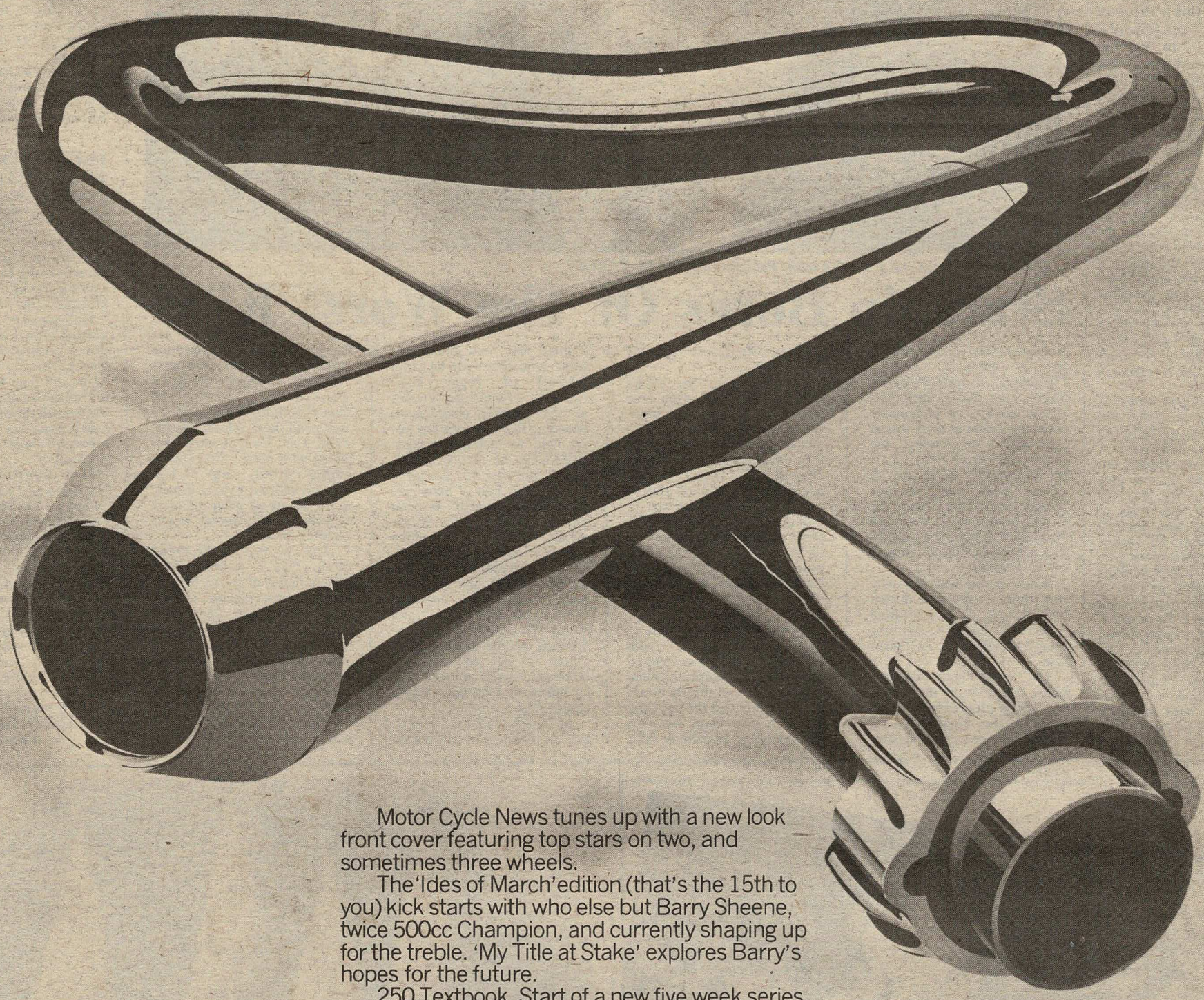

Motor Cycle News tunes up with a new look front cover featuring top stars on two, and sometimes three wheels.

The 'Ides of March' edition (that's the 15th to you) kick starts with who else but Barry Sheene, twice 500cc Champion, and currently shaping up for the treble. 'My Title at Stake' explores Barry's hopes for the future.

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THE MAN WHO WOULD BE KING

ROBERT GORDON WITH LINK WRAY
Fresh Fish Special (Private Stock)

THE DEATH of Elvis Presley appears to have had a disastrous effect on Robert Gordon's original vision of the '50s.

Gone is the sheer exuberance that made Gordon's solo debut so instantly appealing. On "Fresh Fish Special", it's replaced with a self-conscious stance, at times so dour as to render the singer little more vital than a second-string rock revivalist.

Gordon's obvious infatuation with the most recognisable Presley traits quickly degenerates into the embarrassing realms of grotesque parody and, except for a brief evocation of Ricky Nelson on "Red Cadillac And A Black Mustache", it's down to substandard Hillbilly Cat cliches. This failing isn't simply because Gordon chose to croon "I Want To Be Free" or that he has The King's former rear-guard The Jordanaires on tap; it goes much deeper.

The initial illusion garnered from his first LP that Robert Gordon was attempting to personalise '50s rock 'n' roll is completely shattered by his new guise as The Man Who Would Be King.

As a stylist, he lacks the ability of artists like John Fogerty, Dave Edmunds, or Willy DeVille even to re-interpret his chosen genre without emerging as a clone. Furthermore, with the notable exception of guitarist Link Wray, Gordon's band The Wildcats are often bereft of the hand-to-hand combat expertise of a band like, say, The Pirates — compare Gordon's thoroughly lacklustre retread of "Lonesome Train" with The Pirates' version and there's no contest.

In concert Robert Gordon and The Wildcats perform so loudly they destroy true-subtlety of the music. Furthermore here — Jack Scott's "The Way I Walk" (which would have been a better choice as a single than Springsteen's "Fire"), Gene Vincent's "Five Days, Five Days" and Eddie Cochran's "Twenty Flight Rock" excepted — the performance of the bassist Rob Stoner and drummer Howie Wyeth is laboured and uninspired. This is rock 'n' roll painting-by-numbers style.

If on some of the uptempo tracks the spontaniety (or noticeable lack of it) sounds forced and premediated, Gordon is in even worse shape on the smoochers. "If This Is Wrong" and "Blue Eyes" prove Gordon just doesn't possess the kind of reserve to handle a straight-faced Presley/Orbison ballad with conviction. His voice is strained, his pitch sloppy, the atmosphere throughly uncomfortable.

ROBERT GORDON: disastrous vision. . .

"Fire", a Bruce Springsteen song complete with a bass riff not unlike "The Theme From The Magnificent Seven", doesn't smoulder as it should and, like most of the music, lacks any real or natural humour.

I seem to recall that rock 'n' roll albums used to contain at least a dozen songs (sometimes as many as 14 or 16); "Fresh Fish Special" is a 10-inch album of 10 tracks lasting just over 25 minutes being passed off as a bona fide 12-incher. The front cover concept — an idea lifted from a recent Jerry Lee Lewis compilation — confirms that Robert Gordon doesn't have either the barnet or the necessary style-to-spare arrogance to rake the rug before the lens.

If Private Stock release "The Way I Walk" as a single, shellout. Until then you'd be much better served buying a Creedence Clearwater Revival hits album, Dave Edmunds' "Get It", Elvis Presley's "The Sun Sessions", or a bunch of Charly reissues.

Roy Carr

DISTINCTIVELY YOURS...

THE SAINTS
Eternally Yours (Harvest)

EVER SINCE I first heard "(I'm) Stranded" beating mysteriously out of a tranny I've had a lot of sympathy for the Australian outcasts, mainly because of the smugly indifferent reception accorded them by the painfully fashion-conscious 1977 music press.

Most of the reviewers had seized upon the idea that because The Saints played punk they should be wearing safety-pins and spiky crops and darting round the stage in accepted 'amphetamine rush' style.

A very dumb attitude if you remember that The Saints come from the other side of the world and started by building their own style, *completely separate* from what The Ramones and The Sex Pistols were doing elsewhere.

Of course, similar times produced similar sounds and the critics tried to drop The Saints into the standard punk file. Not surprisingly, they didn't quite fit. They started out with the odds against them after the magnificent "Stranded" debut and the stream of enigmatic photos and reports that filtered through from the outback; no band was ever going to be quite as good as The Saints were supposed to be.

And thus the fact that they were pretty good anyway was overlooked. Nevertheless, after a personnel change and experiments with double-singles and brass arrangements, here comes the second album.

Thirteen songs, the brass detectable to my ears on only one track, and it's clear the band haven't rejected their souped-up steamroller approach. Noise and simple muscle rather than flashy, clever stuff, but this time round there's subtlety as well.

Alasdair Ward replaced Kym Bradshaw on bass, but the songwriting remains the territory of guitarist Ed Kuepper and vocalist Chris Bailey.

Side one is bracketed by two presumably complementary tracks: "Know Your Product" and "No, Your Product". The first has the brass pumping brief figures over the straight fastrock framework, a curious effect that will probably reward further exploitation at some stage. Lyrically these songs are very sharp, apart from a few sadly predictable cliches.

The former is about advertising, specifically on TV, with slogans like *"There's a new soap that's peachy keen, saves your soul and keeps you clean . . . Gonna improve your IQ . . ."* The promises are rejected by a sullen Bailey, his voice an even more attractive flat sneer than previously.

The latter is a more general view of life through the screen for the TV generation. *"The TV screen becomes my eyes, It's the legal monster of the future time . . ."*. It's an acute picture of media brainwashing that broadens into a general harangue against restriction and suffocation in the modern world: *"N.F. banners flying in the wind, like free lobotomies . . . Open your mouth and you get done, police state keeps you on the run . . ."*. Simplistic but well observed and chanted over a blazing riff.

"Private Affair" is another outstanding moment on the first side — a sardonic commentary on fashion.

The second side opens with a familiar track, the pounding chant of "This Perfect Day"; hard rock stripped of any unnecessary decoration. "Run Down" is a cynical jibe against someone who's made it and become just another cardboard star. Very well written study of the Popular One's paranoia — *"No one wants to see you but they'll still pretend . . . night time don't want to be alone, so find yourself a crowd until the dawn . . ."*— starting with a wild harmonica blast it sounds, very aptly, like cranked-up Stones.

Only a group as unassumingly irreverent as The Saints would spell the title of the following track "Orstralia." They really don't like native soil; over a loping kangaroo-hop riff Bailey croons *"Got no problems got no wars and you don't need your brain more in Orstralia . . ."* "New Centre Of The Universe" is a short, unoriginal attack on a preening egocentric, lyrically reminiscent of "Dedicated Follower Of Fashion" or "Play With Fire" but too brief to open any new slant on the theme.

"Untitled" is a straight love song with pumping acoustic guitar. "I'm Misunderstood" launches with an electronic howl and swings into a driving dance beat as Bailey shouts directionless frustration.

Finally, The Saints preserve continuity with an acknowlegement of the first album. From their early rocker "Do The Robot" comes the new, improved "International Robots," a simultaneously funny and disturbing reflection of the mechanical world.

***"All the little fridges think it's really cool so unplug your teacher and burn down your school! C'mon, c'mon, be like a robot . . ."*There's nothing very humorous about the subject, but how can you worry when the rest of the band are chiming in with "dum-diddly-ums" and Bailey himself keeps cracking up. Then "Pinhead" freaks on to the last groove.**

No doubt this album will remind some people of The Ramones but a closer listen will reveal a distinctive and unique Saints sound. It's heavy, ponderous and shakes the floorboards but the speed of execution and keen, wry lyrics makes for a thrill instead of a headache.

Kim Davis

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RCA

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Billy Joel... the singer the songwriter 'The Stranger'

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CBS Records & Tapes

Single: 'Just The Way You Are'
Album: 'The Stranger'

IMPORTS

THOUGH RUSSELL DaShiell's "Elevator" (Epic) is hardly bound for the basement, it's definitely not destined to reach any heights capable of promoting even mild vertigo.

And despite the fact that DaSheill has assembled a tight little combo, with ex-Creedence stalwarts Doug Clifford (drums) and Stu Cook (bass) providing a fair amount of propulsion, the album's really no more than just another routine rock'n'roll songbook, full of tenth-time-around licks and ultimately just as potent as a rampaging newt. Next floor please!

Eddie Cochran's "The Crest Sessions" (Rave On) a French release, contains versions of "16 Tons", "See Them Laugh", "You've Been Torturing Me" and several other titles that didn't surface on the Rock Star and Union Pacific Cochran albums, while from Holland comes "Revolution" by **Q65,** a further reissue in that country's Decca Pop Legend series. Considered to be *the* Dutch album of the mid-'60s, "Revolution" first surfaced in late '66 and features clog-beat versions of Willie Dixon's "Spoonful", "Bringing It On Home" (not the Sam Cooke number!) and "Down In The Bottom", plus Otis Redding's "Mr. Pitiful" and a brooding rocker called "The Life I Live" which once made it in the single stakes and has since been acclaimed by some Europhiles as being a classic item in best Shadows of Knight tradition,

Bobby Womack's back in action again with "Pieces", his second CBS album, this time employing The Detroit Horns, The Detroit Symphony, David Ruffin and Candi Staton in order to put his point across. On the same label **Walter Egan** has emerged with "Not Shy", a follow-up to "Fundamental Roll", on which the West Coast-based New Yorker, renews his acquaintance with the high flyin' Mac, Lindsey Buckingham grabbing some of the production credits.

Singleswise, a new **Sex Pistols'** item has been emanating from the States, where "Pretty Vacant" appeared with a different 'B' side in "Submission".

Back in album land there's been a lot of activity but little of importance happening — though **Country Joe McDonald's** "Rock And Roll Music From Planet Earth" (Fantasy), a Trevor Lawrence production, sounds like the poissonnier's best bet in a long time, valuable help coming from such eminents as Jay Graydon (guitar), David Foster (piano), Chilli Charles and Jeff Pocaro (drums).

Also worthy of adding to any check lists could be **Smokey Robinson's** "Love Breeze" (Tamla), **Michael Murphey's** "Lone Wolf" (Epic) and **Horice Silver's** "Silver'n'Percussion" (Blue Note), one which the original soul keyboardman (even one of his middle names is Tavares!) harnesses the services of a brace of African percussionists.

And in this week's also-around spot, I offer **Cornell Dupree's** "Saturday Night Fever" (Versatile); **Stanley Turrentine's** "West Side Highway" (Fantasy); **Jermaine Jackson's** "Frontier" (Motown); **Crystal Gayle's** "I've Cried The Blue Right Out Of My Eyes" (UA); **Bill Cosby's** "Bill's Best Friend" (Capitol), a stand-up comedy routine that includes Cosby's views of drugs, puberty and frisbies; and "Focus Con Proby" (Harvest), an unlikely affair on which Philip Catherine, Eef Albers, Thijs Van Leer, Bert Ruiter and Steve Smith meet **P. J. Proby** and emerge apparently unscathed.

Fred Dellar

BLACK OAK
Race With The Devil (Capricorn)
MARK FARNER
Mark Farner (Atlantic)

MORE SUPERFLUOUS Big Men playing (with) Heavy Metal (themselves) and slobbering all the way to the bank.

BO (note the absent Arkansas — are they trying for mass appeal?) flaunt a sleeve starring Jim Dandy-Mangrum perched on a grotesque horse-like critter which I hope for it's own sake is made of wood. Why, it's uglier than the coy cowpokes themselves!

And that's going some, girls. Observe how less than evergreen Jim's looking. Turn over the sleeve and observe how old all six of the combo seem as they stand in a lake with gummy grins at the ready like six-guns. Nothingness like "Freedom" *("Do ya wanne feel free?/Do ya wanna feel me?"*—I'll pass on both, Jim) and the machoslop "One Night Stand" *("Hey pretty baby/I don't mean maybe").*

Then there's a wheelchair barn-dance called "Daisy" (nice to see cows copping a few love songs) and an old age pensioners' hoe-down, "Not Fade Away" — real rebel music stuff, real stuff to deliver you from the days of old.

A worthy room-mate for the sexless sextet would be Mark Farner, ex-lead guitarist for some American cretin band and now solo bozo. The front cover on the elpee finds hin also perching on a horse. The vile vinyl finds every track a match for BO in lyrical content and monotony.

For "Daisy" Mark has "Lorraine". For "One Night Stand" Mark has "Second Chance To Dance". For "Freedom" Mark has "Easy Breezes".

So much for personal liberty/civil rights/human rights *as the words are defined by the USA.* The right to make an moron out of yourself, the right to churn out retrogressive stupidity?

I'd rather live in a repressed land where they can stop little girls from going blind *(Off you go then—Ed.)* I suppose all you free-enterprise losers and Heavy Metal fans would rather have your daily injection of product. Shot *this* lot up, suckers.

Julie Burchill

WATSONIAN INSTITUTE
Master Funk (DJM)

THIS PARTICULAR W.I. is Johnny Guitar Watson's backing quartet plus boss and friends. As I now regret being so cool about John's last album ("Funk Beyond The Call Of Duty") in a recent *NME* review — coz it's far better than I estimated on the spur of the moment — I'm happy to be able to redress the balance by applauding this release, especially as John produced the album, wrote five of the seven tracks and appears throughout on guitar, Fender Rhodes, clavinet, synthesizer and vocals.

In other words, apart from a

Disco Dance Disco Dance Disco Dance

Product More Product More Product More

BUT CAN YOU DIE TO IT?

BACCARA
Baccara (RCA)
SPACE
Deliverance (Pye)
CERRONE
Supernature (Atlantic)
CHIC
Chic (Atlantic)
THE TEE CEES
Disco Love Bite (DJM)

GOD. What an awsome task. Listening to all these albums one after another is bad enough — but to write 'critically' about them? That seems about as worthwhile a way to spend one's time as, say, reading a Kingsley Amis novel.

Are there any recognised criteria for judging this sort of thing, any particular qualities to look for? Is there actually a barrel the bottom of which Baccara can be said to scrape? Who cares?

Enough procrastination! Assume a work-ethic, and write!

Okay. Baccara. Spanish derivation. Strictly, one presumes, for those with *Penthouse* Eurosex fantasy-projections, Triumph TR7s and no taste whatsoever. Worse than you think it's going to be. Absolute zero.

Part of the trouble with "Baccara" is that one Rolf Soja not only arranges and produces the whole thing but wants to hog the songwriting royalties too. Besides the two hits, he's had a hand in writing seven of the album's nine other cuts.

Rolf, you're a really boring person.

Space next. French origin, blame resting with Jean-Phillippe Iliesco, who'd probably find Rolf extremely interesting. More of that dreadfully weed-organ sound, occasionally abetted by Madeleine Bell of Blue Mink fame, who should've been pensioned off long ago. Twice as bad where it deviates from monotony, and three times as bad if heard whilst perusing the Hipgnosis cover.

Talking of which, about seven inches below a photo of "Joe Hammer" sitting behind a formidable array of roto-toms, cymbals and the like, there's a liner-note claiming the "this recording was made with keyboards only". Does the Trade Descriptions Act cover this contingency, or is "Joe" activated by keyboards?

Which brings us, quite conveniently, to Cerrone, whose "Supernature" is apparently Italian. Judging by the emphasis on drums throughout, and the way he's stroking his kit on the back cover, I'd guess Cerrone's responsible for this element of the music, one which he attacks with a manic single-mindedness rarely equalled in percussive history. The Dave Clark of Disco?

Still, at least he's sussed the essentially functional nature of his product — there's hardly any deviation here from the principle of utilitarian music for people who want utilitarian entertainment. Comes complete with utterly repungnant animal mutant cover. Best of the bunch so far, which is a bit like evaluating methods of committing suicide . . .

And so to Chic, whose "Dance, Dance, Dance" is three good reasons for not listening to the radio. Damn Yankee variant, the brainchild of bassist Bernard Edwards, guitarist Nile Rogers and plagiarist Kenny Lehman, who write and produce the whole mess.

"Dance, Dance, Dance" and "Everybody Dance" try to make it by inculcation rather than persuasion — I personally don't dig being *ordered* to dance, and there's a heavy authoritarian vibe emanating from those chants which suggests that maybe Edwards, Rogers and Lehman wished they had ways of *making* you dance.

There's the usual sprinkling of beside-the-point slow fillers, intended presumably for those energetic folk who want to indulge both their kinetic and carnal inclinations within the space of a single side. Something for everyone, eh, boys? I think it shows a truly wonderful concern for human happiness, and I hope you all become millionaires. Posthumously.

I left The Tee Cees' album till last because such patently throw-it-at-the-wall attempts at bandwagon-jumping are always good for a laugh, and I figured I might need a little light relief by this time.

True to form, it's hilarious — so much so, I seriously doubt whether producer / arranger Trevor Rabin's tongue is completely removed from his cheek. From the title ("Disco Love Bite" — I ask you!) to the final seconds of side two (wherein a coquette with a base sense of humour chuckles "You's disappearin'!", a statement which, thankfully, also applies to the music), the album is a perfect encapsulation of *disco*, hilarious breathy pseudo-orgasms and all.

True, there's no discernible drum-machine, but there's the usual dubious mingling of sexual and mechanical images to compensate for that; juxtaposition of titles like "Ecstasy" and "The Machine" hints that it's still computer congress music when all's said and done.

I see that Trevor produced it for the *Zomba* Corporation. How appropriate. Y'know, the more I think about it, the more likely it seems that Trevor's a conceptual artist with a sense of humour struggling to get out of a closet at DJM.

The ultimate disco album, if you see what I mean.

Hey! I just got me a whole set of criteria to judge this stuff by? Now I can start the review! (da capo)

Andy Gill

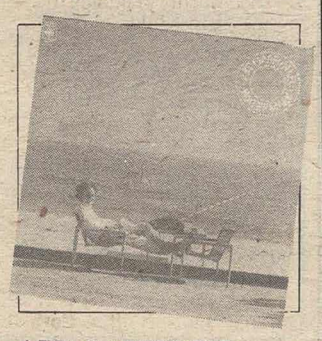
slight bias towards the band (particularly on the two complete instrumentals, "De John's Delight" and "Coming Around"), it's virtually another instalment of the regular JGW series.

As such, you get what you'd expect: that special slinky sound, some righteous teamwork between musicians who are also close friends, hooks and changes and recurring melodies that are immediately familiar — but only as a signature of this one institute, not a copy of anyone else's ideas — and occasional flashes of scat-ping guitar (description courtesy of Ian Dury).

Lyrics are minimal, serving more as chants and choruses than verses of full-blooded songs. The emphasis here is on the interplay between, as they like to say, their unified efforts, including some very fine passages from the augmented horn section.

Although Johnny Watson and his buddies (notably production assistant and drummer Emry Thomas) have faults — f'rinstance, consistency run riot to the point of repetition and a superstitious decision to only put seven tracks on each album — they have established a unique sound and continue to find a lot of compelling music within that sound. It isn't simply luck that is carrying this team into the superstar category in America.

Cliff White



ART GARFUNKEL
Watermark (CBS)

A YEAR in the making, a cast of thousands including The Chieftains and the Oklahoma Baptist University Chorale (no expense spared) and a free hand with the Jim Webb songbook — and for what?

At least the rest of "Watermark" isn't as soapy as the Garfunkel, Paul Simon, James Taylor snooze-along arrangement of Sam Cooke's "What A Wonderful World". Art Garfunkel may be a prince at making easy listening records, yet "Watermark" is difficult to listen to in as much as there's *nothing* to listen to. It all wafts gently out of the speakers and gradually dissolves, never actually making contact.

The material is excellent — apart from the traditional "She Walked Through The Fair" and "What A Wonderful World", it's wall-to-wall Jim Webb — though wasted on Garfunkel's insensitive vocals and the gossamer production. He sings best when he cops his vocal phrasing from Webb's own.

Throughout instrumentation is understated and individual musicians are used sparingly. The Chieftains get a look in on two cuts, clumsily tacked onto "All My Love's Luaghter" and used more generously on "She Moved Through The Fair" which Paddy Moloney co-arranged with Jim Webb. The Oklahoma choir make themselves heard for just the closing seconds of Webb's wistful "Wooden Planes", the gratuitous indulgence of a rich man.

It's somehow sickening to know that "Watermark" is certain to go platinum (probably already has) while Webb's own albums remain ignored.

Steve Clarke

RUFUS THOMAS
If There Were No Music (Pye International)

ABOUT FOUR years ago, Rufus Thomas, who was then still contracted to Stax, told me that he was sick of his role as the corp's dancing clown and had started work on an album that would show he had more to offer the world than pink hot pants.

Presumably this is it, for although it stems from AVI Records — the label he joined after Stax went bankrupt — some of the tracks are those mentioned in the interview, including "Blues In The Basement" (yeah, a blues) and "Hot Grits" similar to his funky dance hits, but without reference to dogs, chickens or penguins.

From aural evidence and what he told me at the time, I'd guess all nine tracks were cut in either Memphis or Muscle Shoals with the bands Ebony Web and The Internationals. They're not at all bad. As well as the aforementioned titles I particularly like his rough-hewn version of the Johnnie Taylor hit "Who's Makin' Love", and he isn't disgraced when interpreting country (Merle Haggard's "Today I Started Loving You Again") or vintage soul (Sam Cooke's "You Send Me").

Not an album that smashes through the outer limits of creativity, but possibly the best ever from Rufus Thomas.

Cliff White

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SLAM

The Album
POW 001
'I Hate School' The Single
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. . . with Zenda. Pic: DENIS O'REGAN.

THE TOOLS OF

Entwistle's budget bass survey

Who bassist John Entwistle, with a collection of 76 basses worth around £50,000, sets off down-market with Tony Stewart to road test a handful of cheap and not so cheap copies of famous models.

WHEN SOMEONE is a respected player and collector of bass guitars it's understandable that he should be sceptical about trying out half a dozen inexpensive models.

Our guest musician, John Entwistle now has a collection of 76 basses, which even at a conservative estimate are probably worth in excess of £50,000. Through years of experimentaion he has discovered that the Alembic range, made in San Francisco, suit him best. You pay 1,400 dollars for the cheapest they make, going up to $3,000 at the top end of the scale.

Now an acknowledged connoisseur of the instrument, his respect in the business is such that Gibson recently sent him the prototype of a new model to evaluate.

The idea of a 60 quid Korean job in the clasp of his celebrated digits is almost laughable.

But then, the purpose of this article and our visit to Music City in London's Shaftesbury Avenue, is to examine the lower price range of bass guitars. Few of them are the tacky little knockups with a life expectancy of only a few months that you might expect considering the prices. In fact the store manager, Barry Feast, selected half a dozen models that offer good value to people buying on a particularly low budget.

Five of the basses were copies of renowned Fender and Gibson models, the cheapest being £59, going up to £219 (with case), which is an usually high price for a copy. The choice in this price range is extensive, and once out of it you've got to be prepared to lay down something like £500 for an instrument.

One main exception to this rule is a Fender Music Master that Music City are offering for the comparatively paltry sum of £109. But as you'll discover later, it's not really the bargain it sounds, unless you only want to impress your friends by owning something from the revered house of Fender.

The good copies now on the market, manufactured by Zenta, CMI, Columbus, Ibanez and other foreign firms, shouldn't be viewed with instant disdain. They offer the beginner, the inexpert and even the talented pauper the choice of a reasonable instrument that, for financial reasons, wouldn't otherwise be available.

This statement also takes into consideration the prices of second-hand basses.

A glance at any instruments for sale column will show that the gear is going for at least twice the price of a copy, often a lot more, especially if the piece is in immaculate nick or owned by one careful granny with arthritis.

Also, many of the old and trusty basses are collector's pieces now, with a frighteningly bold price ticket to prove it. Recently Entwistle bought a '61 Jazz bass for about £700 in America. He thought it was a bargain.

Barry Feast reckons copies originally came out eight years ago, one of the first made by the German firm, Hoyer. The Japanese, doubtless sniffing a lucrative market opening, quickly moved in. They now dominate the action across the board, with drums, guitars and basses.

Entwistle unconditionally supports this trend because of its importance to the beginner. He exudes none of the snobbish attitudes that you'd perhaps expect of such a collector.

"When I started," he recalls, "you went to see The Shadows if you wanted to see a Precision, or you popped round to Jennings' and pressed your nose against the window. There were only about three or four Fender Precision basses in the country then.

"Any of these basses," he adds, indicating the copies, "would be great to learn on."

According to Feast the price is not the only advantage. He's found that when delivered from the factory they're usually in a "playable" condition, unlike certain well-known makes. And the Jap models in particular have an excellent after-sales service.

When testing them out yourself it's best to adjust the action, height of the pickup(s) and even swap the strings depending on your own preferences and individual quirks. At least an hour should be spent diddling and doodling on the fret-board and controls.

That's more time than Entwistle had on this test session, but even so he was able to evaluate their quality without too many reservations.

Mind you he has a few personal prejudices, such as a dislike for hand rests, which he says should be offered only as optional extras and *not* standard fittings.

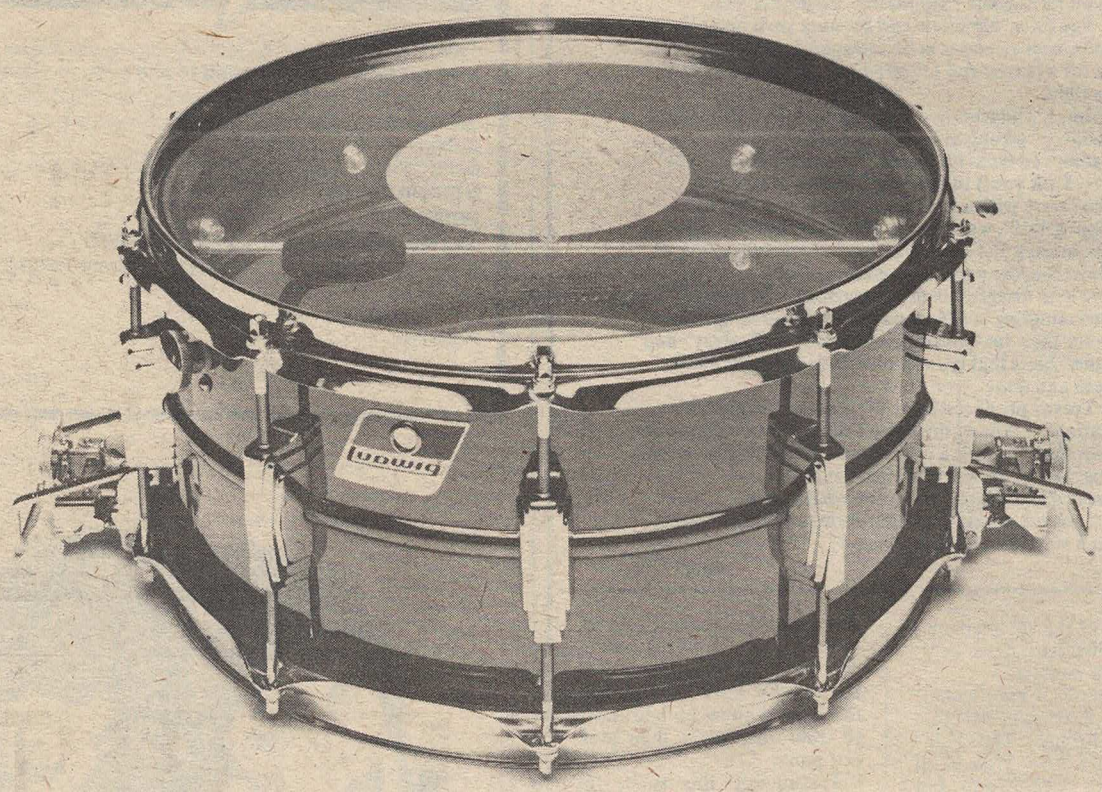
More overt are his feelings towards Rickenbacker basses, of which he isn't fond. And the first copy he tries, a **Strings Ricky** retailing at £169, is quickly disposed of.

"It feels like my Rickenbacker did just before I got rid of it," he comments.

"There are things you can't do on one. For example, you've got a built-in damper on the bridge but you can't actually dampen the strings."

. . . with Strings 'Ricky'. Pic: DENIS O'REGAN.

The next best thing to owning a Ludwig drum kit.



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THE TRADE

JOHN ENTWISTLE settles down with a Zenda. Pic: DENIS O'REGAN.

The tone's fine in dutifully approximating the original. Entwhistle feels there are inherent limitations with the action. The only major difference, apart from the obvious lower quality of materials used, is a thicker neck on the Ricky, presumably for added strength because it only has one truss rod, and a spring on the hand rest.

"They've copied all the bad points and put one in of their own," he laughs.

The Ricky sells at almost £100 more than three other copies, thus relegating it to the bottom of **Entwistle's** shopping list immediately.

The cheapest at £59 is the **Zenta Hondo 11 Precision** bass. Obviously the finish could be better and the pick-up's not very powerful. But the main fault is the bridge — yet for another £21 you could, advises John, replace it with a genuine Precision tailpiece and you'd have even better value for money.

It has a good action, and he's pleased to notice that the neck design is based on the Fender models before they started thickening them. So impressed is he with the all-round performance that he claims, "I've played a lot of new Precision basses and they aren't as good as this one."

The second model from the same company, the **Hondo 11 Jazz Bass** at £74, also receives his approval. As with most Jazz models there's an extra pick-up, but in design the neck falls short because it's based on a Precision, therefore it's slightly wider than normal without appreciably tapering towards the machinehead. As a result the action's slower, to a certain extent defeating its purpose.

Mind you, Entwistle has complained to Gibson about the increasing thickness of their instruments' necks, and they argue that it's a safeguard against warping (a measure of which he's disdainful).

As far as Jazz copies go, the **Columbus** at £11.95 more than the Zenta, is better if only because the neck is the appropriate shape and the finish, within certain limitations, is better.

"If you want someone standing 20 feet away to think you've got a Jazz bass, then this one is obviously a better buy," he remarks for the benefit of the narcissistic among you.

At the top end of the range, for a comparatively astronomic £219 (even if it includes the case), is the **Ibanez Thunderbird.**

Whereas Entwistle's own personal preferences worked against Ricky, here they're in favour of the Ib 'Bird. A few years ago he scoured instrument shops in search of the original Gibson model when he heard they were stopping production. He bought a dozen, only to find a few years later that Gibson began making their own "copies".

Strictly speaking the Ibanez is a copy of a copy . . .

For power it leaves the other copy basses wheezing fitfully. The only differences from the original are that it has a detachable neck and a cheaper-looking finish.

"Gibson," John says, pointing to the £500 plus tag on the real thing, "have got a lot to answer for for making it that much more expensive. The name of course has got a lot to do with it."

Not to mention the craftsmanship and superior quality of material that the name firms bring up as soon as their prices are questioned. But it's apparent from this brief look at the cheap alternatives that there's a lot to be said for the expertise of the copiers.

Unhappily for Fender their own inexpensive bass, the **Music Master,** compares unfavourably. The pick-ups, John decides, "are nothing special", and its faster action doesn't compensate for its short scale.

"It's a lady's bass," he jokes, "Or for somebody who's had their fingers caught in a door."

Surprisingly impressed by the refreshingly illuminating experience of bass slumming, Entwistle concludes, "If you're learning from scratch you *should* buy something like these basses.

"*If* you're actually going to turn professional, *if* you're serious about it and *if* you're *good* at it, then you go on to something better.

"Then you can start experimenting and buying a few more basses. You can also experiment by having basses made for you. I've had quite a few Frankenstein basses made with Precision necks, special bodies and Gibson Thunderbird pick-ups, and they've really worked out well.

"If you want to get the best you have to imagine you're an organ player. He'll go out and spend three or four grand on his equipment. You might as well do the same with bass playing, eventually."

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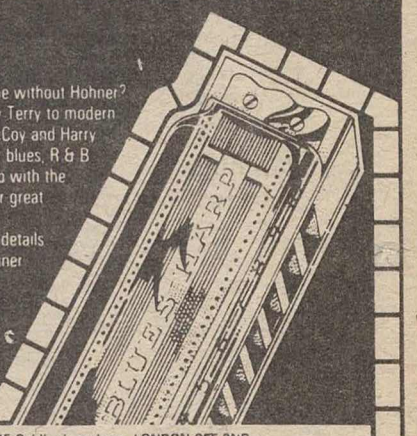

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ON THE TOWN

Elvis Costello and the Attractions

EL MOCAMBO, TORONTO

"HEY, ELVIIIIIS!!!" There's this blonde gumdrop down the front, see, shaking it down in that demure stoned way that hippie girls seem to favour, and she's splitting her throat to scream at the singer in the band every time he prowls in her direction.

"ELVIIIIIS!!! OVER HERE, ELVIS!!!!"

It's the second of two nights at the El Mocambo in Toronto, the last date of Elvis Costello's seven-week tour of the North American continent. El Mocambo is a funky little rock-and-roll dive that got famous when the Stones cut the blues side of "Love You Live" there last year or whenever it was.

Anyway, since then the place has received added emoluments of sheer, unadulterated *glaaamuh* that, thankfully, hasn't disguised the fact El Mocambo is a sweathog of a club that has rock-and-roll dripping out of the walls. One of those places that get explosive any time the band is even halfway decent.

And this is Elvis' last date on the tour, so he and the Attractions are tossing every last iota of energy that they've got left into the pot, chucking in the energy by the handful knowing that after this one they get to rest up all they want . . . until the U.K. tour starts, that is, and then after that there's another international binge and then — woweee, gang — they get all of two weeks off at the end of July and then they go through the whole palaver once again.

But for now they're burning up the last of the fuel and the place is going totally pineapples and . . .

"HERE, ELVIS!!! HEY, ELVIS!!!! OVAH HEEYAAAAAAHH!!!"

And Costello's hanging off his mike stand, brows beetling and eyes bugging behind his cheaters as the Attractions bear down on that menacing descending figure from "Chelsea".

The gumdrop moves in like a tank and, producing a handkerchief from somewhere or other, she begins, with a brutal sweetness reminiscent of an O.D. on golden syrup, to daub the sweat from Costello's brow.

Dab . . . dab . . . dab.

Costello stays rigidly immobile at his mike. Maybe his eyes bulge a little more.

Over by the mixing desk, Jake Riviera takes a heroic plug on his vodka and grapefruit, watches the ongoing wipesies situation and covers his eyes.

"Oh *no*," he moans. "Well over the top, this. Damned bad. You won't mention that, will you?"

"C'mon, Jake," I say. "Would I do a thing like that?"

The hippie girl ceases her ministrations and Costello moves back into the song.

The Attractions are a band of sufficient calibre to allow Costello to do whatever he wants to do — or to hold down the song when Costello's guitar packs up on him, which it's been doing with alarming frequency during the preceding few dates — and still stay on the case.

There's Pete Thomas on the drums, formerly of Chilli Willi And The Red Hot Peppers, John Stewart and The Wilko Johnson Band (though that's a dark little episode indeed), the epitome of cleancut whompin' stompin' powerdrive.

Bruce Thomas — formerly of The Sutherland Brothers and Quiver — plays bass in a manner that enables him to oscillate between the rhythm section and the front line or even occupy both territories simultaneously. He plays a lot like Rick Kemp, with whom he used to compete for sessions and whose salmon-pink Fender Precision bass he plays.

On keyboards is Steve Naive, a 20-year-old drop-out from the Royal College of Music and all-purpose mutant.

He can pick up and learn any style, riff or lick virtually overnight and lose any solid object known to mankind with equal alacrity. He has lost more cigarette lighters on this tour than most people own in a lifetime, and according to tour scuttlebutt he's been knocking down enough pussy these last six weeks to make Warren Beatty or Phil Lynott feel inadequate.

The surreal washes, robotic bleeps and outrageous quotes that he inserts into the music complement Costello's idiosyncratic singing and guitar and the rhythm section's two-fisted power and tigerish agility with almost alarming appropriateness.

What I'm saying is that Mr Costello has himself one screaming lulu of a band, an aggregation worthy of what he puts in front of it; one capable of outpunching most of the competition on their own turf and then moving with almost ludicrous ease into territories where lesser bands would never dare to tread.

It's during the knife-edge riotous finale of "I'm Not Angry" — with virtually the entire population of the club raising their fists and yelling "Ang-greee!!!" along with the band on the trade-offs — that it becomes apparent that the British New Wave has produced an exportable proto-superstar, possibly the most sophisticated British music that Americans and Canucks *et al* can connect with since David Bowie himself.

Costello can reach people who'd never understand The Clash in a million years.

He's capable of getting as big as Elton and Frampton and Fleetwood Mac and The Bee Gees (in case you haven't noticed, it's the Brothers Gibb's turn to be the biggest act in the history of the universe . . . for this month, anyway) without having to compromise his music by one iota. Like Dylan or Bowie or Neil Young.

ANYWAY, time and space wait for no man, and you want to know what the show's like and later for the long-range forecasts, so let's get on the case.

The intensive experience of long-haul touring in the U.S.A. can have several different effects on a band.

It can flat-out exhaust them, make them hate the sight and sound of each other, break 'em on the wheel. It can make them go for the easy option, bludgeoning audiences into submission with volume, trick lighting, crowd-pleasing short-cuts and the boogie truncheon.

Or it can tighten and focus their energy to a fearsome degree and train 'em up into the fittest fighting shape possible, which is what's happened to Elvis and his boys.

On the Stiff tour — which was the last time I saw 'em — they got their heads down and socked the songs to the audience as fast as possible, rushing through the set at a ferociously punky rate of knots that was fashionable and impressive but did the songs something of a disservice.

Also, Costello's belligerent eschewing of the majority of the "My Aim Is True" material meant a shortage of immediate reference points for the audience.

Apart from the enormously powerful theatrical set-piece built around "I'm Not Angry", Costello hardly seemed to notice the audience at all.

That's all changed now.

The current show is a super-tight package of Costello faves old and new — with a hidden masterstroke in the shape and form of an entirely new set of lyrics to "Less Than Zero" written specially for U.S. audiences who misunderstood the original song because they thought that *"Calling Mr Oswald with the swastika tattoo"* referred to Lee Harvey Oswald instead of Sir Oswald Mosley (God, the kind of people who can get a knighthood in this country).

So Elvis took 'em at their word and rewrote the song so that now it *does* refer to ol' Lee, and maaaaaaaaaan, you shoulda seen the faces of all the hip kids were all fired up to sing along when Elvis hit 'em with the new words.

If they get around to it, a live version of the U.S. edition of "Less Than Zero" will be included as a bonus extra B-side on Elvis' next single. I hope they do it.

AND LISTEN, don't worry about success in a U.S. diluting Costello's mordant passion: his singing and picking — and the playing of every member of the band — now rock harder and tougher than ever, a raw nerve striking back.

His performance of "The Beat" is holocaust in microcosm; "Lipstick Vogue" reaches a dervish intensity that leaves you caught up in a sonic whirlpool and staring straight into the awful stillness at the eye of the hurricane and before you can even readjust your ears it segues into a version of "Watching The Detectives" that makes the studio cut sound like The Brotherhood Of Man jamming with The Dooleys after seventeen hours of chasing mandies with meths.

What I mean is it's *good*, Jack.

Bruce Thomas strikes every guitar-hero pose in the book with charming elan while Elvis throws tortured, splay-footed, knock-kneed shapes and makes a Fender Jazzmaster do things that the makers never intended. Naive just does insane keyboard stuff that leaves Ray Manzarek right back at the starting post next to Dave Greenfield.

Something's happening. I don't care what else goes down this year: Elvis Costello and The Attractions are *the* band to watch.

Everybody else is so far behind that they'd have to double their speed just to choke on his dust.

Holocaust in microcosm

Elvis and the Attractions: they love them live in Toronto

Report:
CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

Pix:
CHALKIE DAVIES

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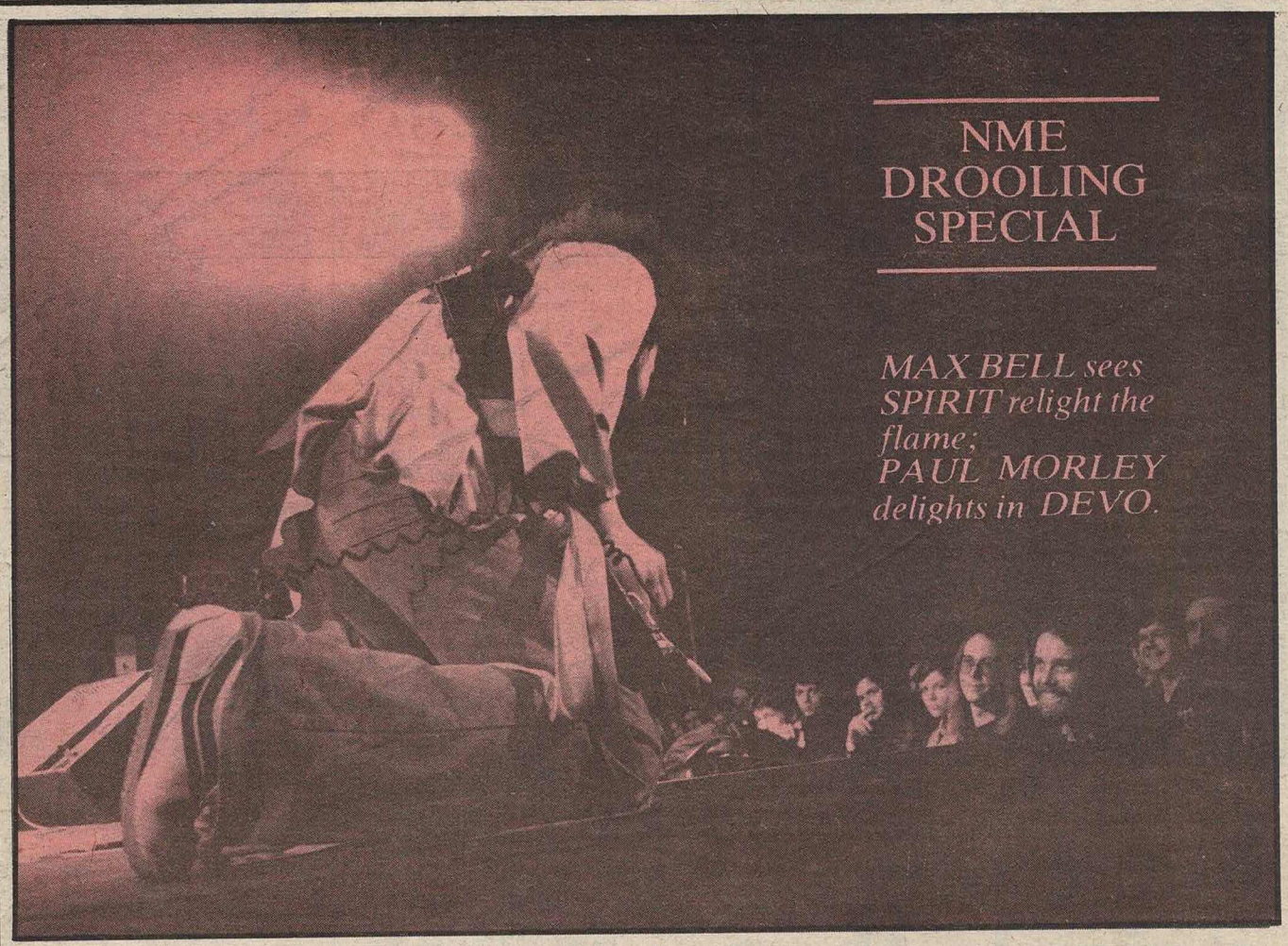


NME DROOLING SPECIAL

MAX BELL sees SPIRIT relight the flame; PAUL MORLEY delights in DEVO.

Spirit

RAINBOW

DO YOU BELIEVE in magic?

Me, I'm still dreaming, lost in the welter of sensory impressions that seeped into the Rainbow the minute Spirit dripped their thing all over the ecstatic faithful.

Truly, not just another rock concert; not even that rare moment when a band and its audience sparks off on the good foot and glides in on some mutual wave of affection.

Certainly no need for the distanced objective view of critical garbanzo because, ladeez and gentlemen, the three nights Randy California, Ed Cassidy and Larry 'Fuzzy' Knight have been given to reinforce their position in England as America's best travelled export will be entered into the annals as definitive displays of craft, energy and the positive vibration some people been telling me was redundant in the late '70s.

In fact, brother, I cannot imagine anyone else, save Jimi Hendrix (more later), being capable of turning on the mood that these three have made custom brand, the very same trio who were stationed on this time coast some four years back when the Randy California Experience was soured by ill-health and a personality breakdown that inspired the legends of a youthful death trip into the Thames.

But history has a tendency to befuddle the appreciation of the here and now. No point dwelling on a glorious past when the present is infinitely more exciting.

Due to the sheer promotional balls of Charmdale and Step Forward Records, Spirit found themselves at short notice hopping off from Germany, taking a risk without financial guarantee, and succeeding to convince that the record industry is more full of shit than the Tokyo sewage system.

Consider that both Epic and Mercury have said goodbye to a band with a track record that is 100% unimpeachable.

For the record, Spirit played a full two-hour set, drawing on material from their commercial golden age through to the initial restatement of intent, "Spirit Of '76".

With a range of possibilities that encompasses "Dr Sardonicus" and a body of class honed '60s seminalism, it was unlikely that the songs would fall short.

What is more significant is that California's guitar virtuosity, his sense of colouration, the ease with which he finds the lost chord and, above all, his ethereally haunting voice make him and his comrades guardians of a very special flame.

For once, a major London venue managed to strike that balance between power and intimacy which is usually only locatable in a smaller hall. Even the sound quality was perfect.

A slow geared opener like "Electro Jam" set the tone, luscious sonic waves of uninterrupted good karma. What Spirit give out they get back and they offer nothing but good.

"Mr Skin" made their bed in the heart of the nation, "Nature's Way" still held the pulse rate on the simple facts of life.

In terms of rock and roll's maturation Spirit's contribution has been manifestly important.

"Sardonicus" is the summation of the best the last decade has to offer and it is from there that California trails his message sweet and clear.

It's no accident that he has stuck with arguably the crowning corpus of a ten-year hunting ground. His interpretations of Dylan/Hendrix masterpieces like "Hey Joe", "All Along The Watchtower", "Stone Free" and "Like A Rolling Stone" are the proof of the highest artistic empathy in a field where I know a careless comparison would be irresponsible.

Confronted with the evidence it is clear that California deserves and warrants the praise which will be his after this venture.

Aside from the Fender Stratocaster 'Byrds and Jimi Hendrix in the same song' side there are new songs of assured merit. "Love Charged" says bye-bye to the competition guitar heroes who developed their nasal intake while California was sunning his mentor's genius in Hawaii.

A new home for Spirit takes them back to Los Angeles — "Hollywood Dream" and "Lookin' Down From A Mountain" scorching a Hendrix-styled fretboard and making the pedals play in synch with the gorgeous harmonies, not as reincarnation or homage but understanding (remember that Jimi and California made their New York debuts together twelve years ago).

Since then Spirit have developed under the Kaptain Kopter aegis but the bad trips of "Downer" are now the fruits of progression — Knight's power rock bass and Cass's jazz-influenced skin heat are the perfect foils to the grace of a wizard.

California has a personality to match his talent. Teeth pick guitar, the genuine euphoria of his stage dance, the headband and the uncanny afro profile were all eclipsed by his togetherness with the people.

At one point he left the boards and soloed into the stalls. Look he is not an icon, he is a real person. Real enough to touch and talk to, maybe outrageous but never ego bound.

During "It's All The Same", before the legendary Cass drum outing with the massive bass boom and the hand-to-drum combat (not all drum solos are boring y'know), California gave an ardent female admirer mouth-to-mouth resuscitation.

Hendrix too had the sexuality of animal will; this boy is communicating in the same ring.

At the end of the concert the band duly informed the audience of their hotel's whereabouts and invited them down. 200 took up the invitation. Spirit are all about bringing their music off the business rails and solidifying the union of artist to fan.

In a period when the rising hierarchy are anxious to expunge the stigma of superior stardom (quite rightly so), Spirit are an object lesson in pursuing a sincere belief.

'60s terminology and attitudes have become regrettably unfashionable of late; California, Cassidy and Knight showed us this need not be so. Their concerts were wonderful. Righteous and uplifting experiences.

Spirit has the power, they constantly delight. They got a line on you. Use it to expand your mind.

Le Spirit, le tout ensemble

Spirit pix: JILL FURMANOVSKY (above); PAUL SLATTERY (left). Devo pic: DENIS O'REGAN

Devo

MANCHESTER FREE TRADE HALL

SUDDENLY . . . . .

Devo!

A combination of small things . . . can it really be that just two, albeit enticing and unnatural, obscure and expensive import singles, a few columns of unfulfilling, confused music press journalism, a curious collection of dumb photographs, and the professed interest of Bowie, Eno and Iggy can create such a cult?

Are we really so constantly hungry for 'newness' . . .?

Or do we (chuckle) subconsciously recognise something distinctive and proper within this band's apparently firm 'de-evolution' theories.

"Not want to walk on all fours. That is the law. ARE WE NOT MEN? . . . .

"De-evolution: the proposal that you can go up by going down, forward by pushing back, attain the more complex by attempting the most simple."

What Devo have done is create a visionary, compact and unique theory that, despite its cryptic elements, indulgences and contradictory features, is positive, active and emphatically anti-apathetic.

And . . . . to quote a 'devotee', Bob Lewis, "few, if any, music critics, executives, agents, bookers, whatever — possess the education or the information to evaluate or manipulate this beast".

So when Devo dictate the concept into a musical form ("the amalgamation of a sociological phrase and a time signature"), it's not specifically concerned with easing the theory, making it more accessible, but with solidifying rock forms; destroying past rock insipidity and boring components; producing rock music away from any corporate identity; in fact almost parodying past ill-formed propaganda.

And within Devo's limitations and 'conditions' there is no chance of them being corrupted by the business *(Oh no? — cynical Ed.)*.

No-one understands them. They are virtually unsuppressable. They produce heady speculative rock music that uses an uncontrollable theory to keep the vultures at bay.

Live, and to some extent on record, Devo has to work on two levels; as rock'n'roll and as The Beast. They must co-exist.

At the Free Trade Hall what they seemed to achieve was a performance of rock'n'roll that, through its odd dramatic visual effects, tentative choreography, hectic body activity and stiff communication, left a definitive whiff of the unusual.

It wasn't just a performance, it had the edge of something greater. It was a strange, surreal 40 minutes of the barely familiar.

The performance commenced with a provocative showing of their disquieting, fragmented 16mm colour movie *In The Beginning Was The End: The Truth About De-evolution.*

It's a ten minute swift, disturbing juxtaposition of images, dialogue, dance and music. It's funny and confusing, its designs blurred.

DEVO MOBILISE on stage as the credits roll (such jargon!)

They begin with their intriguing rework of "Satisfaction", immediately establishing any necessary links with rock culture.

It is far harsher and more epileptic than their version on record, the two guitars of Bob Mothersbaugh and Bob Casale creating a sharp, crystalline texture, with Jerry Casale (bass) and Alan Myers (drums), an urgent rhythm section.

Mark Mothersbaugh's voice is totally individual, its phrasing working directly against the instrumentation for effective disorientation.

They played stuff that I was aware of from the live tape that circulated a while back, and initially started the buzz.

Lyrically dumb and primal — often call-and-response — the music utilises recognisable rock riffs, ever so slightly corrugated, and primitive, almost tribal, rhythmic structures that twist and turn, upsetting odd bursts of synthesiser sound.

They are intellectuals toying with simplicity and regurgitating complex deep music, aware of traditional values but concerned with innovation.

Of course, understanding and appreciating the full significance of the music was not necessary to enjoy and admire it; in fact, attempting such was a downright hindrance.

What each Devo performance aims to do is to highlight the several incarnations of de-evolution — The Smart Patrol (the workers?), ape-men (caricatures of the de-evolution formula), the appearance of Boogie Boy, the infantile spirit of de-evolution, the baby with the capacity to understand all.

It was difficult to discern whether their British performance dealt with this.

The only uniform changes (they deal with over-the-top uniformity to draw attention to the absurdity of rock's reliance on uniforms while simultaneously denying their necessity) took them from baggy yellow overalls to silly vests and shorts (deliberately humorous).

Their onstage antics were largely constant — peculiar, stiffly robotic ape dances and jigs. They never smiled.

IN THEIR yellow overalls they looked as if they'd done naughties in nappies, and their antics exaggerated the immature and retarded.

To virgin onlookers and listeners they were simply a bizarre, eccentric quintet playing a contagious brand of vastly entertaining modern music.

For the encore they added a final twist.

The hard riffs and twitchy rhythms had attracted a gang of prospective headbangers to the front of the hall, but Devo merely lined up, straight backed, in respect for some sort of taped anthem. They saluted.

"Goodnight. We hope you are Devo too".

While probably confusing many, Devo proved that they are something special.

What must be remembered is that the band are as much a joke and a backlash as they are serious. They innovate (by looking backwards). They are fun (by being immature).

A Devo divests.

Bethnal
SHEFFIELD POLYTECHNIC

ON PAPER, Bethnal look like an interesting prospect: working-class and multi-racial, fairly unorthodox instrumentation and with some claim to musical isolation, avowedly "on a wave of their own" despite a thorough rinse in the radical chic of punk.

On stage, it's a different matter altogether.

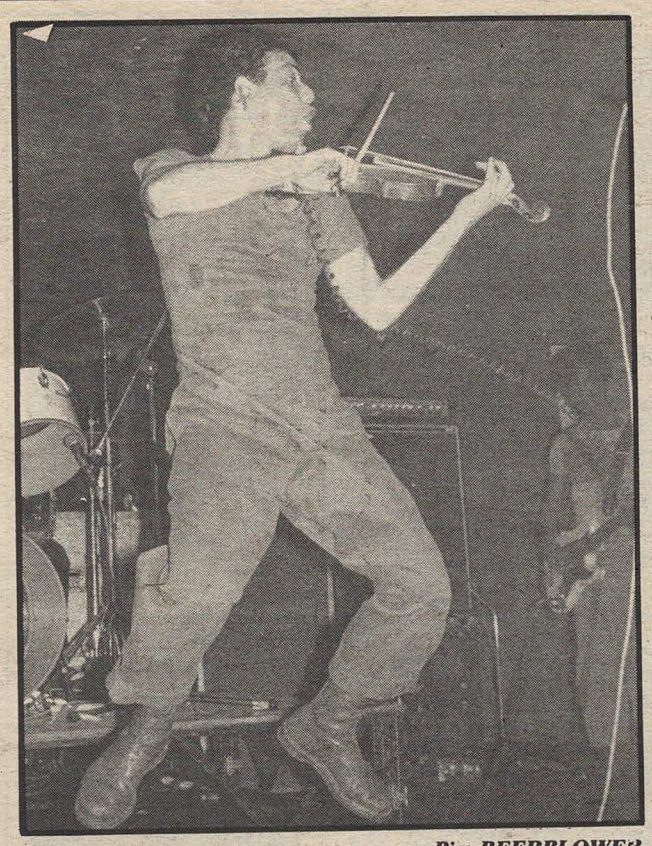
George Csapo (lead vocals, electric violin, keyboards), Nick Michaels (guitar, vocals), Everton Williams (bass, vocals) and Peter Dowling (drums, vocals) are the constituent elements of Bethnal, although the latter three on their own would merit little more than a cursory nod; Csapo provides the band with its musical identity, lock, stock and barrel.

The opener, "Soldier Boy", is typical: until Csapo contributes some electric violin, it's just another loud identipunk thrash. With Csapo's assistance, it becomes a loud identipunk thrash with added wailing.

In fairness, it must be said that occasionally, as on "Dangerous Times", the title-track of their first album, Bethnal achieve a fairly pleasing density of sound, although they hardly ever come up with even a few bars of what could be called "memorable" melody, and they rarely escape the limitations of their pedestrian rhythms.

Presumably intended as a nod in the direction of Bartok's predilection for Balkan folk-musics, "Bartok" begins promisingly, Csapo hammering piano eights against a backdrop of *le style punk*, but slows down towards the end, Csapo taking to the violin to do one of those accelerating folk-dance things East of Eden used to bore us all with a few years ago.

Their version of "Baba O'Reilly", although pleasingly



BETHNAL'S George Csapo. *Pic: BEERBLOWER*

More of a ripple than a wave?

performed, begs the question. What value, if any, has a pretty faithful reproduction?

During "Out In The Street", there's a mass exodus as news of an NF rumble seeps through the audience (the gig's an R.A.R. job). Those of you interested in coincidences may be pleased to hear that this was followed by "We Gotta Get Out Of This Place" and "The Outcome", the latter a tale about opposing sides in a confrontation situation. That so many could find the prospect of violence more interstring than the remainder of Bethnal's set is, I believe, a pretty fair comment on the gig.

"On a wave of their own", huh? Seems like it broke way out at sea and left the lads floundering in the middle of nowhere.

The Push are a local band formed around the aspirations of vocalist Charlie Partis, a professional actor turned would-be rock star with a rather stylised idea of how rock stars behave.

Their music is strictly R B-based rock, (with a reasonable white reggae number thrown in for good measure), with which the rhythm section of Jerry E. Meek (bass) and Tag (drums) cope more than adequately.

Guitarist Dave Carr, however, forced into a Wilko role of combining lead and rhythm guitars, shows the strain, often soloing too loudly or too hurriedly, especially on the aforementioned reggae song.

The Push's two best songs — "Maureen" and "The Cambridge Stomp"— are both spoilt, to some extent, by Paris's habit of coyly enunciating the parts of each song which cry out to be roared. Despite that, they're both good, commercial propositions.

Their main faults, besides Carr's occasional stumbles into deep water, are a rather limited overall approach — there's no attempt made to try anything out of the ordinary — and Paris's enthusiastic attempts to get the audience's collective back up.

I know for a fact that Paris can be *naturally* magnetic onstage if he wants to be — I've seen him act — and it's annoying to see him ignore that gift in pursuit of a more acceptable, tried and tested "snooty" approach.

Misgivings aside, there's no denying that they provided the only real moments of joy in an otherwise painful evening, with a fraction of the fuss and palaver surrounding Bethnal.

Andy Gill

The Stukas
The Look
The Monos
Ekoes

PEGASUS, STOKE NEWINGTON

'BEAT NIGHT'. Youth club atmosphere, Beatles records, and four (count 'em) powerpop groups churning out disturbingly similar sets of energetic, zappy, (cont. P.94).

Strangely, it was like watching four stages in the development of the same group, starting with amateurish lack of confidence 'n' good songs (Ekoes), better pacing and presentation (Mones), 'we're gonna Make It, so watch out' (The Look), and 'we've made it, but what next?' (The Stukas).

Ekoes played a futile set of forgettable 'pop' numbers. They're young, with time to improve but it was like watching a rehearsal of a band who, as yet, have nothing to offer.

The Monos were more interesting, playing 'commercial ditties' with titles like "French Kiss".

Occasionally dynamic, they broke no new ground, coming across as loud musical wallpaper.

The Look played tight, riffy, melodic songs, the subject matter of two of which had featured in numbers I saw Tonight perform a few weeks back.

Powerpop incest aside, this appealing four-piece have some good material, especially "My Little Book" and "Identikit".

They've taken care with song structures, which, coupled with well chanelled energy, made them entertaining and impressive. A charismatic singer — corny guitar solos — they'd have been huge in '66!

Starting with "Kleen Livin' Kids", The Stukas charged through an enjoyable pop set, their strong R&B debt allowing them to deal with mundane topics (e.g. "Refrigerator"), without sounding dull.

Vocalist Paul Brown (looking less bored, lately), remains as static as ever, belting out the numbers in his strong, emotionless voice, while 'pretend moron' guitarist Raggy Lewis slithers around, his 'act' having lost its freshness, and verging on the contrived.

Some MONOS. *Pic: GEORGE BODNAR*

Mick Smithers plays raunchy, fluid lead runs — the powerdrive rhythm section of John Mackie (drums), and Kevin Allen (bass), cranking the sound up to Ultimate Excitement Level.

Not all the quality lies in The Beat, however. The lyrics (especially "I Like Sport") have a wry touch redolent of Early Kinks.

Stukas are fun: see them once.

Martin Maylin

June Tabor
LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS

IT WAS good to see June Tabor moving about the LSE's compact stage recently, the only London date of her short tour; she's a very tasty lady, swathed, on this occasion, in a fetching black ensemble, looking like every Cossack's ideal of a bit of ninotchka in the back of his troika.

She's an accomplished interpreter of traditional songs, and possessed with a voice of pristine beauty.

Her vocal style is powerful and assertive, and her presence on stage compelling (but take a bow Martin Simpson, guitar, and keyboard wizard Jon Gillaspie).

It's on the unaccompanied traditional material, though, that she excels, hands defiantly on hips, as she cuts and weaves around the songs, stamping her unique style on each one.

She chose an admirable selection from her two Topic albums, the haunting "Lisbon" (which she described as "a sort of Peninsular War 'Stand By Your Man' "), "Streets of Forbes", "Earl of Arboyne", John Tams' "Pull Down Lads" and Bill Caddick's enchanting "Unicorns".

But she saved the best till last, two songs from the pen of the enigmatic Eric Bogle, the moving "Now I'm Easy" and the breathtaking "No Man's Land", which I swear is the most poignant and potent anti-war song I've ever heard.

Her delivery of such lines as *"The countless white crosses in mute witness stand/To man's blind indifference to his fellow man"* was stunning.

She quite rightly, but nonetheless elegantly, refused further encores after that, despite vehement exhortation, as the mood she created on "No Man's Land" could never have been improved upon.

If it was only for her efforts in bringing Eric Bogle recognition as a writer of supreme talent, she should be eternally thanked, but June Tabor has a great deal more going for her.

She's a talent we should be grateful for, and nurture carefully. **Patrick Humphries**

The Roll-ups
GREYHOUND, FULHAM

THE WEIRD structure of The Greyhound makes it difficult for a band to win the full attention of an audience. The Only Ones failed. So did The Last Days Of Earth. But the Roll-Ups made it.

They play concise, punchy songs, combining the insistent bop of Ian Dury with the style and drive of Mott The Hoople. To hear it is to hum it. And as with all the best songs, just when you think you've heard it all, some new twist makes you break out in an appreciative smile.

If Powerpop is going to be any more than a passing whim of the media, it's gonna need this band to give it substance.

The Roll-Ups (a meshuggenah name, but there you go) formed eight months ago, but they sound more mature. They're led by Lea Hart, who plays guitar and sings (despite laryngitis). He's like a kid, attacking his songs bright-eyed and tongue lolling.

Jeff Peters (I hope you're making a note of these names) plays tasty bass, never smartassed.

These two provide the main visual interest, though Paul Airey (keyboards) and Ricky Andreo (drums) attract attention through skilful and exuberant playing. It's a long time since I've seen a band who enjoyed their music that much. Maybe sneering was last year's thing.

They need two things. One: to occasionally shift the instrumental interest from guitar to keyboards. And, two: to have Nick Lowe producing (he'd love 'em). **Mark Bastable**

Warren Harry
CHELMSFORD

WARREN Harry looks and sings like Steve Harley, waves his arms about like Leo Sayer, pours beer over his head, runs frantically on the spot, and goes into the audience to threaten hecklers personally.

Warren Harry is a novelty act that's not quite a novelty, though the weirdness of his performance is *almost* compelling.

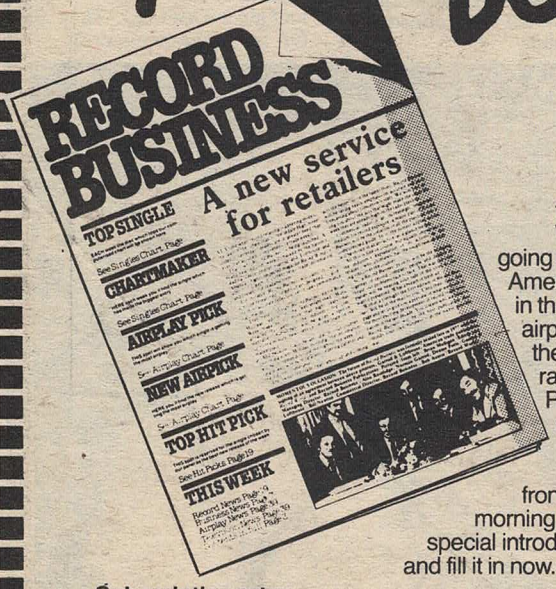
Warren sings jokey little songs like "I Am A Radio" and "I Want To Be In The *NME*". *(Flattery might just get you that far, Warren).*

His band features a bass player in warpaint and a Maori headdress, and a keyboard player who does neat Ray Manzarek impressions.

Warren Harry leads a nice entertaining club act. In a stadium, or even a concert hall, he might be less fun.

Bob Edmands

Need it? You better believe it.



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Cliff Richard & The Shadows

LONDON PALLADIUM

ONE OF the more memorable disappointments of my childhood was Cliff and The Shadows pulling out of a Great Yarmouth gig for which I'd been bought a ticket.

On Monday, February 27 — the first time Richard & The Shadows had performed together for ten years — I finally got to see Cliff, on the very same stage where I had naively believed that the five of them appeared almost weekly, when *Sunday Night At The London Palladium* seemed as much a British television institution as *Crossroads* is now.

And even all those years of Cliff as family entertainer aren't enough to dispel a distinct lump in the throat as those famous curtains unfurl and quicker than you can say "MOR", Cliff and The Shadows launch in to "The Young Ones", the title cut of Richard's first movie.

Hank Marvin's guitar lines resound clean and limber around Richard's voice — pure and nasal, though not as nasal as it was once.

In contrast to The Shadows' bow-ties, Cliff plumps for 'the casual look', contrasting slacks and 'leisure jacket'. Marvin, stage right and beaming perpetually, has one humdinger of a jacket. Sequinned velvet. Or something of that sort.

"Do You Wanna Dance" follows. The Shadows, augmented by Alan Jones (bass) and Cliff Hall (keyboards), look like they're having a whale of a time, and, as the subsequent 'solo' numbers prove, still have a sense of commitment.

While there's no doubt that what is about to unfold is show business rather than rock-'n'roll, The Shadows, for the most part, transcend the genre's crasser associations. One gets the feeling that if even now they were transported to some seedy rock dive they'd have no trouble in winning over the crowd.

They are professional without being calculating or perfunctory and that's no mean achievement considering how long they've been around. "The Sex Pistols of 1958" is how good-natured Hank puts it.

Cliff does a third song ("Devil Woman") before giving the stage over to "my backing band".

My only criticism of the act, which takes up the rest of the first half, is that there's not enough of the old well-known material.

There's "Apache", sounding as infectious as ever, "Wonderful Land" and "Atlantis", but no "FB1", "The Savage", "Foot Tapper" or several others.

Also, their only vocal, their Eurovision Song Contest entry "Let Me Be The One" should have been elbowed.

Time hasn't got the better of The Shadows' looks, but then Hank B. Marvin never looked like a teen-idol.

Only drummer Brian Bennett, the group's second drummer (joining after Tony Meehan's departure) looks on the verge of middle-age. At a distance he resembles Charlie Drake. Plays well, though, even if a Shadows' drum solo is no better than anyone else's.

They joke constantly about their age and it's difficult not to find their self-deprecating sense of humour endearing despite its predictability, the slightly tense-looking Bruce Welch acting as the fall guy for Marvin's 'insults'.

Of course the foot-walks are intact, the group only narrowly escaping self-parody during a high-kicking workout in "Apache".

Surprisingly enough, when 'their singer' re-appears to open the second half it's not Cliff Richard backed by The Shadows.

Surely it would have been better, as well as natural, for The Shadows to have had all the first set to themselves and the second set devoted to Cliff and The Shadows?

Unlike Elvis, Cliff isn't a pathetic figure as he nears middle age. Viewed on its own terms the Palladium show is, of course, a success; but even when backed by his former colleagues, Richard offered no indication that he was the erstwhile object of much teen adoration.

Really, it was stupid to expect more. **Steve Clarke**

Darling, we're the Old Ones . . .

with The Shadows, but his own band, a rather uncomfortable-looking bunch replete with three guitarists, two drummers and three back-up singers.

Cliff's all in white (naturally). He wiggles his hips a lot and makes the most of his tight-fitting white flares.

As time goes on, his visual antics become more and more embarrassing. They're mannered and self-conscious, his asexual ambiance akin to that of, I suppose, The Osmonds.

The ratio of oldies to newer songs is in the latter's favour. Only the teenage pop of "Please Don't Tease" harks back to the vintage years.

The band's arrangements are rather obvious and there's no reason why he couldn't have done the whole show with The Shadows. Wasn't that what most of the audience was expecting?

Richard is certainly a better performer with The Shadows, although when they return to back him on his first hit "Move It" (a classic record) it's impossible to take him seriously; of course, Cliff the rock-'n'roller vanished years ago, despite the sentiments he expresses later in one of a handful of numbers that touch on the singer's religious beliefs, "Why Should The Devil Have All The Good Music?"

A mid-tempo acoustic version of Presley's "All Shook Up", Marvin and Welch sitting in with Cliff, is absurd in that he totally eradicates the meaning of the lyric.

Richard's voice doesn't have the edge that it once possessed — perhaps something to do with a lack of any real energy in his performance.

Of course, the audience lapped it all up, apparently unperturbed that only half of the show was given over to

Whirlwind Levi and the Rockats

100 CLUB

IF ROCKABILLY is to be a musical force to be reckoned with in coming months, then last Tuesday night at the 100 club should have been the ideal showcase for the capital's two leading teen Rockabilly combos.

The gig never approached anything like the triumphant assertion of the early "punk nights" on that hallowed stage, but an indefinable buzz was in the air.

The feeling you get when you know that something is happening and you want to know just what it is.

And while it's clear that both bands still have a long way to go — particularly the Rockats — the evening was a landmark of sorts as the first time the two bands had played on the same bill.

For the Rockats it is only the fifth gig, and the club is still filling as they drift onstage. They look exceptionally young, and have only been together a few months. A short, hesitant set gets little feedback from a 50/50 ted/punk audience.

Young Levi's stage gyrations are Eddie and Elvis to a tee, no doubt the result of all those hours spent in front of the bedroom mirror, but when it comes to the crunch musically there's not much there yet.

But with time — and manager Leee Black Childers — on their side they are worth looking out for.

Whirlwind are different. After a few hundred gigs, they sure as hell are professional.

Unlike the Rockats, not a bum note is heard, and their set is well paced with a couple of teen ballads thrown in between the more up-tempo numbers.

But it wasn't until the last few songs in the set — all from the album, including the self-written "Torn Apart" and "Rockin Daddy" — that they really caught alight. And then they really rocked.

Their original drummer, Phil Hardy, has been replaced by a heavier, less authentic percussionist, and the loss of the former's backing vocals throws too much of the vocal weight on singer/guitarist Nigel Dixon.

It's still too early for conclusive judgement of either band, but for the time being more gigs like this one are needed, and the 100 club is an ideal venue (Ron Watts take note). They need the chance to grow.

Adrian Thrills

The Tyla Gang

Marquee

I'VE SEEN The Tyla Gang twice in three weeks, I've spun the "Yatchless" album a few times too many and I now feel qualified to tell you that they bore me rigid.

How anyone can find the brand of heavy-handed grinding rock'n'roll the least bit exciting remains a mystery to me.

Ignoring the inexcusably dire lyrics of American 'street' pretensions, the songs themselves are all potentially great rockers. Yet any vitality they might have had was speedily steam-rollered into the floor by Sean Tyla's gravelly vocal tones, and not exactly helped by his manic lumberings around the stage with furrowed brow.

The set ploughed along with such numbers as "The Young Lords", and "It's Gonna Rain", and featured some nice slide guitar work, and a large amount of powerless and uninspired running.

By the time they slid into such better-known stompers as "Don't Shift A Gear" and "Hurricane", the whole show began to resemble a late-60s boogie revival night, but with none of the flair and excitement. (Come back Canned Heat, (all is forgiven).

It's not the idea of their music I object to. I can't get enough of straight, solid rock-'n'roll, and I'll gladly knock back pints of ale to Keith Richard rhythm chords all night. It's just Tyla's listless approach that really drives me spare.

I feel that, although his presence completely controls the band, without him The Tyla Gang wouldn't appear quite so much to waddle like some arthritic dinosaur from the realms of Stone Age Rock.

Mark Ellen

The Vipers

GOLDEN LION, FULHAM

NAME CONFUSION: this lot have nothing to do with the Irish punk band of the same name.

These Vipers are, basically, an R&B band, and this was their first gig, although the four of them have played in bands before — which shows. None of them are extraordinary musicians, but bassist Gary Fletcher, playing a conventionally strung bass left-handed, perpetrated one or two impressive runs.

As a band they play average R&B More than averagely well. Personally, I coulda done with a little less harp, (I can't stand mouth organs. Freudian hang-up).

More fundamentally, two inter-related questions have to be asked. For a kick-off, is the cosmos in need of another R&B band? Search me; it's a branch of rock which tends to be an influence rather than a self-justifying style.

Secondly, even if another R&B band is vital to the survival of the human race, will said band be allowed to flourish despite their *facial hair,* (gasp) and the quite lengthy guitar solos that are a necessary part of their set?

This band has potential but they gotta be careful. If they don't slightly change their approach, they'll be slogging it round pubs forever.

P.S. Album title: "Vindscreen"? Heehee . . .

Mark Bastable

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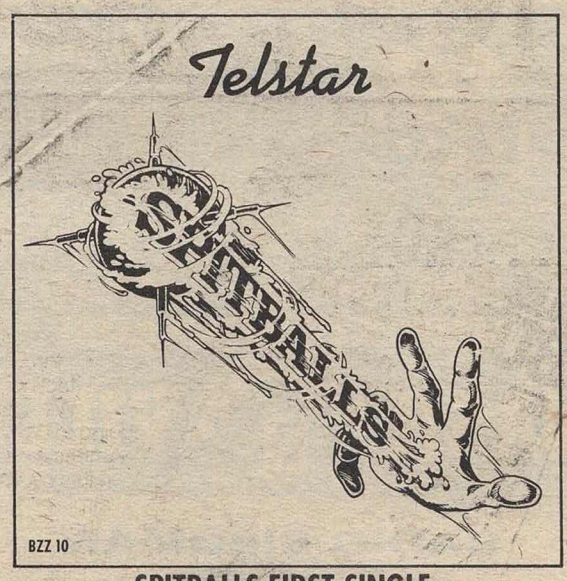

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BASILDON Double Six: THE ROLL-UPS
BATH Brillig Arts Centre: SURPRISE SISTERS
BEDFORD Cranfield Institute: ARBRE/SCREENS
BILSTON Borough Arms: EAZIE
BIRKENHEAD Mr Digby's: PENETRATION
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: SHOOP SHOOP
BIRMINGHAM The Jug: DADA
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BLACKBURN Cavendish Club: JOHNNY NASH (for three days)
BRIGHTON Conference Centre: SHIRLEY BASSEY/NEW SEEKERS
BRIGHTON Polytechnic: WOUNDED JOHN SCOTT CREE
BRIGHTON Richmond Hotel: JIVE BUREAUX
BRISTOL Crockers:GRAPEVINE
BRISTOL Granary: GRAND HOTEL
BRISTOL Tiffany's: MOTORHEAD
BROMSGROVE The Engine House: ACKER BILK BAND
BURY ST. EDMUNDS Theatre Royal: JULIE FELIX
CHATHAM British Legion: ROGER THE CAT
CREWE Alsager College: MUSCLES
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: CHRIS DE BURGH/PHILLIP GOODHAND-TAIT
DERBY Penine Hotel: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
DONCASTER Outlook Club: WAYNE COUNTY & THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS
DUBLIN National Stadium: GALLAGHER & LYLE
DUBLIN Stella Cinema: ELVIS COSTELLO & THE ATTRACTIONS
DURHAM Coach & Eight: CROSSWYND
EAST DEREHAM Sunshine Rooms: RUBY JOE
EXETER Groucho's: UNCLE PO
GT. YARMOUTH Chicago Club: THE NEEDLES
HARTLEPOOL Rovers Quoits Club: SON OF A BITCH
HAVANT Black Dog: COLIN SCOTT
HIGH WYCOMBE Nag's Head: WHIRLWIND
IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre: THE DARTS
LANCASTER No. 12 Club: GYGAFO
LANCASTER University: THE BUZZCOCKS/ THE SLITS
LEEDS Compton Arms: BEANO
LEEDS 'F' Club: THE MEKONS
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: ORPHAN
LEEDS Polytechnic: WRECKLESS ERIC
LEEDS Roots Club: 999
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: JOHN MILES BAND/ JOHNNY COUGAR
LEICESTER Phoenix Theatre: JET OVERCOAT'S WILDEBEESTE/STEAM HEAT
LIVERPOOL Eric's: THOSE NAUGHTY LUMPS
LIVERPOOL University: JOHN RENBOURN/STEPHAN GROSSMAN/DAVEY GRAHAM/DUCK BAKER
LONON Alexandra Palace: SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES/REGGAE REGULARS
LONDON BATTERSEA Arts Centre: MUVVERS PRIDE
LONDON BRENTFORD Red Lion: PIN-UPS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SCARECROW
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: RADIATORS FROM SPACE
LONDON CAMDEN Dublin Castle: EARTH TRANSIT
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: ADAM & THE ANTS
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: THE VIPERS
LONDON CAVENDISH SQ. The Phoenix: MEAN STREET
LONDON CHARING X RD. St. Martin's School of Art: EXZIBITOR
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: ALFALPHA/J. J. JAMESON
LONDON DEPTFORD Albany Empire: NICK NASTY BAND
LONDON EUSTON Camden Centre: STORMY SIX/REDBRASS
LONDON EPPING Centre Point: COCK SPARRER
LONDON FOREST GATE Freemasons Tavern: KESTRAL
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: SCREENS
LONDON FULHAM Town Hall: OTIS WAYGOOD BAND
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Folk Centre: JOHNNY SILVO
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Lion: THE YOUNG ONES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Rutland: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: DOLL BY DOLL
LONDON KENSINGTON de Villiers Wine Bar: GOLD DUST TWINS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: RADIO BIRDMAN
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LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: MATCHBOX/TIME LORDS
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LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: RIFF RAFF
LONDON STRAND Lyceum: EDDIE & THE HOT RODS/RADIO STARS/SQUEEZE
LONDON TOTTING The Castle: THE HEARTDROPS
LONDON University: STEPASIDE
LONDON WARDOUR ST. Crackers: HEAD OVER HEELS
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: PRAYING MANTIS
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: LEE FARDON
MANCHESTER Rafters: GENERATION X/BLTIZKRIEG BOP
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: THE PLEASERS
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT
NEWCASTLE City Hall: HOT CHOCOLATE
NORWICH Arts Centre: THE GRAFFITI SHOW
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellows: TEST TUBE BABIES
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
NOTTINGHAM Sand Piper: THE VIBRATORS
OXFORD The Alma: BACK ALLEY PRINCES
PENZANCE The Garden: WIRE
PETERBOROUGH The Dolphin: TRAPEZE
PLYMOUTH Metro: ADVERTISING
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: GORDAN GILTRAP
PORT TALBOT Troubadour: THE BOYS
POYNTON Folk Centre: BERT JANSCH
READING Bones Club: THE DEPRESSIONS
SALISBURY St. Edmunds Arts Centre: ALEX ATTERSON
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: DEAF SCHOOL
STANTON HILL Victoria Hotel: RACE AGAINST TIME
ST. AUSTELL Classic Cinema: PAM AYERS
STOKE Golden Hill British Legion: KEITH MANIFOLD
SUTTON Red Lion: MARTIN CARTHY
SWANSEA Circles Club: THE SAINTS
UTTOXETER Dentstone College: THE STUKAS
WAKEFIELD Theatre Club: SHOWADDYWADDY (for three days)
WAKEFIELD Unity Hall: TONIGHT/THE SNEAKERS
WARRINGTON Padgate College: SOUL DIRECTION
WIGAN Casino: ENGLAND
WOLVERHAMPTON Albion Hotel: MIKE ELLIOTT
WREXHAM Aston College: SKRATCH

Friday

ASHFORD Brookfield Hall: GLOBE ROAD SHOW
ASHFORD Kempton Manor: J.A.L.N. BAND
BAGSHOT Pantiles Club: GONZALEZ
BASINGSTOKE Technical College: DAVID COVERDALE BAND
BELFAST Ulster Hall: ELVIS COSTELLO AND THE ATTRACTIONS
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: SUBURBAN STUDS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: ROSES
BIRMINGHAM Edgbaston Bell and Pump: MIKE ELLIOTT
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: BILLY JOEL
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BOGNOR Ocean Bars: STALLION
BOLTON Institute of Technology: ARBRE
BRADFORD Star Hotel: HEBRIC
BRADFORD University: GYGAFO
BRIGHTON New Regent: THE VIBRATORS
BRISTOL University: JOHN RENBOURN/STEFAN GROSSMAN/DAVEY GRAHAM/DUCK BAKER
CAERNARVON Trinity College: SURPRISE SISTERS
CARMARTHEN Civic Hall: BLACK GORILLA
CARDIFF Institute of Higher Education: LITTLE BOB STORY
CHATHAM Tam O'Shanter: WARM JETS
COLWYN BAY The Pier: THE ACCELERATORS
COVENTRY Ryton Bridge: RENO
CRADLEY HEATH Haden Hill Leisure Centre: STILL/CRYER/STORMRIDER
CRAWLEY Technical College: GENO WASHINGTON BAND
DERBY King's Hall: GENERATION X
DUNDEE Technical College: NO DICE
EASINGTON Village Club: SON OF A BITCH
EASTBOURNE The Archery: BAND WITH NO NAME
EDINBURGH Clouds: 999
EDINBURGH Heriot Watt University: THE MOVIES
EGHAM Royal Holloway College: DEAF SCHOOL
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: HOT CHOCOLATE
HAMILTON Bell College: IGNATZ
HEYWOOD Seven Stars: DAGABAND
HORNCHURCH Robert Beard Youth Centre: JEBB AVENUE
IPSWICH Civic College: GYPP
IPSWICH Royal William: DIAMOND LIL
KINGSTON College of Education: EXZIBITOR
LEEDS Grobs Wine Bar: SPYDER BLUES BAND
LEEDS University: PREACHERS DREAM
LEICESTER Phoenix Theatre: TURNING POINT/INNER EAR
LEWES The Lamb: SOUTHERN RYDA
LINCOLN Technical College: THE STUKAS/THE CRABS
LIVERPOOL Eric's: THE BUZZCOCKS/THE SLITS
LONDON BARBICAN Guildhall School of Music and Drama: THE SUPPORT GROUP/SINFETIX
LONDON BIRBECK College: GEORGE MELLY AND JOHN CHILTON'S FEETWARMERS
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LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: STEPASIDE/THE VIPERS
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LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: MATUMBI
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LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: THE ROLL-UPS
LONDON CHISWICK John Bull: LOOSE CHANGE
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: SPARTACUS/CAPT. WEBB
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: LANDSCAPE
LONDON EDMONTON The Cock: KESTRAL
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: HEADWAITER
LONDON HAMPSTEAD Westfield College: SIMON TOWNSHEND BAND
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope and Anchor: THE YOUNG ONES
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: GEORGIE FAME AND THE BLUE FLAMES
LONDON MANOR PARK Three Rabbits: THE EDGE BAND
LONDON Marquee Club: SPUD
LONDON NEW CROSS Goldsmith's College: SUPERCHARGE
LONDON North-East Polytechnic: WARSAW PAKT
LONDON PADDINGTON Cryptic One Club: BARON CULTURE AND THE RAINCOATS IN SEX
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LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: THE MONOS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: RADIO BIRDMAN
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LONDON STRATFORD Cart and Horses: WARM JETS
LONDON TWICKENHAM The Albany: THE CADETS
LONDON University: OTIS WAYGOOD BAND
LONDON University College: RADIATORS FROM SPACE
LONDON Whitelands College: AFTER THE FIRE
LONDON WILLESDEN White Horse: WHIRLWIND
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: SOUNDER
MANCHESTER Rafters: RICHARD DIGANCE
MANCHESTER The Squat: EXODUS/THE ELITE/THE PASSAGE
MANCHESTER Valentines Club: MUNGO JERRY
MARGATE Bowlers Arms: DAYS OF GRACE
MARGATE Dreamland: COCK SPARRER
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
NEWCASTLE City Hall: JOHN MILES BAND /JOHNNY COUGAR
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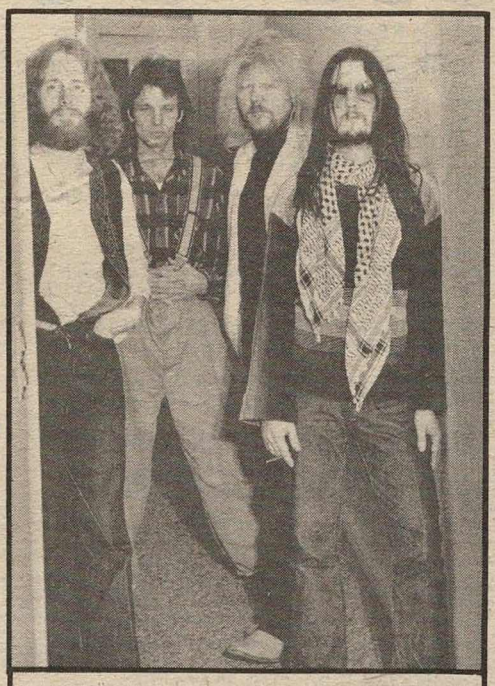
STIRLING University: THE REZILLOS
SUNDERLAND Polytechnic: JOHN OTWAY AND WILD WILLY BARRETT
SUTTON-IN-ASHFIELD Golden Diamond: EAZIE
SWINDON Brunel Rooms: TOM ROBINSON BAND
TREFOREST Glamorgan Polytechnic: THE SAINTS
WENTWORTH Rockingham Arms: TELEPHONE BILL AND THE SMOOTH OPERATORS
WHITBY Spa Royal Pavilion: BEANO
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: THE PLEASERS
WORCESTER College of Education: THE ALBION BAND
WORKSWORTH Red Lion: ARMPIT JUG BAND
WORTHING Assembly Hall: THE BOYS/BERNIE TORME

Saturday

BANBURY United Club: BRETT MARVIN AND THE THUNDERBOLTS/SORE THROAT
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: GLORIA MUNDI
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRENT FORD AND THE NYLONS
BIRMINGHAM Bogarts: LIQUID MIRRORS
BIRMINGHAM Hopwood Rock Club: RICKY COOL AND THE ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM Kings Heath Hare and Hounds: JOANNA CARLIN
BIRMINGHAM Sherwood Rooms: RENO
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: DENNIS WATERMAN
BISHOPS STORTFORD Hockerill College: AFTER THE FIRE/WIRE
BISHOPS STORTFORD Triad Leisure Centre: THE SAINTS
BRACKNELL Sports Centre: THE ADVERTS
BRIGHTON New Regent: WRECKLESS ERIC
BRISTOL Dockland Settlement: UNCLE PO
BRISTOL Granary: QUARTZ
BROXBOURNE Civic Hall: ACKER BILK BAND
BURY ST EDMUNDS Griffin: GYPP
CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange: THE ALBION BAND
CHELTENHAM Town Hall: RACING CARS
COLCHESTER Essex University: REDBRASS
CONINGSBY Castle Club: BLACK GORILLA
CRAWLEY White Knight: THIEVES LIKE US
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: GONZALEZ
CROYDON Red Deer: SUCKER
DONCASTER Bircote Leisure Centre: JOHN OTWAY AND WILD WILLY BARRETT
DUNDEE Barracuda Club: SOUL DIRECTION
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: ZAL
EASTBOURNE Beach Hotel: SOUTHERN RYDA
EDINBURGH Usher Hall: HOT CHOCOLATE
FISHGUARD Frenchman's Motel: LITTLE BOB STORY
GLASGOW Queen Margaret Union: NO DICE
HARROGATE P.G.'s Club: THE MOVIES
HASTINGS Pier Pavilion: EDDIE AND THE HOT RODS/RADIO STARS/SQUEEZE
HATFIELD Onslow School: MIKE MARAN/FLAKY PASTRY
HERTFORD Balls Park College: FROCK
HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic: GENERATION X
IPSWICH Gardeners Arms: SUBLIMINAL GAP
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
LEEDS Polytechnic: TONIGHT
LEEDS Royal Park Hotel: PREACHERS DREAM
LEEDS University: THE BUZZCOCKS/THE SLITS
LEEK New Town Countryman: KEITH MANIFOLD
LEICESTER Phoenix Theatre: CAFE JACQUES/STRATA LAB
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: THE ROLL-UPS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: WHIRLWIND/JOHNNY G
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: DAVID COVERDALE BAND
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: THE BRAKES
LONDON CHISWICK John Bull: WARM JETS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: TELEMACQUE
LONDON DOWNHAM Northover: AFTER THE FIRE
LONDON FOREST GATE Freemasons Tavern: KESTRAL
LONDON FOREST HILL St Germain's Hotel: THE EXITS
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: HEAD OVER HEELS
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope and Anchor: STEPASIDE

ELVIS COSTELLO and the Attractions are back on the road again after their second American tour, and this week finds them at Dublin (Thursday), Belfast (Friday), Cardiff (Sunday), Canterbury (Monday) and Leicester (Tuesday), with plenty more to come over the following three weeks.



TANGERINE DREAM set out on their British tour this weekend, with initial dates at Oxford (Sunday), London Hammersmith (Monday), Portsmouth (Tuesday) and Birmingham (Wednesday).

OTHER HIGHLIGHTS

- **FATS DOMINO flies in with his full U.S. show for a one-off London concert this Sunday.**
- **BILLY JOEL arrives for just two concerts — they're at Birmingham (Friday) and London (Sunday).**

MORE GIG GUIDE AND LIVE DATES OVER THE PAGE

GIG GUIDE

COMPILED BY DEREK JOHNSON

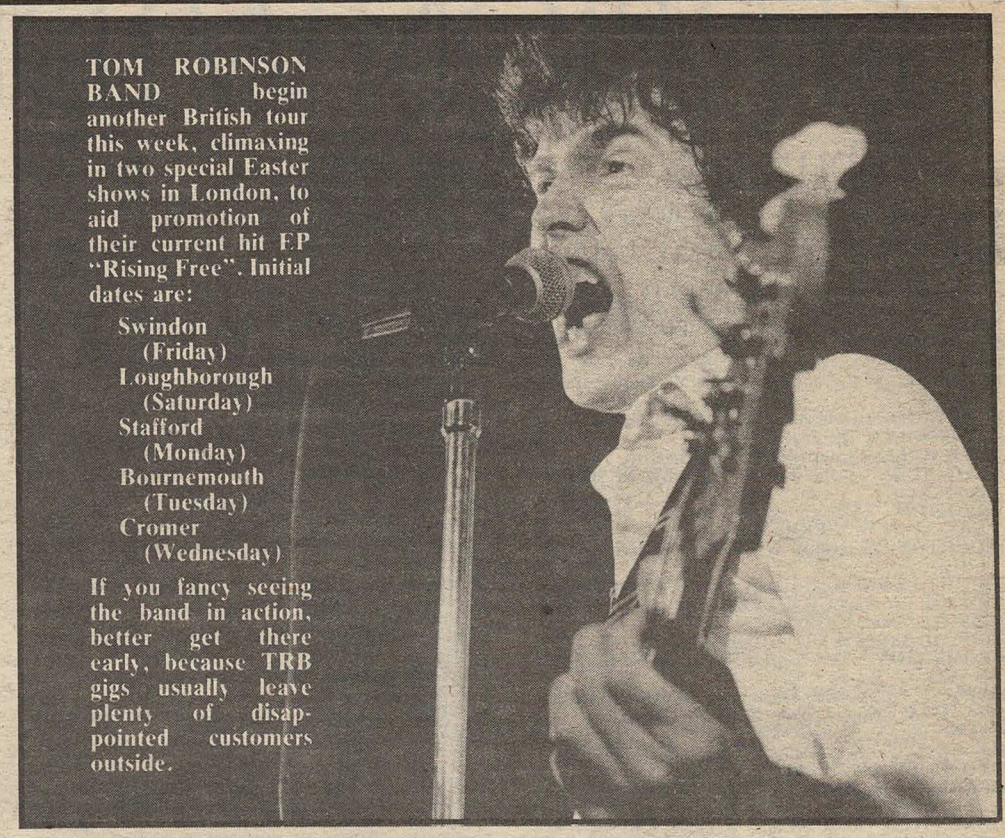
LONDON KENSINGTON Queen Elizabeth College: BLACK SLATE
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: GEORGIE FAME AND THE BLUE FLAMES
LONDON MANOR PARK Three Rabbits: THE CADETS
LONDON Marquee Club: SCREENS
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: LOOSE CHANGE
LONDON North-East Polytechnic: HENRY COW/RED BALUNE
LONDON N.4 The Stapleton: FIRST AID
LONDON PENGE Freemasons Tavern: THIEF
LONDON PUTNEY Star and Garter: JOHN RENBOURN/STEFAN GROSSMAN/DAVEY GRAHAM/DUCK BAKER
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: GORDON GILTRAP
LONDON REGENT'S PARK Cecil Sharp House: MEL DEAN
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: ARBRE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: ADVERTISING
LONDON W.1 Middlesex Hospital Medical School: HENRY COW/RED BALUNE
LONDON WOOLWICH Odeon: RAVI SHANKAR
LONDON WOOLWICH Thames Polytechnic: BRITISH LIONS
LOUGHBOROUGH University: TOM ROBINSON BAND
LUTON Farleigh Community Centre (lunchtime) doubling Central Library (evening): THE GRAFFITI SHOW
LUTON Parish Church Hall: SNATCHBACK
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: JOHN MILES BAND/JOHNNY COUGAR
MANCHESTER Rafters: THE PLEASERS
MANCHESTER Valentines Club: MUNGO JERRY
MARGATE Dreamland: BETHNAL/SAMSON
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: PENETRATION/BLITZKRIEG BOP
NEWCASTLE Bridge Hotel: NEON
NORTHAMPTON County Ground: SAD CAFE
NORWICH Peoples Club: THE NEEDLES
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: TRAPEZE
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: OUTWARD BAND
NOTTINGHAM University: RALPH McTELL
NUNEATON Stockingford Club: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
PLYMOUTH Polytechnic: THE MUTANTS
PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic: THE BOYFRIENDS
REDDITCH Tracey's: THE VIBRATORS
SCARBOROUGH Ollie's: THE STUKAS
SHEFFIELD Highgate Hotel: BERT JANSCH
SLOUGH Technical College: SIMON TOWNSHEND BAND
SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont Theatre: CHRIS DE BURGH/PHILLIP GOODHAND-TAIT
SOUTHPORT Dixieland Showbar: KRAZY KAT
ST ALBANS City Hall: DEAF SCHOOL
STROUD Leisure Centre: DELROY WILLIAMS-/SOUL EXPLOSION/MR SUPERBAD
SUNDERLAND Lee's Club: THE CARPETTES
TAUNTON Odeon: PAM AYERS
WARRINGTON Red Lion: SUPERCHARGE
WHALEY BRIDGE Commercial Hotel: SILVERWING
WISHAW Crown Hotel (lunchtime): THE PESTS
WITHERNSEA Eldon 5 Club: BEANO
WORKSOP Dukeries Night Spot: NORMAN JAY AND VINTAGE

Sunday

ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE Spreadeagle Hotel: BICYCLE THIEVES
BARROW Civic Hall: "UP COUNTRY" with MEL TARNER & WILDWOOD/ THE McSHANES/ WHISTLERS LODGE
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: ORPHAN
BRADFORD Princeville Club: ARC ROUGE
BRADFORD Tavern in the Town: DAWNWEAVER
BRISTOL B Q Club: LITTLE BOB STORY
BRISTOL Colston Hall: JOHN MILES BAND / JOHNNY COUGAR
BRISTOL Hippodrome: JASPER CARROTT
BROMLEY Churchill Theatre: KENNY BALL BAND
CAMBERLEY Lakeside Country Club: BILL FREDERICKS (for a week)
CARDIFF Top Rank: ELVIS COSTELLO & THE ATTRACTIONS
CHELMSFORD Chancellor Hall: ADVERTISING/ THE BOYFRIENDS
CHESTERFIELD A D C Club: BERT JANSCH
COVENTRY Locarno: THE BUZZCOCKS
COVENTRY Theatre: DENNIS WATERMAN
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: GORDON GILTRAP
CROYDON Greyhound: THE VIBRATORS
DUNFERMLINE Carnegie Hall: TONIGHT
GRANGEMOUTH Town Hall: THE REZILLOS
HANLEY Victoria Hall: HOT CHOCOLATE
JACKSDALE Grey Topper: BEANO
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: THE MOVIES
LEEDS Grand Theatre: CHRIS DE BURGH / PHILLIP GOODHAND-TAIT
LINCOLN Theatre Royal: GEORGE MELLY & JOHN CHILTON'S FEETWARMERS
LONDON BATTERSEA Nags Head: JUGULAR VEIN
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: PAINTED LADY
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: COCK SPARRER
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: 999/BLACK SLATE / THE STUKAS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: OFF LICENCE
LONDON DRURY LANE Theatre Royal: BILLY JOEL
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: DICK MORRISEY-JIM MULLEN BAND
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: FATS DOMINO
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE SMIRKS
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: JERRY-THE FERRET
LONDON NOTTING HILL Old Swan: PANAMA RED
LONDON PECKHAM Montpeliar (lunchtime): BLUE MOON
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: JOHN RENBOURN/STEFAN GROSSMAN/DAVEY GRAHAM/DUCK BAKER
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: SORE THROAT
LONDON W.C.1 Pindar of Wakefield: SWIFT
MATLOCK Baths Hall: KEITH MANIFOLD
NEWBRIDGE Club & Institute: DAVID COVERDALE BAND
NEWCASTLE Labour Club: SON OF A BITCH
NOTTINGHAM BEESTON Katie's: RACE AGAINST
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: THE PRESS
OXFORD New Theatre: TANGERINE DREAM
PAIGNTON Festival Theatre: PAM AYRES
PORTSMOUTH Centre Hotel: RICHARD DIGANCE
POYNTON Folk Centre: TELEPHONE BILL & THE SMOOTH OPERATORS
READING Top Rank: EDDIE & THE HOT RODS/RADIO STARS/SQUEEZE
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: THE ENID
REDHILL Lakers Hotel: HOT POINTS
SHEFFIELD Fiesta Club: THE THREE DEGREES (for a week)
SHEFFIELD top Rank: THE ADVERTS
SOUTHEND Cliffs Pavilion: THE YETTIES
SOUTHEND Shunters Club: SAMSON
SOUTHSEA Kings Theatre: FRANKIE LAINE
ST. IVES (Hunts) St. Ivo Centre: TANNAHILL WEAVERS/FLAKY PASTRY
STOCKPORT Davenport Theatre: SAD CAFE
WESTON-SUPER-MARE Webbington County Club: SARSTEDT BROTHERS (for a week)
WHITLEY BAY Rex Hotel: WAYNE COUNTY & THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS

Monday

BASILDON Double Six: LOOSE CHANGE
BIRKENHEAD Hamilton Club: WRECKLESS ERIC
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: WIDE BOYS
BIRMINGHAM Mayfair Suite: GENERATION X
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: COLD COMFORT
BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: GORDON GILTRAP
BLACKBURN Cavendish Club: SHOWADDYWADDY
BLACKPOOL Jenkinson's Bar: THE ENID
BRENTWOOD Hermit Club: COCK SPARRER
BRISTOL Crockers: TOTALLY OUTTA HAND BAND (for three days)
BRISTOL Stone House: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
CANTERBURY Marlowe Theatre: THE YETTIES
CANTERBURY Odeon: ELVIS COSTELLO & THE ATTRACTIONS
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: THE INDEX
CHESTER Quaintways: ZHAIN
CHESTERFIELD Adam & Eve: BEANO
CLEETHORPES Winter Gardens: SUPERCHARGE
CORBY Executive Club: STAGE FRIGHT
CROYDON Red Deer: SAMSON
DONCASTER Outlook Club: DEAF SCHOOL
EDINBURGH Clouds: SUBWAY SECT / THE LOUS
EDINBURGH Tiffany's: TONIGHT
FALKIRK Maniqui: WAYNE COUNTY & THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS
GLASGOW Tiffany's: THE PLEASERS
GLOUCESTER Leisure Centre: MAX BOYCE
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Pavilion: EDDIE & THE HOT RODS / RADIO STARS / SQUEEZE
HUDDERSFIELD Waggon & Horses: THE BIZ
HULL Tiffany's: SAD CAFE
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
IPSWICH Theatre: CRUISER / ZIG-ZAG / JOHN ROW
LEICESTER Bailey's: JOHNNY NASH (for a week)
LIVERPOOL Eric's: MATUMBI
LIVERPOOL The Sportsman: MEAN STREET
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SLIPSTREAM
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: INTERVIEW / HANDBAGS / THE FAMOUS PLAYERS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: SIMON TOWNSHEND BAND
LONDON CHISWICK John Bull: STEPPIN' OUT
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: EXZIBITOR
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: TANGERINE DREAM
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: RADIO BIRDMAN
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: ADVERTISING
LONDON Marquee Club: HEAVY METAL KIDS
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubador: FRANK BANGAY
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: PENETRATION / DICK ENVY
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: BERT JANSCH
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: PENNY ROYAL
LONDON Queen Elizabeth Hall: RICHARD DIGANCE
LONDON Royal Albert Hall— SHIRLEY BASSEY / NEW SEEKERS (for three days)
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: RED NITE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: HEROES / FIRST AID
LONDON STREATHAM Cobblestones: SOUTHSIDE RHYTHM & BLUES BAND
LONDON TOOTING The Castle: THE CRACK
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: THE JOLTS / THE DYAKS
LONDON WEMBLEY Hop Bine: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON WILLESDEN Cavern Club: AUTOMATICS
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
MANCHESTER Rafter's : LITTLE BOB STORY
NEWCASTLE City Hall: TAVARES
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GWAIHIR
OXFORD Cape of Good Hope: TUBEWAY ARMY
OXFORD New Theatre: HOT CHOCOLATE
PLYMOUTH Castaways: THE BRAKES
STAFFORD Top of the World: TOM ROBINSON BAND



TOM ROBINSON BAND begin another British tour this week, climaxing in two special Easter shows in London, to aid promotion of their current hit EP "Rising Free". Initial dates are:

Swindon (Friday)
Loughborough (Saturday)
Stafford (Monday)
Bournemouth (Tuesday)
Cromer (Wednesday)

If you fancy seeing the band in action, better get there early, because TRB gigs usually leave plenty of disappointed customers outside.

SWANSEA Circles Club: THE VIBRATORS
SWINDON Brunel Rooms: WIRE
SWINDON The Affair: THE BUZZCOCKS / THE SLITS
THORNLEY The Club: SON OF A BITCH
TORQUAY Town Hall: JOHN MILES BAND / JOHNNY COUGAR
UXBRIDGE Unit One: CRAFTYHALF

Tuesday

ABERDEEN Capitol Theatre: CHRIS DE BURGH/PHILLIP GOODHAND-TAIT
AMBLESIDE Park Hotel: MIKE ELLIOTT
BATH Viaduct Hotel: THE NEWS/DISCHARGE
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: TONIGHT
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RENO
BIRMINGHAM Digbeth Old Crown: DADA
BIRMINGHAM Fighting Cocks: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: HOT CHOCOLATE
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: SLADE/STRUGGLE
BLACKBURN Cavendish Club: SHOWADDYWADDY
BLACKPOOL Poulton College: DAWNWEAVER
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: TOM ROBINSON BAND
BRIGHTON Conference Centre: GALLAGHER & LYLE
BRIGHTON Sussex University: PLANET GONG
CARDIFF Top Rank: DEAF SCHOOL
CHESTERFIELD Log Cabin: KEITH MANIFOLD
COLWYN BAY Dixieland Showbar: THE VIBRATORS
COVENTRY Locarno: EDDIE & THE HOT RODS/RADIO STARS/SQUEEZE
EASTBOURNE Congress Theatre: JOHN MILES BAND/JOHNNY COUGAR
GLASGOW Satellite City: WAYNE COUNTY & THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS
HULL Tiffany's: NO DICE
KEIGHLEY Victoria Hall: THE BUZZCOCKS/THE SLITS
KIDDERMINSTER Stone Manor: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
LANCASTER Dukes Playhouse: BRIAN DEWHURST
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: ELVIS COSTELLO & THE ATTRACTIONS
LIVERPOOL St. Mary's Church Hall: INMATES
LLANDUDNO Alstra Cinema: MAX BOYCE
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: THE VIPERS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: CARL MANN
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: GLORIA MUNDI
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: STREET BAND
LONDON KENSINGTON Nashville: THE BOY—FRIENDS/THE YOUNG ONES
LONDON Marquee Club: WHIRLWIND
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: THE TROGGS/THE SMIRKS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: BLUNT INSTRUMENT/FAMOUS PLAYERS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE ZONES
LONDON TOOTING The Castle: PIN-UPS
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: BABY GRAND
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: THE DEPRESSIONS
LONDON WC1 Church of St. George (lunchtime): SWIFT
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: STAGEFRIGHT
LOUGHBOROUGH Town Hall: WRECKLESS ERIC
MALVERN Festival Theatre: GEORGE MELLY & JOHN CHILTON'S FEETWARMERS
MANCHESTER Rafters: DAVID COVERDALE BAND
NEW MILLS Bees Knees: JEVUTSHTA
NORMANTON Woodhouse Hill Club: BEANO
NORWICH People's Club: TAVARES
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GAFFA
OXFORD Elm Court: GENERATION X
OXFORD New Theatre: GORDON GILTRAP
PLYMOUTH Metro: PENETRATION
PORTSMOUTH Gabriella's Club: THE SKIDMARX
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: TANGERINE DREAM
READING University: SURPRISE SISTERS
SHREWSBURY Tiffany's: BETHNAL
SOUTHEND Scamps: KESTRAL
SOUTHPORT DEARBORN Floral Hall: SUPERCHARGE/29th
SUTTON BONNINGTON College of Agriculture: ZHAIN
TAUNTON Brewhouse THE YETTIES
WINCHESTER Riverside Inn: LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS

Wednesday

BELFAST Kings Hall: NANA MOUSKOURI
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: THE PLEASERS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: TANGERINE DREAM
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: EAZIE
BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: EDDIE & THE HOT RODS / RADIO STARS / SQUEEZE
BIRMINGHAM Westhill College: STAGE FRIGHT
BIRMINGHAM YARDLEY Bulls Head: ROSES
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: JOHN MILES BAND / JOHNNY COUGAR
BRISTOL Yate Stars & Stripes: BOOMTOWN RATS
BURNLEY The Library: BICYCLE THIEVES
CAMBERLEY Civic Hall: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
CANTERBURY College of Art: 999 / THE MEKONS
CARLISLE Coach House: MIKE ELLIOTT
CHATHAM Tam O'Shanter: WARM JETS
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: POACHER BROWN
CLIFTON Entertainment Centre: BEANO
COLCHESTER College of Higher Education: LITTLE BOB STORY
COVENTRY Burnt Post: ARMPIT JUG BAND
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: TOM ROBINSON BAND
DERBY Assembly Hall: GORDON GILTRAP
DERBY The Old Bell: RACE AGAINST TIME
EDINBURGH Clouds: WAYNE COUNTY & THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Scamps: KESTRAL
ILFORD Oscar's: TRAPEZE
LEICESTER Jesters Country Club: GWYN JONES & THE BIG IRON
LONDON BRIXTON The Telegraph: RENEGADE
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: DOGWATCH
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE STUKAS / THE SMIRKS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: TONIGHT
LONDON CATFORD The Squire: THIEVES LIKE US
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: HEADWAITER
LONDON DEPTFORD Albany Empire: MATUMBI / THE CRABS
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: THE VIPERS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: THE BRAKES
LONDON Marquee Club: ZAL
LONDON N.1 Old Red Lion: EARTH TRANSIT
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier: BLUE MOON
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: DANA SIMMONDS & GREIG'S FOLK AND BLUES NIGHT
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: THE RIVVITTS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: BLUNT INSTRUMENT
LONDON STRAND Lyceum: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: BABY GRAND
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: THE DEPRESSIONS
LONDON W.C.1 Drill Hall: METABOLIST
LUTON Royal Hotel: AUTOMATICS
MAIDSTONE Technical College: MOTORHEAD
MANSFIELD CHURCH WARSOP Tudor Barn: ABORTED
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: TAVARES
NEWCASTLE Mayfair Ballroom: THE BUZZCOCKS / THE SLITS
NEWPORT Stardust Club: THE SUPREMES
NEWPORT Stowaway Club: WRECKLESS ERIC
OXFORD New Theatre: HOT CHOCOLATE
PLYMOUTH Castaways: DEAF SCHOOL
PRESTATYN Pontin's Camp: MAX BOYCE
READING Bones Club: THE BOYFRIENDS
SHOTTLE Railway Hotel: KEITH MANIFOLD
SOLIHULL Golden Lion: THE FIRST BAND
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
STAFFORD North Staffs Polytechnic: FABULOUS POODLES
STOKE Jollees: FRANKIE LAINE
WALSALL West Midlands College: MUSCLES
WIGAN Bluto's: SUPERCHARGE/29th & DEARBON
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: GLORIA MUNDI

words words words

Phone 01-261 6153 for a Close encounter with Brian B.
fiam

FOXES GREYHOUND
AT THE PARK LANE, CROYDON

SUNDAY MARCH 19th.
Tickets at the door

THE VIBRATORS
+ THE YOUNG ONES & D.J. PETER FOX

Sunday March 26th:
GENERATION X

WEDNESDAY MARCH 29th
Special Guest Night

BOOMTOWN RATS
+ Support & D.J. Peter Fox

Advance tickets £1.75 from Bonaparte, Croydon and Bromley Virgin, Croydon, or send s.a.e. & P.O. to Fox Ents., 39/41 High Street, Bromley, Kent.

THAMES POLYTECHNIC
Calderwood St, Woolwich, S.E. 18
Saturday March 18th

BRITISH LIONS
+ SUPPORT

Licensed Bar
Doors open 8pm
Non students welcome

ZONES IN LONDON

Friday March 17th GREYHOUND
Monday March 20th NASHVILLE ROOMS
Tuesday March 21st ROCHESTER CASTLE
STOKE NEWINGTON
Wednesday March 22nd MARQUEE
Thursday March 23rd SPEAKEASY
Friday March 24th THE PEGASUS
STOKE NEWINGTON

1st Single Stuck With You / No Angels
OUT NOW ON ZOOM RECORDS
031-229 3533

TEAM-UP WITH RICHARD DIGANCE ON HIS NEW ALBUM.

Richard Digance and fellow loonies Barriemore Barlow, Rick Kemp, Doug Morter, John O'Conner and Mike Lewis, will be giving a concert at the Queen Elizabeth Hall; Monday March 20th at 7.45p.m. Also giving her support will be Miss West Ham–Penny Bartley.

The concert will be recorded for a live album, so if you go and exercise your vocal chords, you could well be one of 1978's first superstars!

Tickets £2.00; £1.75; £1.50 from the box office (01-928 3191) and usual agents.
Greater London Council, Queen Elizabeth Hall.
Director: George Mann O.B.E.
A Jo Lustig Presentation.

Chrysalis Records & Tapes

TRIAD, Southmill Road, BISHOPS STORTFORD
SATURDAY MARCH 18th

THE SAINTS
+ The Jolt

£1.10 in advance £1.20 on door
Saturday April 8th: GENERATION X

LONDON PALLADIUM
APRIL 13·14·15 4perfs only
LOUIS BENJAMIN presents

THE
SUPREMES'
MARY WILSON
KAREN JACKSON & KAAREN RAGLAND

BOX OFFICE OPEN—BOOK NOW 01-437 7373
APRIL 13th & 14th at 8.0. APRIL15th at 6.15 & 8.45.

THE PORTERHOUSE
20 Carolgate, Retford, Notts. Tel. 704981
Friday March 17th
ADVERTISING
Saturday March 18th
BITTER SWEET
+ PONDERS END
Admission from 95p both nights

DINGWALLS
01-267 4967 Camden Lock, Chalk Farm Road, London NW1

THURS 16:
RADIATORS FROM SPACE
SAT 18: WHIRLWIND, JOHNNY G.
TUES 21: FROM U.S.A. CARL MANN
WED 22: THE STUKAS and THE SMIRKS
MONDAY 27 FROM NEW YORK THE SHIRTS
N.B. CLOSED 23rd, 24th, 25th

100 CLUB,
100 Oxford Street, W.1.
01-636 0933

Sunday March 19th, 7.30
Charlie Gillett's
Honky Tonk Party

CHAS & DAVE
+ GARENT WATKINS
Monday March 20th
PENETRATION
+ DICK ENVY

Tuesday March 21st
WIRE
+ Special Guests THE SMIRKS
Monday March 22nd
LITTLE BOB STORY
+ CHINA STREET
Tuesday March 28th
THE TROGGS
+ PEKOE ORANGE

THE BRIDGE HOUSE
23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E.16

GIRLSCHOOL (ALL GIRLS)
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 22nd

RADIO BIRDMAN
"ANGLO STRIKE"

Rock Garden, Covent Garden	8th March
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Please help him start the tour on time!
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Why it's safer to lack discipline than imagination

The Soft Boys
The Brakes
NASHVILLE

AS THE dust settles, two discernable trends emerge.

On the one hand, neat, energetic displays of ready-wrapped sound.

On the other, outward experimentation that often seems to rely for effect on how close it comes to the noise of fingernails dragging slowly across a blackboard.

The Brakes stick with the ready-wrapped, The Soft Boys risk audience alienation. Neither side wins.

The Brakes, for all their whip-it-up antics and approachable rock raunch, go down merely politely. The Soft Boys, to their surprise, do likewise.

Through a policy of alternate headline billing during residences, The Brakes go on first.

They've already been saddled with a North East London's answer to Tom Petty tag, and did little to argue with it on this particular occasion.

In fact, they actively enforce the comparison by winding up with a clean, soundalike "American Girl".

Mainly, they employ standard devices for standard effect. They rock along nicely, their material is uniformly well organised, they are competent, solid, and the general gusto level of their performance is probably reliable.

To this they ally a firm grasp of sub-American rockaboogie, a snappy vocalist whose line in crowd haranguing proved laughably futile, and offer a fairly safe return for record company investment, which is said to be imminent.

They are, above all, symmetrical.

But then so is a cube, and I don't get very excited about cubes these days either.

As for The Soft Boys, they have no symmetry whatsoever, just a mess of abtuse angles and richly disjointed references.

Their corporate appearance suggests four people plucked at random from the streets of Cambridge.

A crazed little Angus Young disciple on *lead* guitar and grimaces, for instance, shares the stage with a defiantly passionless and abrasive black statue of a singer.

They begin by chanting an absurd rhyme and staring blankly at the back of the hall.

A good tactic — it means they don't have to watch the crowd squirm uncomfortably and glance at their friends for clues on expected reaction.

Any band that forces the members of the audience into making up their own mind gets my sympathy, and The Soft Boys do this with a vengeance.

They sail through a brace of originals, all defiantly elliptical in construction.

Soft Boys' songs take most of the regular ingredients, throw them in a hat, then paste them back together seemingly at random over what could well be re-charged Magic Band rhythms.

They sound like XTC, but not as comical.

However, after an excellent re-reading of "Cold Turkey", and after my ears had adjusted to their awkward sound spectrum, the structural faults began to appear.

Firstly, whoever writes their songs needs a good editor. The lyric imagery was too cluttered and confused for its own good.

Saying your baby walks down the street like a bathroom suite, for example, may be true in some private and perverse way, but it means nothing to me, nor to anybody else who hasn't met the female in question.

Similarly with the music. The welter of unusual stylistic quirks that makes up The Soft Boys is again too thick and confused, resulting in claustrophobia by the end of their set.

What The Soft Boys need is discipline. What The Brakes need is imagination. The Soft Boys already have that, which is a good thing because it's a lot harder to come by.

Paul Rambali

Sandy McLelland & The Back Line
SAINTS & SINNERS
GLASGOW

THE CHANCES are that if you don't come from Glasgow, you won't have heard of Sandy McLelland; so, if you can just contain your indifference for a minute, we'll sketch in the background.

Firstly, melodic funk is the bag — your reference points for tonight are the classic soul of the AWB and the free spirit of Cado Belle. McLelland is the latest in the long line of black-orientated musical craftsmen that Glasgow can turn out at the drop of the hard stuff.

Secondly, he's rather good at it. Phonogram think so too. They've signed him up for six months and are now here to give the final thumbs up to the excellent six-piece band assembled to back him. Called The Back Line, they'll be signing to the label too.

Thirdly, McLelland has no little following in his native city.

At first glance perhaps an unlikely candidate for hero status, the short and stocky McLelland makes it on two hefty counts.

First of all, the guy can sing and sing good. "Mind Games" (no, not the Lennon one) demonstrates his soaring range, and the sensitive rendition of Neil Young's "Down By The River" his impressive versatility.

McLelland is also one of those vocalists blessed with the ability to stamp his personality on the material rendered, committing his wholehearted all to each song.

The only time he really doesn't make the grade is on the quasi-reggae number, "Heat In The Street", where his voice is too strongly soul-orientated for the necessary West Indian lightness of touch.

The second big clout in his favour is his writing ability — all but two songs in the set being from McLelland's pen

The perky sweet soul "Sweet Tomorrow Morning" is probably the most commercial, though the superb "Axe To Grind" isn't far behind.

It's by far his best song — a burning medium pacer with memorable arrangement and chorus — though its dramatic content (a knife fight) won't do Glasgow's trouble-torn image any favours.

The Back Line, it must be said, are no slouches either.

Tight and rhythmic, they're equally at home punching their way to the fore with their fine arrangements or just remaining respectfully in the backgound.

No disrespect to the others in this class outfit if I pick on tenor saxist Andy Hamilton (he of the beautific smile) as the star, with guitarist Paul Karowski (he of own personal following) only slightly behind.

While the rest of the country may not be as attuned to soul as Glasgow, it is really only a matter of time and place (US first?) before this doubly talented new combination score their well-merited breakthrough.

Ian Cranna

Meal Ticket
MARQUEE

WHY DO I always miss the action?

Meal Ticket, already reduced to a five-piece by the departure of guitarist Ray Flacke, were down to only four on Thursday night after the untimely removal of keyboardsman, Rick Jones, by some burly policeperson midway through the set. This was on account of certain 'substances' allegedly found in the dressing room. *(See News, page 5)*

Obviously entering into the pantomime spirit himself, Jones appeared on Friday night decked out in convict gear, complete with hat, and wearing a grin like a suspension bridge.

The band celebrated his return by playing an extended and very fine set.

Wisely, they included only one track from their recent album "Three Times A Day", which couldn't be further removed from their live sound if it tried.

The song, "This Could Be The Town", a country rocker, was well-suited to the raw, forceful tones of Willy Finlayson, who kept the set geared towards a kind of uptempo rock-a-boogie (apart from a funk version of the Stones' "It's All Over Now,,).

Steve Simpson played a few uneventful guitar solos, but some expert fills between the vocal lines. He also sawed away at some wicked shit-kickin' fiddle tunes on the western swing number "Snow".

Their encores were dynamic. Jones sung his quasi-moral "Code Of The Road", with acoustic guitar. Following this was "Georgia Synco-Pater", which blended into a reckless violin jig "Gone At Last".

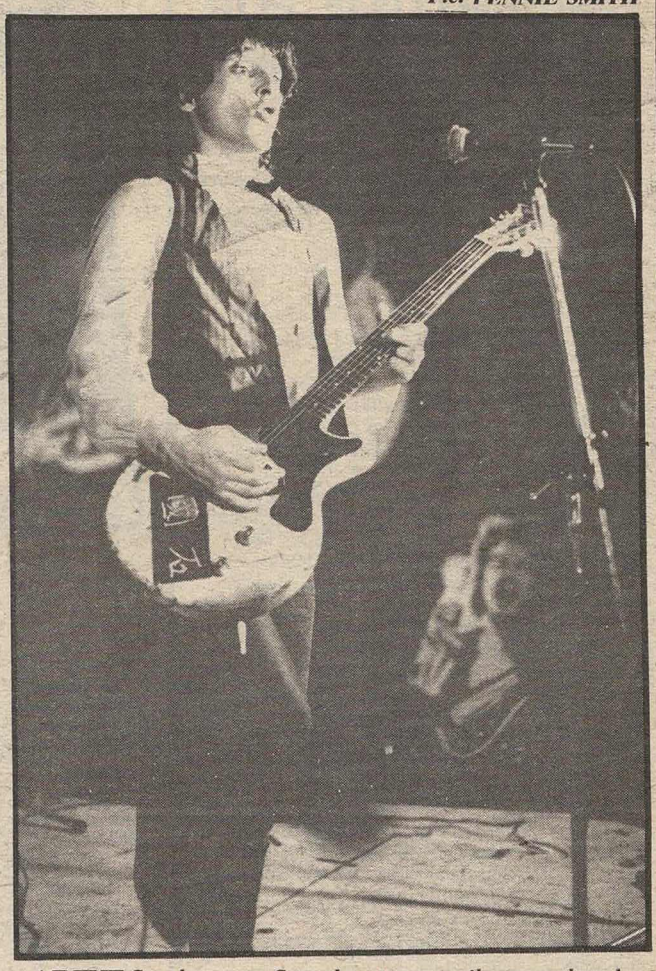
And they ended up with "Boogie Queen", lightning riffs around an excellent keyboard solo, and showing, as always, their command of harmony vocals.

The drummer would do well to take a leaf from the worthy book of the Commander Cody Band, to find out exactly how The West was swung. A lot less cymbals, and a lot more drive, would have given a few of the early numbers a much-needed lift.

The gig made it very clear how unrepresentative albums can be. Although Meal Ticket and E.M.I. have recently parted company, when the band do next make a disc, it ought to be a live recording.

Mark Ellen

Pic: PENNIE SMITH



AT THE Speakeasy on Saturday, temporarily unemployed J. Gonzalez, a New Yorker of Italian extraction, has been paying for his family's groceries by transforming himself into Eddie Cochran's bastard son, Johnny Thunders, ex-New York Doll, sometime Heartbreaker and full-time degenerate.

Thunders, in the absence of his Heartbreakers colleagues and, more to the point, ready money has been assembling a band of kindred spirits going under the communal handle of The Living Dead to keep alive that particular brand of brazen, dissolute rock 'n' roll he loves so well.

Thunders started keeping things pretty open, up until one recent gig when, after two numbers, one S. Vicious, apparently having considerable difficulties locating the E major chord on his bass, collapsed into the drum-kit, thus providing the ensemble with that intimate sense of anarchy, so beloved of Pistols' compatriots.

So last Saturday, Thunders decided to commandeer a tighter unit, using Dead stalwarts Peter Perrett (The Only Ones) on rhythm guitar, French teenager Henri-Paul on bass, and Mike Kellie (also Only Ones) on drums.

The set itself was actually rather splendid, kicking off with the old surfing evergreen "Pipeline", to embrace both unrecorded Heartbrakers items like "Dead Or Alive", "So Alone" and "She's So Untouchable", and New York Dolls classics like "Subway Train", "Jet Boy", "Chatterbox" plus Derek Martin's "Daddy Rolling Stone" (a never-recorded Dolls speciality from their McLaren era).

An, uh, authentic rendition of "Be-Bop-A-LuLa" plus a 15-minute show blues were also noticed wafting over the heads of the packed scuzzpit.

All this — and no encore of "Johnny B. Goode" — made for quite a fun evening, but one wonders how much longer the Living Dead will, uh, survive.

Thunders has since secured a reasonable deal with Anchor, who intend to reunite the Heartbreakers with some quotient of the advance 'bunce'.

Nick Kent

JAZZ DIARY

LAST GONG for Jazz Centre Society's 'Jazz At The Shaw' week.

The line-up is Midnite Follies Orchestra and Harry Gold's Pieces Of Eight on 20th March; Elton Dean's Ninesense and the Zbigniew Namyslowski Quartet on 21st; Great Jazz Solos Revisited and the Lennie Felix Trio on 22nd; the Pat Metheny Quartet, the Gary Boyle-Kenny Shaw Duo and the Terry Smith Quartet on 23rd; the Willem Breuker Kollektief and the Tony Oxley Quartet on 24th; the Anglo-Swiss Jazzscapade and Mal Waldron on 25th.

The 7 Dials features the Dick Morrissey-Jim Mullen Band on 16th, and the Phoenix has the Scottish band, Head on 22nd. The Band On The Wall, Swan Street, Manchester, has Amalgam on 16th.

The excellent Cobblestones of 440 Streatham High Road has booked Bill Le Sage and Don Weller for 22nd, and the explosive combination of Morrissey and Weller on 5th April.

A recent venture is the jazz bar at The Black Boy, Market Street, Nottingham, with a Friday residency for the Omega Jazz Band, and monthly gigs by big name bands.

A new quartet, Otherways, with Herman Hauge, Jan Steele, Marc Meggido and David Solomon are playing on 18th and 19th March at the London Musicians Collective, 42 Gloucester Avenue, NW1, kick-off 7.30.

A tribute to the late Sandy Brown, "Songs For Sandy", is slated for 30th March at 7 Dials. A six-part suite by Digby Fairweather, it's a musical biography, and will be played by musicians associated with the clarinettist.

A benefit for tenorman Jimmy Hastings is being held at 100 Club on 3rd April, the line-up incluing Ronnie Ross, Vic Ash, Quarternity and the Louis Stewart-Peter Ind Duo. On 17th March, Jabula are playing a concert for Freedom In Southern Africa at 100 Club.

Brian Case

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SPRINGTIME FOR BASHER CONTD

● *Continued from page 8*

"Nowadays I just *steal* the stuff. I don't try and write in anybody's style: if I hear a good lick on a disco record or something, I'll just pinch it and use it and by the time it's come out it's only students of the genre who'd recognise it and know where I pinched it from. In some cases it's almost a virtue to pinch — and it's like the difference between . . . Eric Carmen, say. When you hear him pinching from Paul McCartney — the style of the voice — he's trying to steal a bit of McCartney's thunder, you know, to get over to people like Paul does.

"He's got it down, he's very clever, but it's like the difference between The The Beatles doing The Beach Boys on 'Back In The U.S.S.R.' That's so *obviously* Beach Boys and so *obviously* just lumped out of there. Eric Carmen is just 'ahhhhh, go listen to your bloody Paul McCartney records then', but The Beatles are 'wooooohhhhh great! They've done a Beach Boys bit!'

"That's what I'm trying to do. Basically I'll just lift ideas because I think ideas are the most exciting part of the whole thing. Nowadays, I buy the music papers, man. and I read them cover to cover because it's much more off-the-wall now. It's all just a lot more fun because the rule book's been bunged out of the window.

"I don't think of myself as A Songwriter or A Producer. I'm just in a great position to really live a few fantasies because I'm basically a fan and I can do what I want. And if people actually like it that's *fantastic* and if they don't . . . well, I'll go and do something else.

"It's all just ideas. And I can always change my mind. I might go jazz. Or folk.

"I've got a funny feeling about acoustic guitars. I think they might just come back in a big way. I've got a feeling about folk music and the folk scene . . . that whole scaling down of volume. I mean, Elvis could do a killer gig in a small place with just an acoustic. People who've got good chewns and know how to put 'em, across, because I'm not really a performer, but there's a few people . . ."

Yeah, but it was punk that virtually quadrupled the number of groups in the country . . .

"Just like the Beat Boom. But 95% of them will end up back in the biscuit factory and they'll have the Antoria Les Paul copy under the bed and get married and move into a council house. It'll be just like the Beat Boom. Can you imagine how many Gibson 335s under beds in Liverpool when the guy just thought, 'I know we're having another nipper and we need the extra money but I'll just keep the old guitar'?

"It'll be just the same with the punk thing, but the ones that are really keen on it . . . it'll be just the same as happened to me during the Beatle era. I was just playing in school bands and all that, but it just gets to you. You can never do anything else again, and you'll force yourself to learn more about it, because there's nothing as pitiful as someone who hasn't got any fucking clue and is just hanging on.

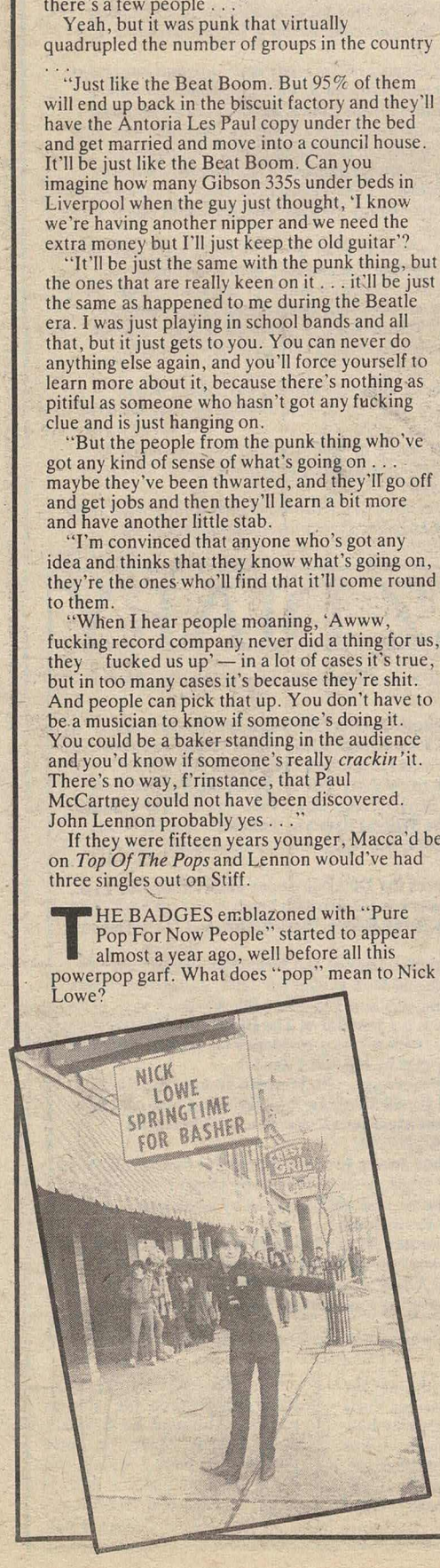
"But the people from the punk thing who've got any kind of sense of what's going on . . . maybe they've been thwarted, and they'll go off and get jobs and then they'll learn a bit more and have another little stab.

"I'm convinced that anyone who's got any idea and thinks that they know what's going on, they're the ones who'll find that it'll come round to them.

"When I hear people moaning, 'Awww, fucking record company never did a thing for us, they fucked us up' — in a lot of cases it's true, but in too many cases it's because they're shit. And people can pick that up. You don't have to be a musician to know if someone's doing it. You could be a baker standing in the audience and you'd know if someone's really *crackin'* it. There's no way, f'rinstance, that Paul McCartney could not have been discovered. John Lennon probably yes . . ."

If they were fifteen years younger, Macca'd be on *Top Of The Pops* and Lennon would've had three singles out on Stiff.

THE BADGES emblazoned with "Pure Pop For Now People" started to appear almost a year ago, well before all this powerpop garf. What does "pop" mean to Nick Lowe?



"I started to want to do more pop stuff because I was sick of copying people. I just wanted to *steal* it. With a poppier approach and a bit of commonsense you can do whatever you want. It doesn't mean just doing all smiling faced pop songs. Anything to get across the emotion that you want to get across. You could do a heavy rock thing: you can buy gadgets now where you just step on a pedal and go from Nashville to Croydon.

"It's *easy* for me, that's why. I've got to make a living, and this is easy but also I think there's a lot of people who can do that and get off on it and dig writing in different styles without thinking, 'That's a bit uncool! I'm gonna geta hard time for this.' They can do that and get their personality across too. It's good from an audience point of view, because it's easy to listen to but still a bit thought-provoking."

Yeah, but 10cc exist as an awful warning for what happens if you follow that philosophy too far . . .

"Yeah, but they got worried about drying up and so they started to force it and use too much technology whereas what I'm into doing is keeping it simple and keeping it so that people can understand it. This whole 'pop' thing has sprung up now, whereas I meant it as a very simple, easy-to-use-no-embarrassing-bending formula for listening to music which I described as pop music because then it was a real unfashionable word.

"Now it's fashionable and it's got these awful overtones — and I view it with mounting horror — of a rush of awful smiling groups like chuck-outs from *New Faces* all going 'I love you dicky dicky boo' with thin ties on, That'd be fucking ghastly. That's not what I mean at all.

"It has never got to be tepid. I love rock and roll with too much passion to ever let it wimp out like that. If I do something wimpy, it's gonna be *super-wimpy*. Right over the top . . ."

Nick Lowe is a man without guilt or shame — musically, anyway. "I used up all my supplies of guilt years ago." The song "Little Hitler" on his album — and, just to set the record straight, is about petty authoritarianism with no straightforward political overtones whatsoever — derived from the time when Elvis Costello mentioned that *he* was writing a song of that title.

Lowe had his song down before Costello even had the time to finish his. A slightly aggrieved Costello subsequently suggested that Lowe's next album be called "Grand Larceny".

AN ANECDOTE for dessert. Lowe's nickname "Basher" was given him by Lee Brilleaux during sessions for the Feelgoods "Be Seeing You" album after the Nth time that Lowe told the band to "bash it down and we'll tart it up later". Perhaps this ultra-casual approach can be best demonstrated by recounting what went down when Lowe delivered the tapes of Elvis' new album to CBS in New York for mastering.

"Mastering" is the process whereby a tape is transformed into the master disc from which copies of a record are pressed, and a lot of bands and producers use the mastering process to boost frequencies on the record to cover up for weaknesses in performance or mix.

So Basher swans in with the tape and the cutting engineer asks him, where he wants the volume and frequencies boosted. "No, it's all right squire," says Basher. "It's all right, I've mixed it. Just bash it down and make it as loud as possible."

The engineer can't believe this, because they spent three days tiddling about doing Chicago's last album, boosting here and there and whathaveyou and here's this drunken Brit telling him to do it straight.

So after much headshaking and well-if-that's-what-you-really-want-it'll-be-your-own-fault-don't-blame-me, he does it like Basher says and lo and behold, it's the loudest, cleanest album he's ever mastered. He expresses his surprise.

"Told you it was all right, didn't I?" says Basher. "See ya . . ."

And he slopes out.

FINALLY NICK, what's the last lick that you liked enough to steal and when can we expect to hear it?

"Oh, you bugger! That's a very good question, that is . . . you know what?"

What?

"I'm not going to tell you."

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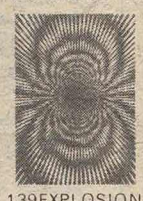
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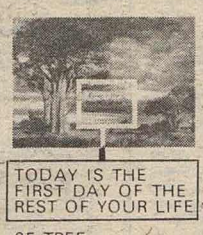

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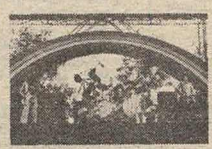
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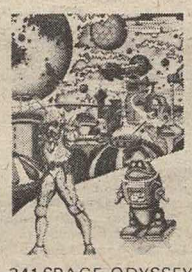
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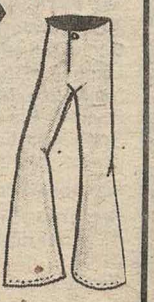

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TONY HANCOCK Memorial Club — Calling Hancock collectors. — 2 Newbuildings, Milverton.

VINCE CUNDLE and Martin Ross Official Fan Club, 84 Bowen Drive, London, SE21.

SPECIAL NOTICES

14p per word

ANDY ROBERTS/Adrian Henri songwriting and music course in North Devon, April 6th to 11th. write: — Arvon, Sheepwash, Devon, or phone Black Torrington 338 or 307.

I HAVE rare Beatles tape, perfect, mono quality. Unreleased, never bootlegged. Want to exchange for also unreleased Beatles tape. Serious enquiries only. Not for sale. Art Barry, P.O. Box 1977, Santa Monica, California, 90406.

SITUATIONS VACANT

10p per word

ESCAPE EMPLOYMENT on liners, oil rigs. Experience unnecessary. Details: Maritime Employment Guide. Price 70p. Mailex, Novembereve House, Oakhill Avenue, Pinner, Middx. **WORKING HOLIDAY** & free travel guide. Price 80p. Mailex, Novembereve House, Oakhill Avenue, Middx.

GENUINE SPARE time employment available. Earnings from £16.00 per week. Send large s.a.e. to:- NWT, 27 Stanhope Street, Levenshulme, Manchester.

MUSICIANS WANTED

10p per word

LONDON & S.E.

ACOUSTIC GUITARIST 19 seeks singer/guitarist to form duo, some original songs. Must be prepared to work hard. Move it. Steve — 07014 58995.

BASSIST WANTED with gear into Hawkwind/Hendrix/Iggy. Preferably living Kingston area — Andy 01-337 7466.

BASSIST AND drummer wanted. Velvets/punk. A new wave of our own. Lunatics and females preferred. Talentless. Jon. Chelmsford 72254.

DRUMMER REQUIRED, minimal cymbals? Mouldable beginner? Do you understand? Yes? Phone Nick — 01-407 8127 between 6-8 pm inner London.

GOOD GUITAR player seeks exceptional New Wave Band. Some writing and gear. Yamaha, Maine. Alistair — 274 9518.

GUITARIST WANTS to form Quo, Kiss-type rock band. Own gear but no session room. Phone Wigston, Leicester, ask for Mark. 0533 882633.

GUY 23 seeks talented guys to start group. No punks or junkies, just hard work to move up. 01-567 5966.

HARD CORPS band. Old influences Kate & Karen. No boys please. Incest is best o.k? Our single is "Milking Time" — Harpenden 68263.

HIGH ENERGY singer-song writer seeks pianist with open ear to form band. Pro. r/b, Kerouac inspired. Positive beats required. Cavan 01-274 6691.

INVENTIVE DRUMMER wanted for Name New Wave group. 574 3058 (Rich).

LEAD GUITARIST with urge to sing Wilko type rock and roll required to help form three piece piece dynamite band. Phone 669 6724 (Croydon).

LONDON SONGWRITER/Singer seeks young musicians to form band. Phone Steve — 01-253 9039 (evenings).

MICKEY MOUSE should not apply. Don't fret, lead guitarist needed for Enfield based rock band. Pooh to punks. Dave 01-363 4552.

MUSICIANS SWITCHBOARD — Bands find replacements and possible gigs. Musicians meet other musicians, Amateur / Professional. Tel: 435 0133. Chameleon, 39 Mill Lane, N.W.6.

NEWBOYS/GIRLS wanted with words (Jane Suck) and noise (Adverts/Slits). Voice, guitar, drumkit. No fat people. Ian 01-303 6283.

OUTSTANDING SINGER songwriter seeks fellow artists for commercial venture. 01-328 6351 6-7 pm ask for Lawrence.

PSYCHEDELIC SCIENCE rock outfit forming require keyboard, bass, drums with gear, imagination, vocals. Time to rehearse. Phone Mike — 01-903 4864.

RUBBER FLOWERS want replacement bassist to help present art form. Guildford area. Alex, Cranleigh 2747.

SCHOOL BOY (bass) seeks punks to play and gig with in the holidays. Phone Walton-On-Thames 25475. Will answer.

S.O.S. DRUMMER urgently wanted for semi-pro rock band. Playing Etham Sidcup area. Original material. Tony 01-302 1321.

THIS IS your last chance geeks! Guitarist/vocalist ex/everyone, noowave. Otherwise it's back to the civil service! Evenings 01-546 4890.

URGENT: RHYTHM lead guitarist, some vocals — male or female for a group with bookings throughout the year. Potters Bar 50500.

YOUNG ROCK/beat band urgently requires tight loony drummer must be totally committed. Transport, vocals preferred. Phone Rich — Gosport 83106.

13/17? Organist/singer, possibly guitar wanted, harmonies, humour essential. Santana, Quo, Radio Stars, Albertos influenced. organ provided. Marlow 4847.

SOUTH WEST

DRUMMER (HUMAN), moodmaker, rocksteady, versatile for talented bunch of subnormal humans creating original wave music. Phone Bristol 36267.

MIDLANDS

BASSIST FOR Punk band. Original material. Must be enthusiastic and ambitious. Roy — 021-523 8711.

BASSIST URGENT for original rock band. Pro minded. Enquiries, 21 Spreadoaks Drive, Wildwood, Stafford.

DRUMMER IN early teens requires punk musicians. Phone Mandy, Grantham 4442.

HAVE CONTRACT but no drummer — Phone Peterborough 0733 222375.

NORTH

DRUMMER WANTED for tasteful rock band. Tel: Phil 061-344 5522.

FEMALE GUITARIST / keyboards/vocalist for all-girl band. Gigs waiting. Denny — Blackpool 27999.

STRANGE? REUTERS? — needed immediately, experimental drummer and guitarist with own equipment. Comittment essential. Nico, Wire influences. Gary — Grimsby 51308.

IRELAND

KEYBOARDS/VOCALIST and lead guitarist required to join amateur female group — aim to cut demo. Phone Belfast 21062. 5.30 — 7.30pm.

VOCALISTS WANTED

10p per word

SOUTH WEST

RECENTLY FORMED rock band need male singer. Experience or equipment not necessary. — Ring Ali, Clevedon 874482 evenings.

WORK WANTED

10p per word

LONDON & SE

EXPERIENCED DRUMMER seeks working-musical band. Ring Trevor, 01 690 3116 (eves).

RAVING LUNATIC seeks big money! Film contract etc. Abundant talent. Prepared to live in Hollywood. Accept NME Editorship at last resort. Fraser, Wester Brunton, Falkland, Fife, Scotland.

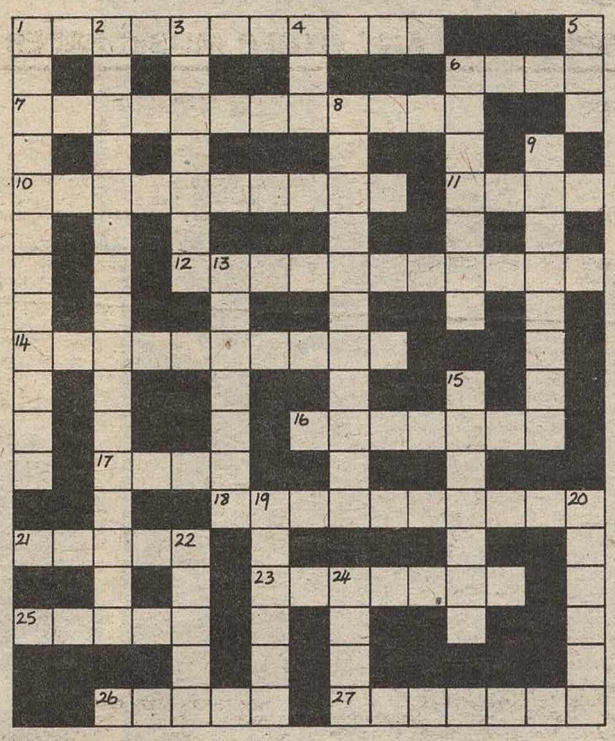
SOUTHWEST

BASS GUITARIST for Punk band. Young, keen, boozes. Kempsford 285.

NORTH

EXTROVERT STUDENT vocalist urgent! Varied interests. S.a.e. Steve, 81 Kings Gardens, Thirsk, Yorks.

CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1 Not the geezer from Nazareth, this is the one from the freezer! (5, 2, 4)
6 Singer with the Velvet Underground Mk1
7 & 9 A.k.a. Punk's Greatest Hits (5, 4, 3, 8)
10 Neil Young meets "Holidays In The Sun"! (2, 3, 5,)
11 See 5
12 Breton harpist with ethnic bent (4, 7)
14 Jonathan Richman's cruising classic
16 America's best-selling album of 1977 . . . of 1978 . . . 1979 . . . 1980?
17 Idiot of the grass!!!
18 Count Dracula's punky offspring? (4, 6)
21 See 25
23 He's been called the inventor of country-rock *(no, not Tony!)*
25 & 21 Guitarist on 7 / 9
26 See 2
27 To Neil as David is to Graham!

DOWN

1 Reggae artist, cut the original, "Police & Thieves" (6,6)
2 & 26 An R&B golden oldie from 1960 — and The Drifters' first really big UK hit (4, 3, 4, 5, 2, 2)
3 The former Mrs Wonder
4 Krautrockers, for openers!
5 & 11 He was the original instigator of the ELO
6 Anything that's not powerpop or punk! (3,4)
8 Defunct pop-rockers — one of them went into The Rumour, another to The Motors (5, 6)
9 See 7
13 Prince of Ponce, Duke of Sleaze, Godfather of Punk — that kind of stuff (3, 4)
15 & 22 A.k.a. Winston Rodney
19 One third of BB&A
20 Admirable Bill, or, if you like, Admiral Bill!
22 See 15
24 As they were for "Do Anything You Wanna Do"

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 "Pastiche"; 4 Pub-Rock; 7 "Alright Now"; 11 Ann (Margret); 12 "That'll Be The Day"; 14 Crystals; 16 The Jam; 18 Lee Perry; 19 Tornados; 20 Beserkley; 22 EMI; 23 Jim Reeves; 25 Searchers; 28 (Kenny) Jones; 29 "Is This Love"; 30 "(Hot) Love"; 31 (Ann) Margret; 32 Darts.
DOWN: 1 "Plastic Letters"; 2 "Spread Your Wings"; 3 "Hot (Love)"; 5 Blondie; 6 Kenny (Jones); 8 Holland, Dozier (, Holland); 9 "(School's) Out"; 10 "Layla"; 13 "Hot Legs"; 15 "Solsbury Hill'; 17 "Maybelline"; 21 "Elvis"; 24 "School's (Out)"; 26 Asher; 27 Tina (Turner).

FOR DETAILS OF CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING IN NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

RING: 01-261 6122

Voice Squad
ROCK GARDEN

GOOD TO see a group jump out of the ashes of a former incarnation with even more enthusiasm than before.

They used to be Kokomo: now watch out for Voice Squad!

A smaller, more controllable unit with the addition of Trevor Marias on drums and vocalist Bonnie Wilkinson, the act possesses more dynamism and bite and the repertoire (hardly any Kokomo numbers) follows suit.

After opening with Paul Simon's up-tempo, "Gone At Last", Bonnie Wilkinson aired her tonsils on the second number — a gospelly "Hallelujah I Love Him So" — and impressed everyone with the power and range of her voice.

Dyan Birch and Alan Maclean duetted on "You're All I Need To Get By", but it was the fourth number, "Moondance", which really invaded the senses with Bonnie turning in a remarkable performance.

By now Frank Collins was itching to display his prowess and as leader of the pack displayed his form on "Amazing Grace".

His control over the rest of the group is tight, almost tyrannical at times, but his undeniably astounding voice more than compensates for his often tiresome attitude.

Either mockingly chiding ("we've decided we're going to sing this next one in tune") or outright demanding (a loud "Shhh" when the band ignored his hand signals to drop the volume), he conducts, cajoles and encourages the singers and musicians through some very intricate manoeuvres; the vocal finales to one or two songs actually had me gasping at their precision.

The most unusual selection of the evening was George Gershwin's "Our Love Is Here To Stay" — sung round one microphone, which Frank admitted they all hated doing because it was so difficult.

Unfortunately it fell on clothbound ears for the most part, but the situation was quickly retrieved by Alan "The-Man-with-the-Golden-Voice" Maclean's rendition of "Smack Dab In The Middle', followed by the real pressure cooker of the evening, "Which Way Is Up", during which Collins proffered the mike to would-be vocalists in the audience.

Neil Hubbard's hard throaty guitar gave this and other songs the incisive edge that made them memorable. He uses every space on the fretboard, sustaining the near-perfect dynamic tension in each song by the insertion of brief flurries of notes that always left me drooling for more.

Organist Tony O'Mally then did a fair Ray Charles on "Anonymous Love" and the set concluded with Stevie Wonder's "As".

After a long pause Voice Squad encored with "Just Walk In My Shoes" — a pleasant stroll out into the night. Hubbard looked set to play for a few hours more, but on turning round to find everyone else had left the stage he exited apparently as reluctantly as did most of the audience not long afterwards. An enthusiastic, genuine crowd, rather than massed fanatics, had enjoyed an evening's good music.

On this showing, Voice Squad have exorcised the spectre of Kokomo and wisely, I think, seem more concerned with playing good live gigs in small venues than recording for a while. That's fine by me: a good gig lasts for ever.

Neil Norman

Gone Ideal??

Have you visited the Ideal Home Exhibition yet?
Come and see us on Stand 619 where we're selling some of our recent tour merchandise — t shirts, sweat shirts, badges, posters, programmes etc.
Don't forget it's a great show!

Go Ideal with Brockum

Brockum International, 55, St. Thomas Street
Oxford, OX1 1JP.

Jimmy Pursey (left) and Sham 69 change image in this week's Bag — as do Skrewdriver (below), shock horror phew...

100% Pure Porky Prime Cuts Beefy Chops Skinless Bag

I AM WRITING this letter to attempt to put a few things straight. Number one is that Skrewdriver are no longer a skinhead band due to the increasing violence at our gigs. We also realise that as a skinhead band our gig schedule would almost be non-existent due to the skinheads' violent image. I do not also like the way in which certain people in the audience are picked upon and beaten to a pulp just because they seem to be enjoying the band. I have many skinhead friends myself but it is just a certain few who attempt to ruin the gigs. I do not mind who attends our gigs whoever they are so long as they are there to enjoy the music and not to beat the hell out of each other. We are making a conscious effort to stop any violence at our gigs and I only wish the audience would do the same.

Another matter I would like to bring up is the fact that I keep reading about Jimmy Pursey telling everyone who wants a fight to go to our gigs. Skrewdriver would very much appreciate it if Pursey would keep the problems in his audiences to himself. We have got enough of our own. If he cannot control certain sections of his audience that's tough, and don't load those problems onto someone else, specially us.
IAN STUART, Skrewdriver.

Yeah, OK Ian. — M.S.

IN REPLY to the Adverts fan from Kent (March 11th): I wasn't at the Greyhound that particular night but from your description of "moronic skinheads" involved, I know who they are.

For your information these particular goons have been going to the Greyhound every Sunday night for as long as I can remember, and I can assure you, that on a boring night they are the life and soul of the party. So if anybody has the right to criticise how they behave, it should be someone who goes there just as often, not some prat that goes down there once and just happens to get hit by a low-flying walking stick. So what if they have got new checked shirts and braces, it's better than spending all day bitching about it — which doesn't say much for me, does it?

What 'ave we got? — Big boots and tiny minds — but who cares?
AN UNHINGED McDONALD LOVER, Creepy Crawley.

Er, Big Mac to go, easy on the fries. — JON ANDERSON.

YOUR USE of sly innuendoes and unsubtle hints is rapidly becoming quite disgusting in its determined bigotry. I refer to the part of Brian Case's "Sham 69" piece in which he remarked on rock's attitude to race. Punk rockers, it seems, have a complete monopoly on all decent racial feeling, whereas those rotten BOF's are next door to being Nazis.

This, anyway, was the impression Case contrived to give, firstly by the use of convenient quotes from Rotten, Strummer and Pursey and then by the mention of Clapton, Stewart and Bowie. Firstly, Rotten said his piece and joined the Anti-Nazi League and got press coverage, all of which cost him nothing. Then, however, he performed and presumably got paid for performing the revolting "Belsen Was A Gas". Highly credible . . .

Then to Jimmy Pursey, with 'street credibility' positively oozing out of his ears, he preaches racial harmony . . . but class warfare. Why is it that hatred of immigrants is deemed to be worse than his hatred of the middle-class?

The same arguments would seem to apply equally well to Joe Strummer, who presumably condones Mick Jones' remark about 'middle class twits' in a recent *Radio Times*.

As for the fascist BOF's, the most hard done by would appear to be Eric Clapton. I can't recall reading any interview with or feature on the man, since his drunken ravings, in which he hasn't apologised for his remarks and retracted from the attitudes expressed therein.

Bowie is, was and probably always will be . . . a weirdo. He sees no hope for human society, and hasn't since the late '60s, so what he suggests that we do, while awaiting the end, does not seem in any way central to his thinking. (It's also amusing how you switch Bowie from old-wave to new-wave and back again whenever you find it convenient).

As for Rod Stewart, he has made asinine remarks for which he hasn't apologised and that is inexcusable. He doesn't, however, like Rotten or Purley, bring politics into his music and try to profit by so doing.

Brian Case avoided all mention of my points in his article. Alright, so space was limited, but if he didn't have time or inclination to examine or explain the *whole* truth, then he shouldn't have included that section, but simply kept to describing Jimmy Pursey's very creditable stand against racism.
THE AUTHOR.

As the most elderley BOF I have ever met — ditched Rock a bit before "Heartbreak Hotel" — I'm not about to take up cudgels on behalf of either old or new wave rock. My quotes were taken from RAR's newspaper *Temporary Hoarding;* my hints once won a Blue Ribbon for subtlety. — BC.

AS A REGULAR reader of *NME* I must protest about the amount of anti NF items being printed in your paper. In the past few months there's been a considerable amount of items printed probably equal to that what's printed in the Socialist press about us. *(Hey, this guy's got style! — Ed.)*

There's got to be a stand against immigration (1 million, half unemployed), a housing shortage, Law Orders running riot, vandals ruinous acts on private property daily, overmanning in the public sector losing millions weekly, overseas aid going into Marxist controlled THIRD WORLD countries. How about the THIRD WORLD in this country? This is commonsense not Fascism.

It seems that your reports of D. Bowie giving a salute and E. Clapton saying support Enoch Powell is enough for hysterical people to set up left wing organisations like Rock Against Racialism *(sic)* and shouting 'Nazis' at everybody who comments on the state of the country.

Your *Teazers* reference to Lord Nelson statue as being a pigeon shit encrusted old tart is damn right insulting *and* to compare a national hero with the Sex Pistols.
JAMES TAYLOR, National Front Youth Officer, Leicester Branch.

The Wild Man of Rock strikes again. Listen Mr Taylor, I wrote that bit about Nelson and it didn't offend my mum. Next time you write, how about enclosing your full address? — M.S.

MY FRIEND AND I were strolling down the road last week whilst eating a scrumptious packet of Rowntrees Fruit Gums when, to our surprise, we noticed that the packet contained no less than five black ones. Is this a record?
RABID GRUNTER, Boringham

Don't think so but you'd best check with the charming Mr. Taylor — M.S.

CAN I just say congratulations to Miles on his Rush article? It must have been bloody difficult not to say "eff off" to those pea-brained numbheads. All this talk of "freedom" reminds me of the bloody Jubilee and all the pompous crap that went with it.

In "Socialist" England, freedom means George Ward sacking workers for even mentioning a Union; it means J. Kingsley Reid talking about "Niggers, Wogs and Coons" and getting away with it; it means blacks being harrassed by the police and the NF walking streets, beating up coons and you better not retaliate boy, 'cos this is a free country.

In Rush's ideal world, the strong survive, the weak go to the wall. Social Darwinism. Fascism isn't against Capitalism. Fascism is the most extreme form of Capitalism. Look at Latin America, Iran, Nazi Germany. And if art is an extension of personality, Rush's music is an extension of their beliefs, just as The Sex Pistols' was.

Private property is OK — if that means your own house and belongings. But no man should have the freedom (call it privilege in the UK) to own another man insomuch as he can force him into homelessness, starvation, and poverty through the use of Capital.

We've enough Neo-fascists already. We don't need to import them.
TOGLIATTE, N. LONDON.

HOW MANY more silver spoon lardarsed turd-brains are gonna bleat all over their sanitised teen-kleen notepaper to *Gasbag* about how your humble hero is making newsheet mincemeat of last year's punky-waver heroes? You verbal-wankers make me sick with your papier-macho, middle-class factory boys desperately trying to be hip by being on the dole for the last nine months — I wouldn't join your Macho Boys' Club even if I was tall enough, and when I decide what's gonna be hip next you better move fast rich boys cos before you can say 'street-chic' I'll be whining about the next Big Sell-Out right here in *NME* and you'll be caught with your C&A bondage strides around your ankles yet again.

Right here in Babylon solipsism rules, ma babe, and a man gotta save for his mortgage, so you misogynist bourgeois rich-bitch hordes needn't bother looking for me — after all, doesn't everyone know that I'm just a figment of Nick Kent's imagination?

White wedding, I wanna wedding . . . Yours with a studied sneer.
THE REAL TONY PARSONS, No fixed abode, Sheffield.

Don't believe this for a moment. As don't we all. — THE DUMMY M.S.

WELL, there I was beating furiously over the new Blondie cover, when I thought I'd put on the single. Now here's the rub! I inadvertently put it on 33⅓ and made a staggering discovery. Do you know? Blondie, i.e. Debbie Harry is a chappie! It's all right you scoffing, go on and try it, play the record slow and all will be revealed. Is this why he/she sounds so good on record and so crap live? Should she be called Harry Debbie? Just who can you trust these days, Johnny?
WORRIED BODKAN, Lancs.

We here at the Bag always figured Debbie was Kathy Kirby in drag. — M.S.

IS IT true that Debbie Harry has fallen in love with me?
DENIS, Portishead, Avon

Poor deluded fool — CHRIS STEIN.

SOME OF YOU London hipsters should try living in Norwich. Its a wasteland as far as getting good gigs goes. Every time a tour comes up we look in hope for a gig somewhere in the area. Fat chance. So you can understand how anxious we were to see Generation X when they booked a date at the University of East Anglia. Well the arseholes pulled out. Why? Cos they were filming for *Top of the Pops.* When did they let us know? At twelve o'clock on the day of the sold-out gig.

Billy Idol is a *(Thank you. — Ed.)*
SLIGHTLY PERTURBED, Norwich.

FOUR AND a half quid to *stand* and see David Boring? If I wasn't so well spoken I'd tell him to go *(Thank you very much. - Ed.)*
FRODO BAGGINS, Southampton

PLEASE send one "Modest Bob" badge for blowing Roogalator's cover. "Zero Hero" single comes from an Elmer Rice play of 1923 about a hero called Mr. Zero, who is unheroic. Incidentally, play's title reads "The Adding Machine".

Always on the checkout!
WILLIAM MAKE-WAR THACKERAY, Co. Down, N. Ireland.

Did you ever see the movie, though? Well duff. — MILO O'SHEA

IF W. H. SMITH are so smart in refusing to stock *Gay News,* how come they allow their staff to play TRB's "Glad To Be Gay" here in Stevenage, at the height of the Saturday afternoon rush? Did you say "hypocrites"? Right.
'HETERO' (ask my girlfriend)
SHAUN KEOGH, Stevenage, Herts.

Because they're (That's enough. — Ed) . . .

I LOVE the sound of stolen riffs, Bo Diddley-um-tum-tum-tum.
ISRAEL T. FURTWANGLER, Peckham, London

Haven't we had enough about Basher in this week's issue? — NIK LOW GANN.

I NEVER realised getting a letter in *NME* was such a piece of cake.
MR KIPLING, Winchester, Hants

Yeah, but try getting a token out of the tight wotsits — MAX JAFFA CAKE.

I'M JUST writing to tell everyone that I'm changing my name from Johnny Bullshit to Brian Bullshit.
BRIAN BULLSHIT, Huddersfield

Mum will be pleased — M.S.

I COULD fart.
WINDY MILLER

Out yer ear'oles, no doubt. Why do these people share such intimate secrets with us? Or even ...

NME is what it is and nothing's gonna change it, so why do people write to you?
JOHN N.B.G.

Right. (Are we still allowed to use that word?) — M.S.

Edited by Montague Smith

WE LOVE the sound of Triple Dots cuz it means that we're back in the wonderful world of *T-Zerz* with the usual dizzying panorama of scurrilous gossip, misleading rumours, flat-out hoaxes and downright lies. So let's get movin' and see what we've made up *(shouldn't that be "dug up"? — Ed)* for you this week . . .

Tell you what: frankly we here at *T-Zerz* are sick and tired, maaaaaaaaan, of always opening up with items about bleedin' little poncy punk rockers, so we're gonna tell you about wharrappened when **Randy California** of **Spirit,** after playing a Rainbow gig that brought tears of joy to the eyes of the assembled hippies who'd travelled the length and breadth of this green and unpleasant land (along the ley-lines, natcho) to see the group, invited the entire audience back to the group's hotel for an apres-gig whatever. Taking Horny Arizona at his word, two hundred boring old farts *(bit frisky this morning, aintcha? Watch it — Ed)* showed up at the hotel and — ha ha ha — weren't let in. That'll teach 'em to trust someone over twenty . . .

Which brings us, logically enough, to this week's edition of **Basher** Bulletins, the spot in our column dedicated to everyone not totally fed up to the back teeth with **Nick Lowe:** London publicans today reeled back in shock at the news that Basher is giving up drinking in order to be able to (a) fit into his Riddler suit and (b) be able to remember what he did the previous night and (c) to be able to do anything in the evenings to be worth remembering in the mornings *(I don't understand this bit — Ed).* We also hear that he and Jake Riviera were seen, in a slight state of disrepair, leaving the offices of Phonogram Records clutching a **Peters And Lee** album. We'll just speculate briefly that this means that Basher will be taking the dynamic duo into the studio, mention that he's deffo doing the next **Albertos** 45 and try and get through the rest of this column without mentioning him again . . .

Our **Costello** Clippings service informs us that The Man has not been inactive since his return to these shores. Rock's most fascinatingly enigmatic wearer of plate-glass hornrims showed up at the Roundhouse on Sunday to see the **Albertos** and **Devo** wearing **Ian Hunter**-type shades and accompanying his wife — and nobody recognised him *('cept us — Ed).* He also did a stint on **Nicky Horne**'sThursday night show on London's Capitol Radio, whereon his record choice included **T. Rex's** "Jeepster", **Fleetwood Mac's** "Need Your Love So Bad" (a **Peter Green**-era track, of course), **Dylan's** "Can You Please Crawl Out Your Window", trax by **Dusty Springfield**, **Richard Hell** and **Gram Parsons** as well as his current fave of the moment, "Bartender's Blues" by country star **George Jones** (written by and featuring on backing vocals none other than **James Taylor**) .

He also played **Bowie's** "Breaking Glass" off the "Low" album, dedicating it to his fellow studio guest *(careful! — Ed)* who stoutly maintained that he had never heard of the track before, which reminds us that freelance photographer **George Bodnar** was listening to "I Love The Sound Of Breaking Glass" on his car radio when the windshield exploded for no apparent reason. George is currently considering invoicing **Jake Riviera** for the damages ...

Last bit from Costello clippings: which Stiff Tour veteran is currently going around casting aspersions on the authenticity of El's trax on the "Live Stiffs" album? Incidently, "Live Stiffs" is the first album to be released in the States under the auspices of Stiff's new deal with Arista. **Clive Davis** sez: "Stiff Records has made a definite statement by demonstrating a keen ear for unique talent and representing it with style, wit, originality and real know-how." **Dave Robinson** sez: "In a world where courage is at a premium, Arista has given new meaning to the word Wreckless by taking Stiff into its hands".

Arista's second Stiff release will be **Ian Dury's** "New Boots And Panties!!", even though U.S. Customs (boo! hiss!) upped their already ludricrously high nerd count by refusing to allow the import of a few crates of "Sex And Drugs And Rock And Roll" badges . . .

ZIGZAG editor **Kris Needs,** invited to write a guest opinion column for DJM Records' tedious house mag *DJM Times*, was astonished to see that his list of fave-groups-for-'78 had had DJM signings **Rikki And The Last Days Of Earth** inserted into it, thereby damaging what was left of his street credibility after Sonet Records' **Sunny Rae** finally (after weeks of trying) lured Needs to see **The Stukas**. Alas, the dashing young editor consumed so much booze that he zonked out in his own waste-products before the band even hit the stage . . .

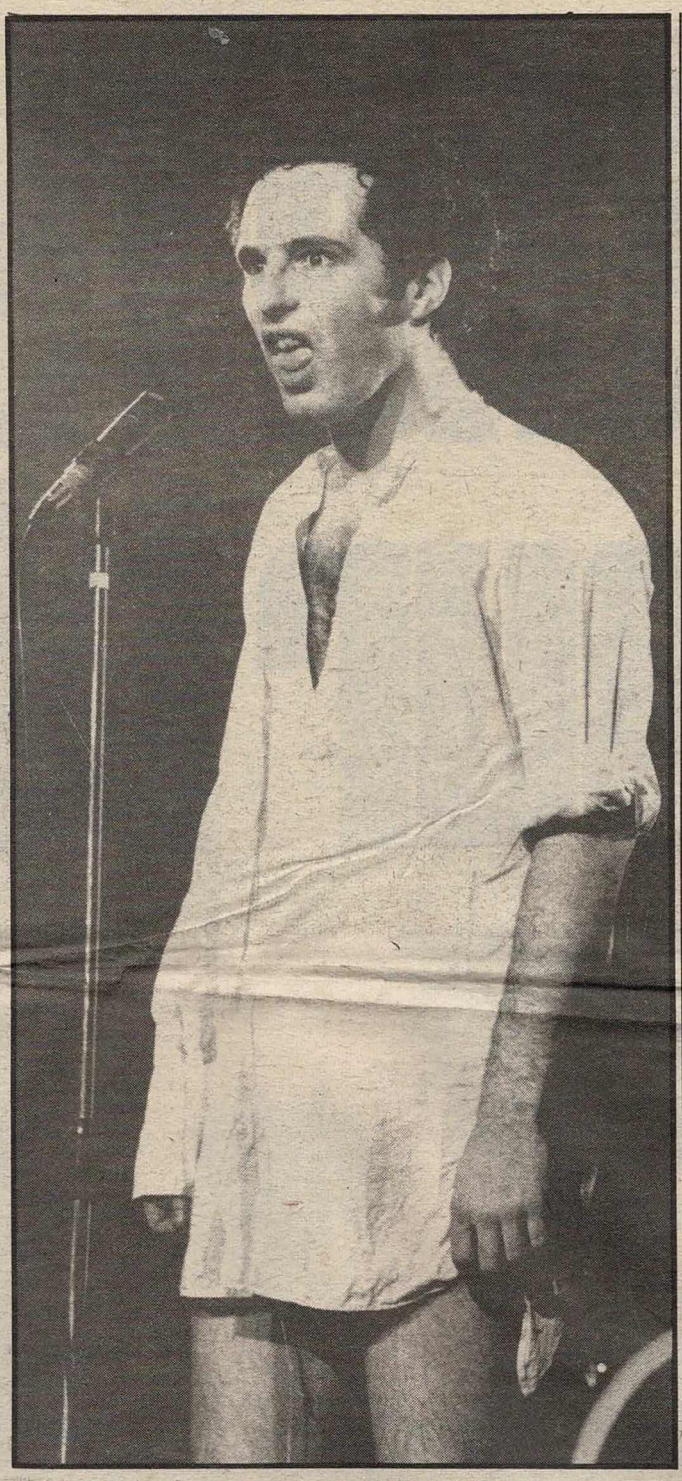
Devo on **Johnny Rotten**: "He's a press wanker; his inhospitality seems to end at the back door of the press. He's a dupe of the corporate entertainment syndrome and he may be headed for Las Vegas sooner than he thinks". So whadda *you* know about, Yanx? . . .

Bassist **Nigel Moore** of **The Lurkers** copped electroshock off his amp at the Rochester Castle last Saturday and ended up in hospital. We here at *T-Zerz* are happy to say that he's awrite now, so heal fast, pal . . .

Talking Heads commence recording in Island's Nassau studio this week, with **Eno** squatting cross-legged in the producer's seat . . .

This week's token statutory **Sex Pistols** single: **Steve Jones** and **Paul Cook** were among the cast of fahsands playing with **Johnny Thunders** at the Speakeasy last week . . .

Street Chorus' van — a maroon Ford Transit number JFH 460D — nicked from outside the Clapham Two



"You wouldn't laugh if Blondie came on dressed like this ..." C. P. LEE and the other ALBERTOS layabouts knocked everyone on their fannies (Stateside-wise, man) at London's Roundhouse Sunday night. Pic by ADRIAN BOOT.

Smiling sweetly, POLY STYRENE found herself in a "What's going on 'ere?" situation when a brace of laughing policemen requested she put a sock in it, as it were. Time: 2.00 am Sunday. Place: Highbury. Occasion: Arsenal v. Wolves or a party for Marianne Faithfull — haven't found out yet & weren't invited anyway. Pic by DENIS O'REGAN.

tazers

A WEEKLY CREPITATION

Brewers last Tuesday night. Sufferers from fits of acute conscience pangs should contact Neil at 01-459-2379 . . .

NME lensman **Chalkie Davis** wishes it known that he has not — repeat *not* — been the recipient of Arts Council grant, as reported in Sunday's *Observer (We're not bloody surprised. Who do they think he is, Henry Cow? — Ed).* However, his exhibition, featuring loads of ace pix and lots of **Thin Lizzy** garf, is at the Battersea Arts Centre from April 5 through to April 22 . . .

Silliest new rockbiz phenonmenon of the week: a Warner Brothers act called **Root Boy Slim and The Sex Change Band** with **The Rootettes** debuting with a single called "Boogie 'Til You Puke". We look forward to hearing it as **Tony Blackburn's** record of the week . . .

Looking after Number One *and* Number Two: **The Boomtown Rats** currently occupying the top two positions in the Yugoslavian chart with their last brace of singles . . .

Next **Graham Parker** album a double, three sides live, one side a 12-inch single. And **Bruce Springsteen's** next album is called "Racing In The Streets" *(Oh Wow — Ed)* . . .

And we don't beleive this, but Brucie is being considered for a role in the *Hair (Oh double wow — Ed.)* movie currently being filmed by Czech exile **Milos** *(Cuckoo's Nest)* **Forman . . .**

Stiff and Beserkley had better watch out: there's a new Toronto label run by a staff of three and boasting one artist (the fabulous **Glen Ricketts**) called the Filthy Rich Record Co

Hold the front page, **The Doors** are back — again. **Ray Manzarek**, **Robby Krieger** and **John Densmore** are giving it one more go with an album comprising new stuff, unreleased live material and interpretations of some **Jim Morrison** poetry . . .

An album of **Kenny Everett's** 20 Worst Records should soon be reality, K-Tel releasing . . .

And another one to cop should be "The Clean Tapes" by **Peter Cook** and **Dudley Moore** on Cube Electric later this year . . .

Former **Shadow** of himself **Jet Harris** a mite peeved that **Cliff Richard** didn't bother to ask him along to the Palladium with the other Shadows of their former selves. Still, he's got a band together, maan, called **Grease** and they debut at Holloway Jail on Easter Monday, tickets available from the usual government outlets . . .

Book up, too, for Cuba where cigar-chewin' Premier **Fidel Castro** has given tentative approval for performances by **Stevie Wonder** and **Diana Ross.** *(No wonder he was nutted by reality — Ed)* . . .

BETTER BADGES

New Releases	last week		
Cult figure, Modern World, T.V. Tube, Heart, 30p	1	(2)	BLONDIE
Flamin' Groovies, Don't F - - -	2	(5)	BUZZCOCKS
With The Million, Dick Envy,	3	(3)	SHAM 69
Jesus Of Cool, Bernie Torme,	4	(6)	ANARCHY
Rush(x4), Seen, 25p	5	(—)	BOLLOCKS
Magazine "Both Sides"	6	(7)	F**K OFF (Wayne County)
Clash City Rockers	7	(9)	CLASH—POLICE
Zappa, 20p	8	(—)	BORED TEENAGER
	9	(—)	PRETTY VACANT
	10	(10)	RAMONES EAGLE

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Be the first on your block.

With the debut album from Generation X, simply called Generation X (CHR 1169).
And watch them coming at you on tour.

MARCH		25th	ST. ALBANS City Hall	3rd	BOURNEMOUTH Village Bowl
16th	MANCHESTER Rafters	26th	CROYDON Greyhound	4th	NEWPORT Stowaway
17th	DERBY Kings Hall	30th	READING Bones	5th	PLYMOUTH Woods Centre
18th	HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic	31st	MARGATE Dreamland	6th	PENZANCE Winter Gardens
20th	BIRMINGHAM Mayfair	APRIL		8th	BISHOPS STORTFORD
21st	OXFORD Elms Court	2nd	CHELMSFORD		Triad Centre
23rd	YATE (BRISTOL) Stars & Stripes		Chancellor Hall	9th	LONDON ROUNDHOUSE

Generation X

Chrysalis Records & Tapes